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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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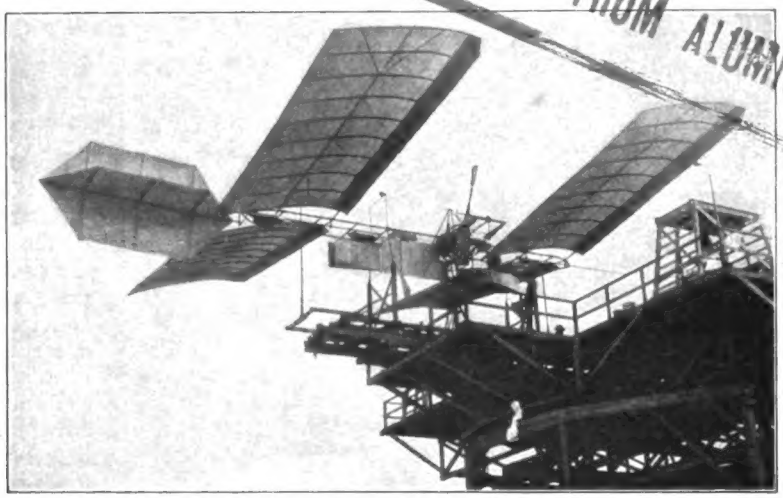

PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AERDROME READY FOR FLIGHT.

Flying Up to Date

The Rivalry Between Balloon and Aeroplane

By THEODORE WATERS

A NEW YORK street faker recently attracted a crowd by the simple expedient of standing in the middle of Broadway and pointing up in the air. It was about the noon hour. The street was thronged and hundreds of passers-by stopped to gaze in the direction in which the man was pointing. When the crowd had become sufficiently large the man took from his pocket a little rubber bag. He placed one end of the bag to his mouth and blew into it. As it filled, it assumed a cylindrical shape and presently sailed into the air as high as the housetops. There it made a dozen or so eccentric turns, and then, as the air escaped through the mouthpiece, fell slowly to the ground. Immediately thereafter the faker drove a brisk trade selling the balloons, which have since become a popular toy.

Some time previously I had seen this very man gather a crowd under similar conditions, but the toy he then sold was a fac-simile of a ship's propeller and shaft which, after being whirled rapidly between the hands, would sail into the air almost as high as the balloon. With these two toys the faker, unknown to himself perhaps, had illustrated to the crowd the two ways in which men are trying to fly. For the science of aeronautics is just now divided into two schools, one of which believes in Aerostation, or the use of apparatus lighter than the air it displaces, the other in Aviation, or the use of apparatus heavier than the air it displaces. One school uses the balloon as a vehicle, and thus in the abstract takes pattern from the flying insects; the other uses the aeroplane, and so copies directly from the soaring birds.

Santos Dumont of Paris is the greatest exponent of aerostation, while Professor Langley of Washington stands pre-eminently for aviation. Both men have produced

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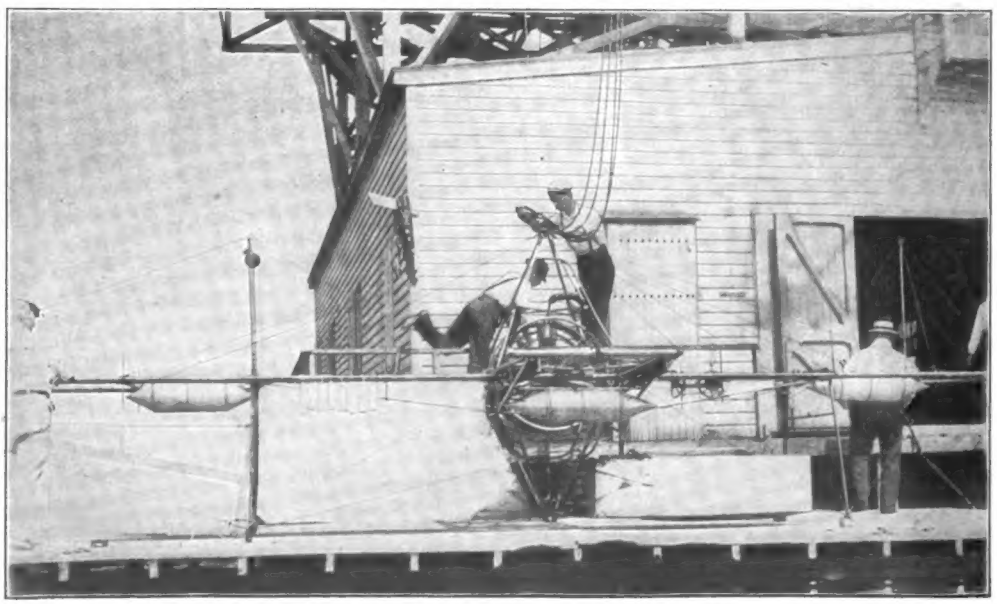
machines which have actually flown and which could be directed while in flight. Santos Dumont has had an advantage in that he has been able to fly with his machine, but he admits, on the other hand, that aerostation is, after all, a means toward aviation, which is an end. In other words, a balloon is just now necessary because of its capacity for sustaining human beings in air, but during a forthcoming period of evolution the area of the balloon will be further and further reduced until finally little will be left but a self-sustaining aeroplane such as Professor Langley is striving to evolve.

PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.

"But let us first get into the air," cry the followers of Dumont; "after that we will find means for simplifying the cumbersome apparatus that takes us there. Almost every great invention has passed through a complicated stage. Behold the incandescent lamp, which at first was a cotton thread aglow in a vacuum pump."

In Washington they take the ultra-scientific view. "There is a principle involved in the flight of birds which if once understood will immediately give man first place in the kingdom of the air, or, what is just as important, convince him forever of the futility of trying to fly."

Both sides are striving to simplify; the French by a process of elimination, the Americans by delving to the root of the problem at once. Already the French have progressed a long way toward the American method. Santos



HOISTING THE AERDROME TO THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE BOAT.

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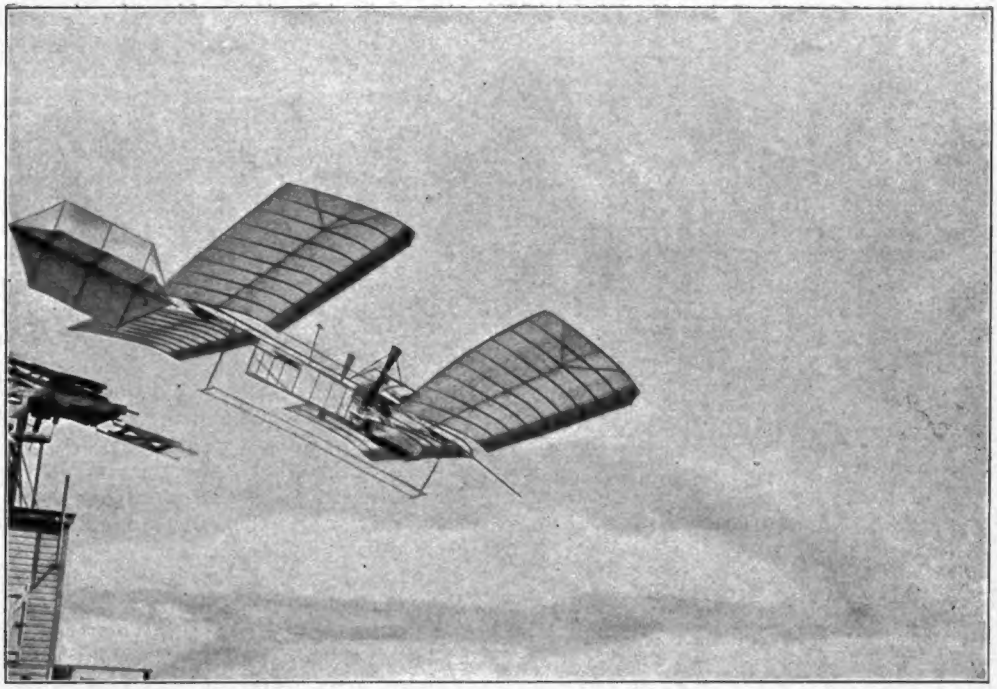

THE LANGLEY AERDROME IN FLIGHT.

THE AERDROME OPERATOR BEING RESCUED FROM THE WATER AFTER THE MACHINE HAD COLLAPSED.

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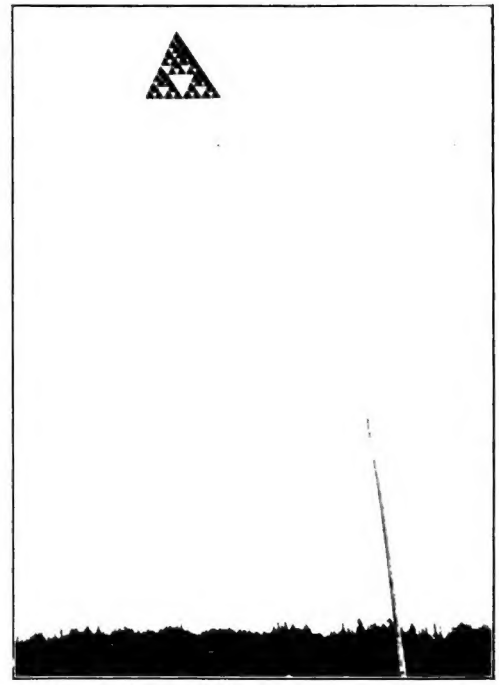
SECTION OF TETRAHEDRAL KITE FOLDED FOR PACKING.

Dumont's latest air-ship has such a reduced balloon area that it will not rise into the air of its own volition. The balloon is, in fact, filled with just enough hydrogen to fall short of lifting it from the earth. The balance between the buoyancy of the ship and the downward pull of gravitation is so small, however, that a propeller pushing against the air in the rear of the ship will drive it forward, and if the front be tilted upward will send the whole affair up into the air. If the propeller be stopped in mid-air the ship will sink slowly to the ground.

Santos Dumont is able to tilt his craft up and down by means of a simple device. Hanging from the front of the cylindrical-shaped balloon is a rope sixty yards long and one hundred pounds in weight. This rope controls the centre of gravity of the entire machine. Near the middle of the rope is tied a thin line which extends to the operator sitting in the car toward the stern of the craft. The weight of the rope is so great that when it hangs straight down, the centre of gravity is near the bow and the ship points downward. But when the big rope is pulled back from the bow the centre of gravity shifts with it, and the ship raises her nose farther and farther upward. Right and left motions are accomplished by means of a rudder, and thus between the two the ship may be pointed in any desired direction.

This is the machine with which Santos Dumont rounded the Eiffel Tower and won the prize of 15,000 francs offered for the feat. It is, as its owner contends, a sort of tubular aeroplane, the only one heavier than the air which has succeeded in raising itself and its aeronaut. The gas-bag, unlike that of the ordinary balloon, is inflated with hydrogen until it is absolutely rigid. The framework is a combination of pieces of pine wood and aluminum bound together with metallic threads so fine that they weigh almost nothing. Parts of the framework have even been made hollow, so that the resulting air space may add to the buoyancy. Anatomically the resemblance which the apparatus bears to a great insect is striking. Santos Dumont himself admits the parallel when in speaking of the projected evolution of his airship he likens it to a huge chrysalis which, after a period of metamorphosis, will burst from its ugly casing and become a winged butterfly.

"The time will come," he declares, with



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TETRAHEDRAL KITE AS IT APPEARS ALOFT.

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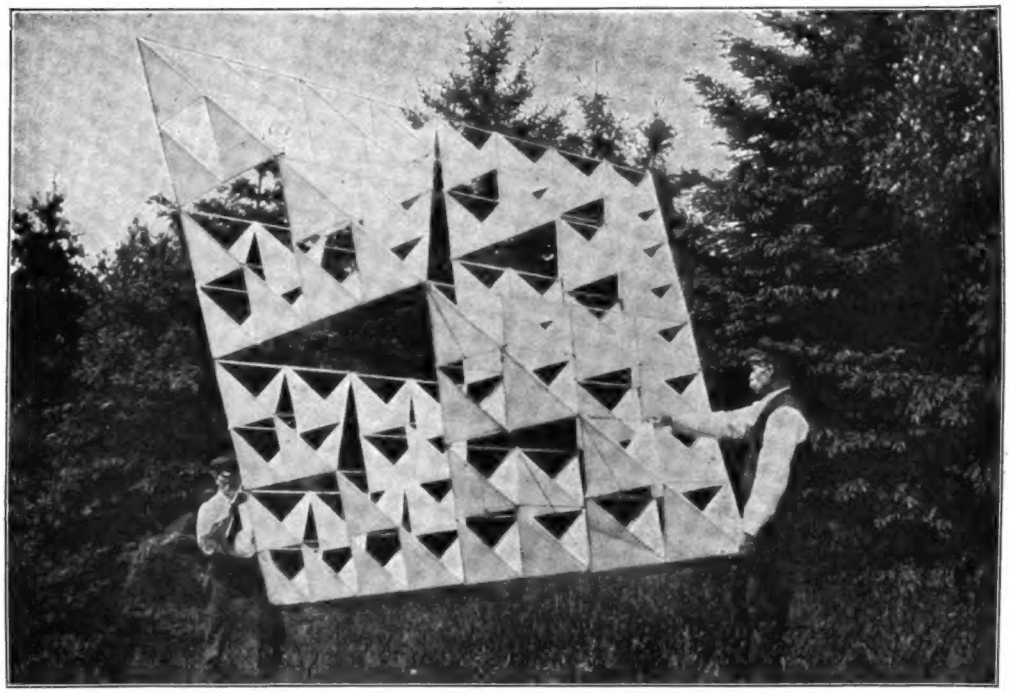

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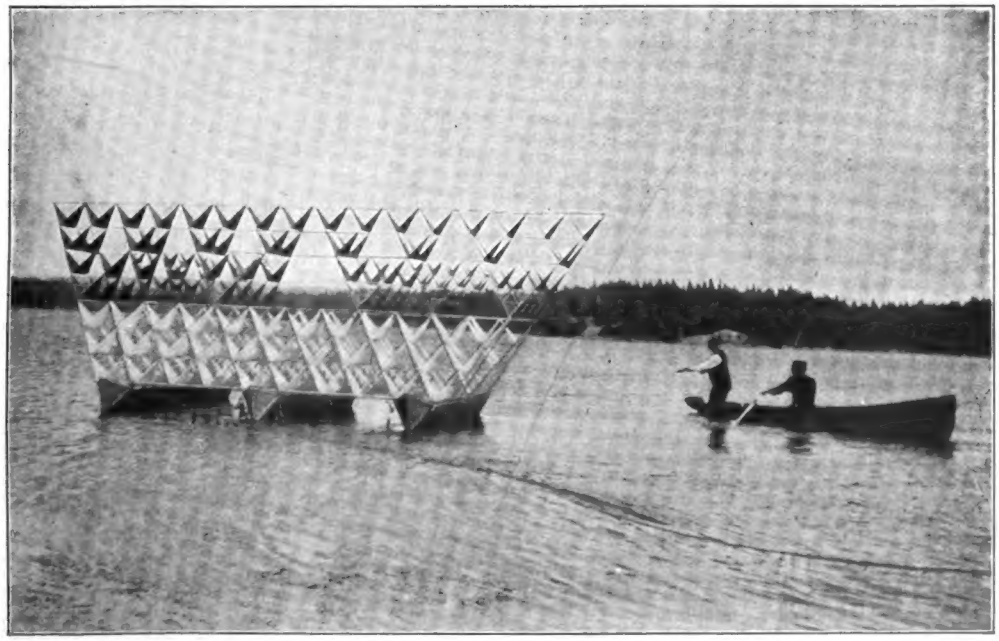
TETRAHEDRAL KITE SHOWING BIRD-WING EFFECT.

slightly altered metaphor, "when, thanks to the development of light motors, man will be able to travel like the birds, borne without gas upon huge aeroplanes."



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TETRAHEDRAL KITE ON FLOATS INVENTED BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

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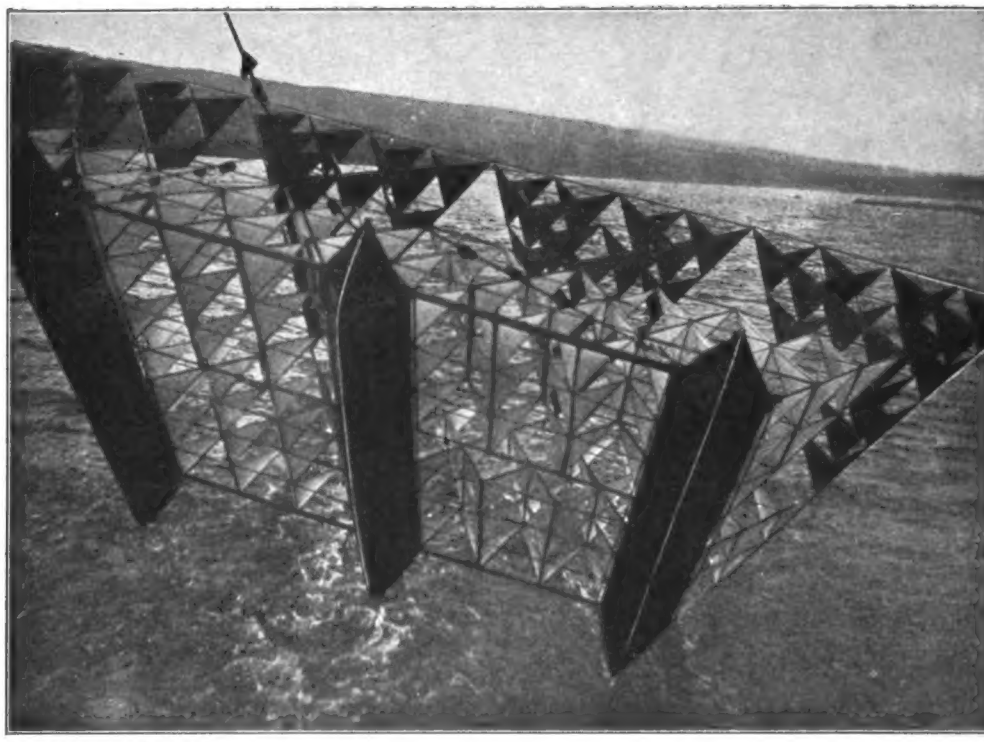

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PROFESSOR BELL'S KITE RISING FROM THE WATER.

In spite of his enthusiasm, however, it may puzzle the lay mind to consider what force will keep the air-ship aloft when the gas-bag is entirely eliminated. And this brings us to what is known as Langley's law.

Some years ago, while Professor S. P. Langley was conducting a series of experiments with a large turn-table, he made a remarkable discovery. The diameter of the table was two hundred feet, and it was equipped with machinery for whirling it at any speed up to seventy miles an hour. The outer edge of the table could therefore be made to travel faster than the fastest express train. One day Professor Langley attached to the outer rim of the table a spring scale. To the scale he attached a brass plate. The weight of the plate, as it hung down beneath the scale, pulled the indicator of the latter out to one pound. Professor Langley then set the table whirling.

The atmospheric pressure caused the brass plate to fly through the air like a kite. Now it might be thought that this air pressure would have pulled the scale out until the indicator registered several pounds. But to Professor Langley's surprise it produced the very opposite effect. He found that the faster the plate travelled through the air the less effect it had upon the scale. As the whirl of the table increased, the indicator of the scale dropped from a pound to less than an ounce. And in later experiments Professor Langley found that a plate weighing two hundred pounds could be moved through the air as fast as an express train with an expenditure of less than one horse-power of energy. It became known as Langley's law that the faster an aeroplane travels through the air, the less is the energy required to drive it.

Professor Langley explained the phenomenon by comparing it to a boy skating upon very thin ice. Boys frequently skate upon ice too thin to stand upon. By skating fast, however, they cover a great many feet of ice in a second, and thus get the support of all the ice passed over during that time. And in the same way the square foot of plate travelling ten feet a second really gets the support of ten square feet of air on its one square foot of surface. The faster the plate travels, the more air it covers, and therefore the more support it gets.

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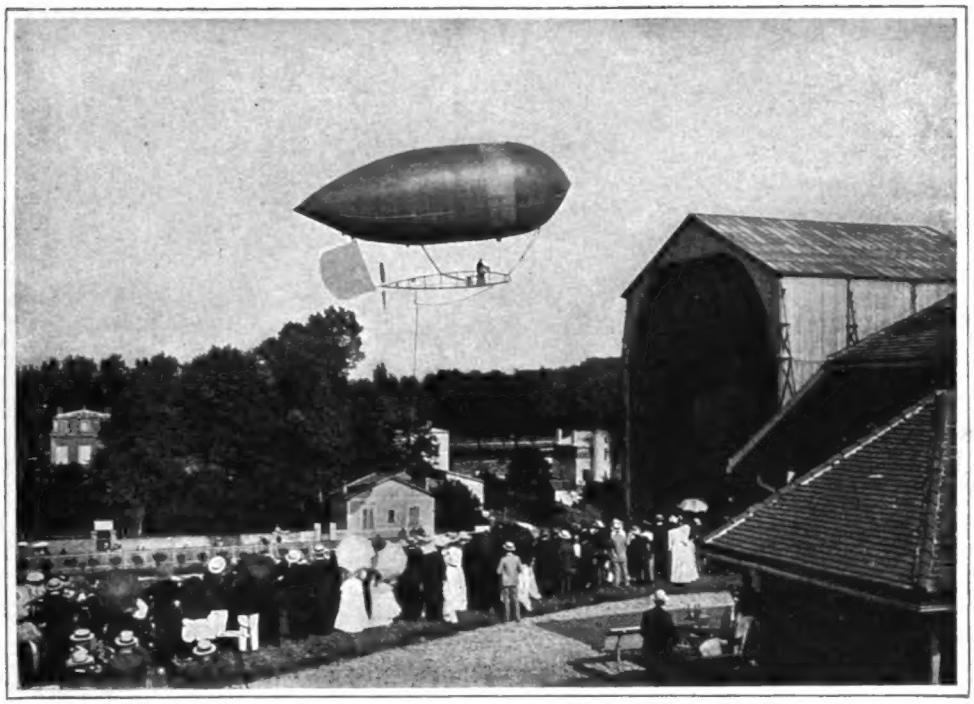

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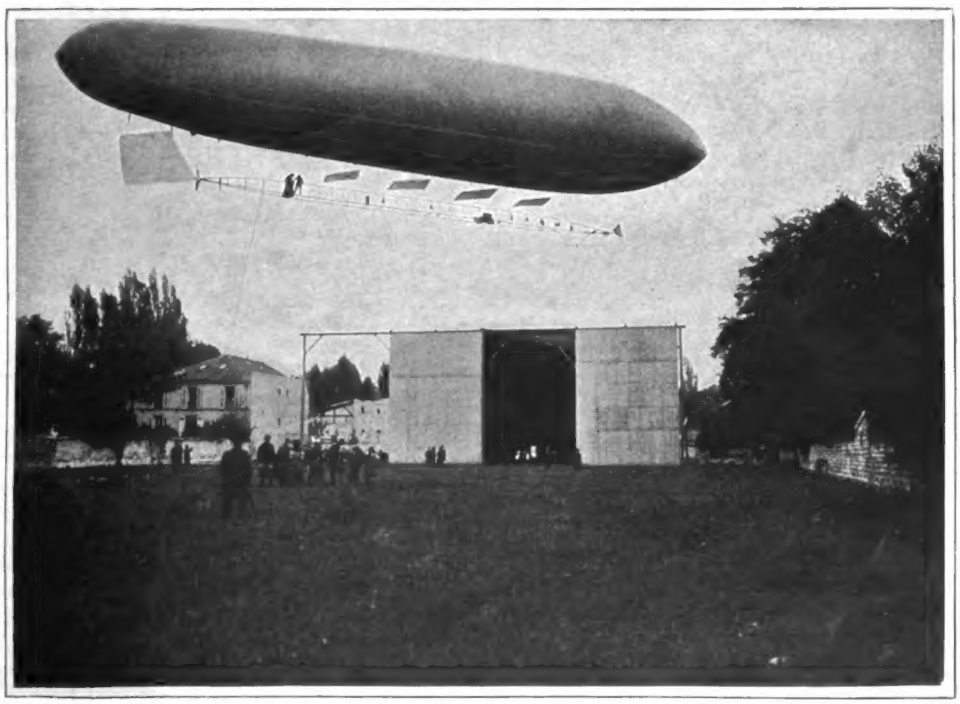
"NO. 9" LEAVING AERO CLUB PARK AT ST. CLOUD, FRANCE.



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"THE OMNIBUS," WITH SINGLE KEEL AND AEROPLANES, MAKING A TRIAL FLIGHT.

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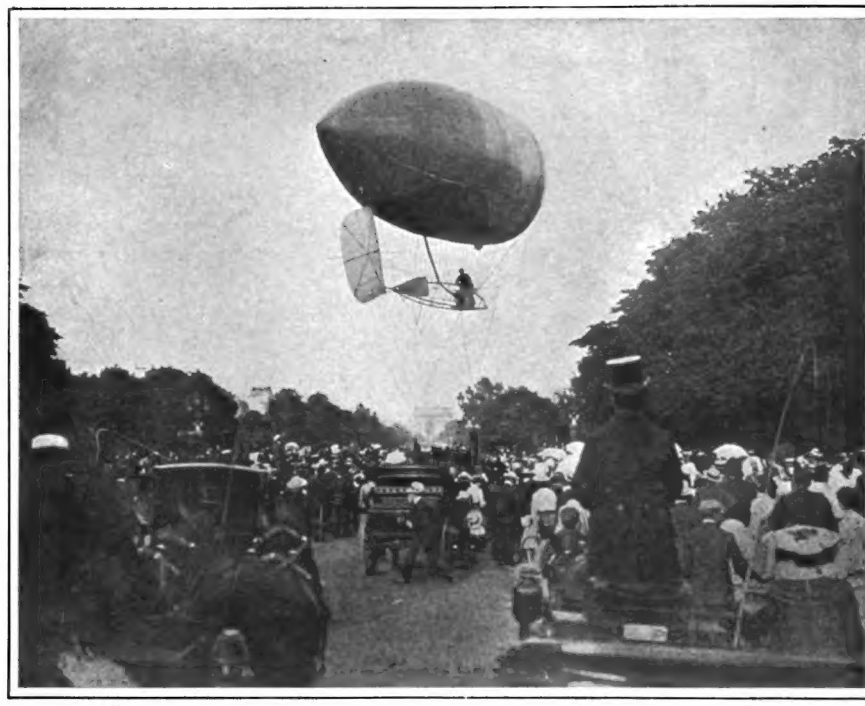

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A SPIN ALONG THE BOIS DU BOULOGNE.

Professor Langley has given much thought to the soaring of birds. That his discovery is, as he believes, a partial explanation of their power of sustaining themselves for hours in the air without apparent wing movement there can be no doubt. From this to the flying-machine is but a step. The problem of maintaining a machine in air seemed to be solved. The action of the plate proved that. It only remained to find some means of starting the machine. Once started, Langley's law would take care of its flight.

Professor Langley built a model flying-machine which, in the light it throws on the phenomena of air pressure, is a valuable contribution to science. Whether or not it will ever teach men to fly is another matter. He calls it an aerdrome, which signifies air-runner. Figuratively it is his flying plate with an independent motor instead of the turn-table. It has four great wings. Unlike those of the birds, they are immovable wings. They extend out from the sides of the machine, and as it travels aloft they cover an immense surface of air per second. The machine is driven forward by a powerful motor operating a propeller. Once in the air the machine will fly until the fuel in the engine gives out. It is necessary to give it a more or less violent start, and this has been accomplished so far by literally shooting the machine from the top of a houseboat. It is placed on a movable track on the roof of the boat and projected suddenly out over the waters of Chesapeake Bay. In other words, Professor Langley skims his boat out above the water just as a boy skims an oyster shell. The faster it is shot away the less power is needed to maintain it so that the motor and propeller are all-sufficient to keep it in the air. Professor Alexander Graham Bell witnessed its most sustained flight and sent this account to *Nature:*

"At a given signal the Aerdrome started from a platform about twenty feet above the water and rose at first directly in the face of the wind, moving at all times with remarkable steadiness and subsequently swinging around in large curves of perhaps one hundred yards in diameter and continually ascending until its steam was exhausted, when, after a lapse of about a minute and a half, and at a height which I judged to be between eighty and one hundred feet in the air, the wheels ceased turning and the machine, deprived of the aid of its pro-

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pellers, to my surprise did not fall, but settled down so softly and gently that it touched the water without the slightest shock and was, in fact, immediately ready for another trial."

The success of this model aerdrome seemed to solve the problem of flying; nevertheless, when Professor Langley set out to build a machine large and powerful enough to carry a man, he was confronted by an unyielding mathematical law which may keep the flying-machine from ever being anything more than a mere toy, to wit, that the weight of such a machine increases as the cube of its dimensions, whereas the wing-surface increases as the square. Hence the larger the machine, the greater will be the weight in proportion to the wing-surface; and, as Professor Simon Newcomb points out, it would seem that a flying-machine made by a jeweller would be more efficient than one made by a blacksmith. At any rate, Professor Langley's man-size machine refused to fly. When shot away from the top of the houseboat on Chesapeake Bay it dived into the water, and after repeated trials the attempt to make it fly, as the model had done, was abandoned.

There is, however, just a hope of finding a way out of this mathematical difficulty in the discoveries of Professor Alexander Graham Bell. While experimenting with Hargrave box-kites, Professor Bell developed the fact that while small kites fly very well, the ability of the kite to sustain itself in mid-air decreases as the size is increased, and beyond a certain point the weight of a gigantic box-kite would prevent its being raised at all in any wind short of a hurricane. Box-kites need much internal bracing, which naturally increases in weight with the size of the kite. Thereupon Professor Bell set out to discover a form of kite-cell which would eliminate this extra heavy bracing. Box-cells were out of the question. Circular cells were no better, nor as good. Six-sided, eight-sided, and twelve-sided cells were abandoned after trial. Finally he hit upon the tetrahedral cell, and it proved of immense advantage over anything that had yet been tried by kite-flyers. It had astonishing strength, was light of weight and offered less head-resistance to the wind than any other form. It was practically self-braced, and a kite composed of many small tetrahedral cells might be built to almost any size without in the least injuring its flying power, the ratio of supporting-surface to weight remaining the same as in a small kite.

Dr. Bell made a small kite composed of a few cells that developed wonderful flying capacity, going upward from the hand at an angle of almost eighty degrees on a day when the wind was so still that a flag on a neighboring pole hung limp and motionless; and he built one so big and with so many small cells that it could not be handled in a field, but was rested on three small floats on the waters of a bay. Its cable was attached to a small steamer, and the first attempt to fly it was made during a heavy rainstorm. Nevertheless, with an added weight of sixty-four pounds of rain-water, this many-celled kite sailed gracefully into the air, floats and all, as soon as the steamer began to pull on the rope.

These tetrahedral kites are so powerful that the large sizes are more than one man can handle. Indeed, two men were lifted off their feet by a kite of the intermediate size one day, and they saved themselves a severe fall only by promptly letting go the rope. So we may say that a man-sustaining kite has at last been invented, and it is now the purpose of Professor Bell to carry his experiments forward to the point of determining just what may be done with the tetrahedral kite as a flying-machine. For a kite that will support a man and a motor in a ten-mile breeze will probably also support the man and the motor when driven forward by the latter at the rate of ten miles an hour. The great advance, however, is the discovery of a method which apparently gets around that law concerning the relation of wing-surface to weight, which has long constituted a baffling problem for experimenters in aerial navigation. Perhaps Professor Langley may see in it a way to revise the construction of his man-size aerdrome, and cause it to fly as well as did its model.

These are the ways in which men are trying to fly. That of Santos Dumont has just at present the most practical utility: that of Langley the most scientific value. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the final form of the flying-machine will have some of the attributes of both methods. The danger to human life attendant upon flying-machine tests will compel the use of a gas-bag for a long time to come. Yet immense possibilities seem to lie behind the application of the Langley law, and it may be that eventually we shall be taught to fly by an interpretation of that law so absurdly simple that the only wonder will be that it was not thought of long ago.

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The Baiting of Brackett

By HOLMAN F. DAY

Illustrated by Charles Henry White

IT was an off year in the State. The Honorable Lucius Daggett, self-made man, was just finishing his first term of two years. The Republican party of the State had made it a practice for two decades to give its Governor a renomination by acclamation. In those two decades no disturbing Republican had appeared to contest a Governor's claim to this compliment.

All at once Tristram B. Brackett of Canaan appeared in the gubernatorial campaign. The cotyledon of his boom was pushed above the political soil by a card that he inserted in the State's leading Republican daily.

The leading Republican daily accepted the card gravely. It was put in the "Letter-box Column" that had the caption, "We are not responsible for the views expressed by correspondents." The letter was originally signed "Honorable Tristram B. Brackett," but the news editor ran his pencil through the "Honorable" when he was making the copy ready. Though the card went into the paper unobtrusively in solid nonpareil, it was noted by the sharp eyes of a special writer on a paper a bit more flippant than the leading Republican daily.

The special writer bustled out of his room with the paper in his hand, and crowded himself, expansive grin and all, into the office of the State news editor.

"Old Tris' Brackett of Canaan is going to give an exhibition of a hornpout running a hurdle race," he chuckled. "He's going to go in against Daggett for the nomination."

"Tris' Brackett?" queried the news editor absently, canting his head to peer over his nose-glasses.

"Why, yes; he was in the Legislature two years ago when I reported the session. He was the old chap the members and the papers had so much fun over on account of his hair. Remember?"

"Guess so," said the editor. "There are so many cranks down there at the State House that I get them mixed."

"Well, no one who was there at the Legislature has forgotten Brackett. They found out he jollied easy. Some of the girl stenographers from the departments used to stack themselves along the rail in the House gallery and flirt with him during the sessions. First thing members knew the old man appeared with his white hair and long white whiskers dyed a deeper black than the 'villain who pursued her.' The barber had given him such a dip for the money that his hair was all shiny and ropy. He looked like a new haircloth sofa stood up on one end.

"The best story I had during the session was my interview with Brackett on 'Dyed-in-the-Wool Politics.' When he came in on the afternoon of the first day his desk was heaped with flowers topped with a placard that read:

Dyed, January 28,
TRISTRAM BRUNETTE BRACKETT,
Aged over seven.

And they had a verse about him that went something like this:

All on account of love, sweet love,
He's (just a little) gone above.
But Peter'll find when they're acquainted
Tris' ain't so black as he's been painted.

"Brackett really relished it—liked to have his name in the papers and to be pointed out; was great plunder for the interviewers for a whole week. But the girls didn't dare to come back into the gallery, and they dodged the old man in the corridors. There wasn't any further call for him to tint the top, and as it cost a dollar every time the barber gave him a varnish, Brackett got discouraged and

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let nature take its course. For the rest of the session he was pointed out as the curio of the House. His hair grew out white at the roots, and the black on the ends turned a queer purple, shading into an orange color. He never shunned observation through it all, but was in his seat every day. The members used to call him the 'Tufted Houdan,' and 'Old-Dyed-in-the-Wool,' and the 'Party-Colored Man,' and 'Rainbow Brackett,' and all sorts of names. Couldn't jar him. He was a sticker when it came to style and stoicism. Only bad thing about the joke was this: It was mighty tough for his wife, a nice, quiet, motherly little woman who had been having the time of her life at the capital after she had worked at home in the country all her days. When they first came down she looked on old Tris' as about the biggest man in the State. But she had to go home after that hair episode. Couldn't stand the situation. Women never see humor in those things, you know."

"Torrey," said the news editor, the special assignment imp of Satan whispering the suggestion in his ear, "a picturesque josh story on Brackett's candidacy wouldn't be bad. Trot up to Canaan, will you?"

So Torrey found himself at Brackett's door after he had spent four hours in a smoking-car and had jounced twelve miles in a stage-coach. After Torrey knocked he studied through the dusk a tin sign tacked over the door. It bore the legend:

T. B. Brackett,
Justice of the Peace, and Pensions.

Brackett brought a lamp to the door. His spectacles were on the end of his nose and an unfolded newspaper was tucked under his arm. He curved one hand around the inner side of the lamp-chimney and peered into the night.

"Why, it's Torrey, the reporter!" he cried. "Aren't you a good ways from home? Come in."

The old man slap-slupped in his slippers along the entry to the s.tting-room, Torrey at his heels. Mrs. Brackett was sitting there in the dark, awaiting the return of the lamp. She was crocheting an afghan.

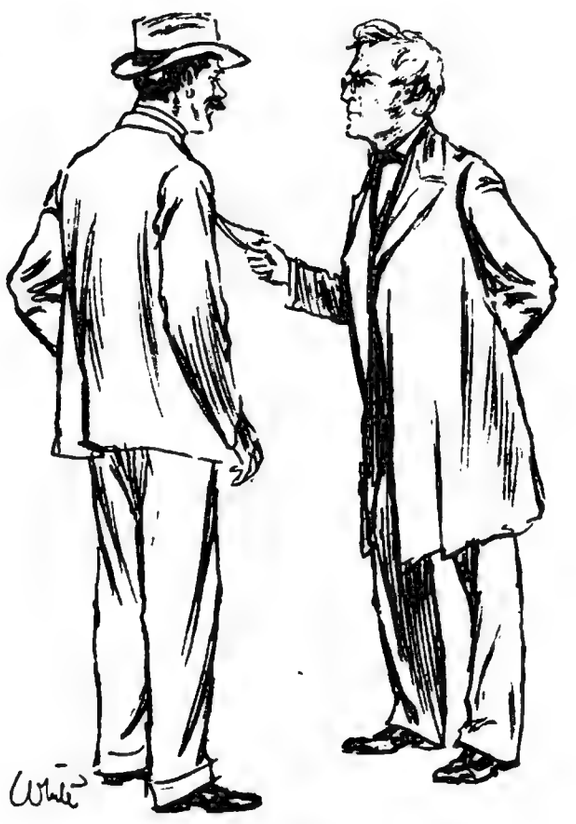
"This is one of the newspaper boys who was down to the Legislature, Mother," said Brackett with eager cordiality.

Torrey bowed deferentially to "Mother." Mrs. Brackett, by her sweet, old-fashioned appearance and her retiring demeanor, had aroused his sympathizing interest at the boarding-house in which they had both lived at the State capital. She was so different from the rest of the women there. Once she had doctored his cold with simples, as his mother used to do.

He was a bit abashed as he saw now in her face a reviving sense of humiliation at the memory of those last bitter days at the capital, summoned up by his appearance.

But apparently no such thoughts occurred to Brackett. He leaned serenely back in his rocking-chair and, scuffing his feet in and out of his slippers, talked voluminously and pompously of his candidacy. But whenever Torrey asked questions to bring out the old man's eccentric notions he felt uncomfortable under the sober scrutiny of the quiet little woman. Once she rested her work on her knee for a moment.

"I have never interfered in men-folks' business," said she, "but I really do believe, just



"GUESS I MUST BE IN THE WRONG SUITE," HE SAID SARCASTICALLY.

as I have told Mr. Brackett, that he doesn't stand much show the way things are now in this State. It's going to cost a great deal, and will take him away from home. He's getting along in years and——"

"I ain't any older than Lucius Daggett, Marshy," Brackett snapped peevishly. "They

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don't seem to think he's too old to be Governor."

She started to say something more, but with conjugal intolerance of interruption Brackett rose and said:

"I believe you smoke, don't ye? Well, let's go out into my office. Mother ain't partial to politics or pipes."

Brackett's office was a bit of an excrescence on the side of the house. The little room was musty with the dead smell of old pipes. The host scrabbled on a dented desk among soiled legal blanks and produced a couple of corncobs. After he had quacked droolingly at the stem for a moment, Brackett whoofed contentedly through the cloud of smoke.

"I've got my platform all drawn up," he said. "If you are going to put in a piece about me you might as well print that platform and set it right out good. The man that studies it will see that it's bound to win votes."

He handed a sheet of foolscap to the reporter.

The document contained these declarations:

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF THE STATE:

I promised some weeks ago that I would state my platform to the public at the proper time and I am now ready to do so. First of all, I ask for your votes because I am of the people, am for the people and represent the people. I am a farmer and so are a majority of the taxpayers of this State. But we keep on electing lawyers and land-grabbers and professional men and salaried fellows for governors. Why not recognize the farmers? I am also an old soldier. I have served my town and legislative class in the State Legislature. I pay my bills. I stand well at home. Among my planks are these:

1. Repeal of the tax on dogs.

2. A special tax on bachelors over twenty-five and under sixty, in addition to their poll tax.

3. I would oblige State officials to work for fair day's wages. They are paid three times as much as a man can earn on a farm, and don't work any to speak of. And a salary dollar is now worth three times in purchasing power what it used to be. Therefore it comes about that the farmer is working himself to death to get a dollar in these days. Do some figuring for yourselves and see where change in values has placed the salaried men. Remember, my motto is, "Rally out of the rut!"

Yours very truly,

HON. TRISTRAM B. BRACKETT.

Canaan, ——.

"You see the idea," pursued Brackett, eying the newspaper man as he read. "Dogs can't earn money, bachelors can. A dog is a pet. There's one in every dooryard in the State. Folks are touchy about 'em. Take the tax on bachelors and use the money to establish old women's homes. There are twice as many women as men in this State. There are thousands of widows and old maids skinching and suffering and too proud to call on. Land o' Goshen, that platform is bound to stir this State up. Say, it's a pretty good drive at that old bach, Luce Daggett, ain't it?" He chuckled. "Did you know that Luce Daggett was born right here in this town?" he continued. "Well, he was. He and I went to district school together. Grew up together. Used to wrassle with him—always threw him. Kept ahead of him in school. He wasn't any great shakes as a scholar. Used to spark the same girls. I always cut him out. He was as homely as a stump fence—you would know that to look at him now. His folks was as poor as produc, though that was nothing against him and he's made up for it. Shouldn't wonder if Luce has cleaned up half a million out of timber lands. But as I say, I always licked him in the old days"—here Brackett leaned forward, his eyes goggling defiantly—"and I can—lick—him—again!"

"Of course there's party custom in regard to a renomination against you," suggested Torrey.

"Bhuh! the State is sick of this cut-and-dried policy," snorted the old man. "It only needs a good strong candidate of the people to turn it all over. You ought to hear the people around here talk. There's another thing about it that makes it fun for the people of Canaan when they think I'm going to beat Daggett."

He glanced quizzically at the correspondent.

"Say," he chuckled, "probably there's nothing in the world that will make Luce Daggett so mad as to have me go in against him. There's a good deal behind it, first and last. Of course this isn't for the paper, but Luce was engaged to Marshy, my wife, once. Both of us had always known her. I enlisted in '62 and came back a First Lieutenant, and I cut quite a figure in those days. Marshy and Luce were engaged. Luce was so dead in love, and all that, it put old Harry right into me. I cut him out and married her. Kind o' carried her off her feet, you know. Girls take to soldiers when they're young. Luce made some talk to me and I up and gave him a blamed good licking. All the town knew about it. I was mighty spry in those days."

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The old man puffed contentedly at his pipe.

"That was how Luce happened to sneak off into the woods and go into the timberland business. You might almost say I made him rich. Of course Marshy has never said anything, but I know pretty well she is afraid the reason why Luce has never got married is because he got so sour over her leaving him. Marshy ain't like most women. It frets her to think that. She didn't realize he banked on her so strong. But there's no telling what these set fellows will do in a case such as that."

Then Brackett fell to talking of his platform and his plans.

As Torrey stumbled back through the night to the tavern he felt as though he had turned a leaf in a homely romance. Torrey had an exaggerated sense of humor and it seemed funny to him to associate bluff, curt Lucius Daggett with an early love passion. Undoubtedly this discovery would have added spice to his story, but Torrey forbore. He even pruned much satire from his personal sketch of Brackett, remembering the wistful face of the wife there in the lamplight. But the suggestiveness of that dog-and-bachelor platform set the press of the State off into rather expansive snickers of the subdued sort. Brackett measured his growing prominence by the amount of newspaper space he occupied and didn't dig for satire.

But an editorial in an independent and saucy little "plate daily" did prick him a bit. The squib was:

> The Honorable Tristram Buttercup Brackett, now in the heat of his gubernatorial campaign, announces that when he enters upon his high office his coat-of-arms will be a yellow nannygoat, couchant, in a field of purple daisies and green maidenhair fern, with this motto: "Ich dyein."

Brackett answered this slur. He wrote a letter to the newspapers gravely denying that he had any intention of adopting a coat-of-arms, "for," he declared, "I shall always consider myself one of the plain people."

The surface of the remainder of his newspaper fame caused him to exult in his sudden prominence. He remained at home at first and wrote "open letters" and addressed certain individual politicians. The letters were so ingenuous and unconsciously humorous that politicians used to read them aloud in their offices to their friends. Those who answered did not see fit to disturb Brackett's radiant optimism. It wasn't worth while. No one felt it to be his especial duty to call the old man off. So far as straight politics went his candidacy was deemed too preposterous to demand attention from the Republican leaders. And the party leaders, understand, name the *personnel* of the town and city delegates to the State convention. Furthermore, Daggett, though a strong Governor, wasn't a popular one, on account of his abrupt personal manners. Many eminent and jocose Republicans took a certain malicious delight in rubbing Brackett's ears and "ste' boying" him on at Daggett. The yapping simply bothered Daggett—didn't menace him, according to the opinions of the politicians.

Like most laymen's, Brackett's vision of perspective played him tricks. His platform, to which he had added various suggestions made by temperance, socialist, and labor cranks, was sufficient, according to his notion, to stir the people, without resort to work among town committees. The amateur photographer and the amateur politician focus so that what should be least shows up largest.

The newspaper men who visited the State House occasionally plucked up courage to ask Governor Daggett what he thought of the Brackett boom. Governor Daggett's chief personal characteristic was rough testiness. When he didn't reply to these questions by a snort of "Phnh!" and a disgusted flirt of his hand, he demanded: "What do you newspaper chaps want to exploit cranks and crazy men for? Stop torching up that lunatic. Folks outside the State will think I'm running against a delegate from the insane asylum."

Torrey used to wonder what the Governor would say if he were to pop a question at him regarding Brackett's reminiscences of schoolboy and courting days. But Torrey didn't ask. The coarse, sallow face of his Excellency wasn't a visage to inspire jests of that order.

But the newspapers finally dropped Brackett. His notions grew tiresome. There were "bigger dog-fights down the street," and Brackett noted this with alarm. To him space in the newspapers meant the voice of the people. Therefore when McNamara came up to see him he found Brackett an easy proposition.

McNamara lived in the State's metropolis, wore a silk hat with his bobtailed coat and

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called himself "an organizer" in political years. In off years he was "a promoter." McNamara was really able. In one national campaign he organized a club of kindred spirits known privately to the members as "The Hambone Club." Then he sold this club under various loyal names to five different candidates and collected from each aspirant a subsidy for "torches, uniforms, bands, and hall." It was profitable.

After a half-day's conference Brackett, alarmed by the manner in which he was dropping out of the newspapers, hired McNamara as his organizer. So McNamara promptly commenced to "organize" and to explain why funds were needed for this and that purpose. Being regularly informed that various and many towns, orders, guilds, and clubs wished to rise for him *en masse*, but were hampered from rising by lack of banners, bands, torches, and equipment, Brackett kept lifting out of the old black wallet bills that lay carefully flattened there. Then he drew from his modest store at the savings bank at the shire. After that, as the phrase is, he "chased his money." As the clamor for munitions of war increased, he decided that truly the people did want him. So he mortgaged his place, raised more funds, and, McNamara advising this, started out with a band and a retinue.

He had no further reason to feel disquiet because he was not attracting attention. This novel method of gunning for the gubernatorial nomination in an off year made Brackett worth while in a news sense. A flock of reporters buzzed at his heels wherever he toured. Public squares and country schoolhouses were packed with jocosely uproarious audiences. His dog-and-bachelor speeches evoked extravagant applause at every sentence. To Brackett all these occasions seemed like gigantic ovations. He raised more money on a second mortgage and extended his tour. Finally, on the eve of the Republican State Convention, he arrived in the convention city with his band and his banners and his gallimaufry of a following. McNamara, provided with funds to purchase excursion tickets, brought "Brackett Clubs" from half a dozen towns round about. Under the helmets and the enamel military capes marched scrawny boys and grinning gawks, but with the torches flaring and the roman candles bursting and the bands playing, the *ensemble* of the demonstration was rather impressive.

Hundreds of red, white and blue ribbon badges, with "Honest Tristram" printed down the centre of the white stripe, were distributed among the crowds on the streets and at the hotels during the evening. Nearly every delegate carelessly and smilingly accepted one and pinned it on. When Governor Daggett, an hour after supper, appeared in the door of his bedroom in the suite he had hired at the principal hotel and gazed out on the press of men in his parlor who were filling the air with smoke from his cigars, he noticed the prevalence of these badges with some astonishment. Limping along on his rheumatic legs to the delegate within handiest reach, he lifted the ribbon by the lower end, adjusted his eye-glasses, and read the words. Then he looked round at the crowd with his eyebrows arched.

"Guess I must be in the wrong suite," he said sarcastically.

"Oh, the boys have just got these on for fun," hastily apologized a State Committeeman. "Things are sort of free and easy the night before, you know."

"So are the cigars and manners in this room," returned the Governor tartly and hobbled back into his private apartment.

Rather shamefacedly the men pulled off their badges, not all together, but one by one, here and there. Some tucked the ribbons into their pockets, some tossed them into the heaping cuspidors.

"Luce Daggett makes a good business Governor," mumbled a prominent politician to a little knot about him, "but I could take some glue and that hairbrush there and make a first-class hog out of him."

"There's a good deal of feeling against Daggett all over the State on account of his manners," said Hadley, the Attorney-General, "but he's naturally crusty and sour and I guess he can't help it. The women say he ought to have a wife to soften him down. They've got some kind of a story among them that he has been crossed in love."

"I don't know what that's got to do with treating his political supporters right," growled the politician.

A little later the doors of the Governor's room were thrown open and the Private Secretary appeared on the threshold.

"All the gentlemen who desire may now pay their respects to his Excellency the Governor," he announced.

The men in the parlor formed in line

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and sidled past the Governor, pumphandling him. The throngs of delegates in the corridors packed along behind. The first men who appeared had divested themselves of the obnoxious "Honest Tristram" badges. The other delegates, who had not heard the rebuke, and most of whom had fairly forgotten that they were wearing the things, elbowed past and squeezed his Excellency's hand, their lapels still adorned with the Brackett ribbons.

All at once the Governor, whose face had been growing more saturnine, stepped back a bit from the line and jerked out his hand toward the Private Secretary, who stood at the door of entrance.

"Mr. Burgess," he cried, "shut that door!"

The line made way and the door was shut in the faces of the men who packed the ante-chamber. The Governor cast on those who remained in his room a wicked look of resentment.

"If the information I have received from town committees was worth anything," he grated with biting sarcasm, "your municipalities supposed they had sent here to the convention adult Republicans, pledged to renominate the straight party candidate. I find, however, a lot of schoolboys wearing gewgaws that have been passed around by a lunatic. When you are ready to come to see me respectably and like grown men, I'll receive you as the Governor of your State should. Until then you will please leave my apartments."

He turned his back on them and the delegates filed out silently and sullenly. The Private Secretary closed the corridor door after them. The Governor sat down and puffed his wrath through his nose in snorts.

His Private Secretary, a soft-voiced man of middle age, scrubbed at his short chin beard and ventured:

"Your Excellency, don't you think you were just a—a—a bit—the least bit too short? I—I know well enough the delegates didn't mean anything disrespectful."

"I know what they think of me in this State," snarled the Governor. "They think I am coarse and rough and have got a skin like hemlock barb. That's been the way with me all my life, Burgess. People have thought they couldn't hurt Luce Daggett's feelings. But I know when I'm insulted just as well as some of these political dudes who have their pants creased every day. Let 'em stand around awhile and think it over."

The Governor sat down at a desk and commenced to study his speech of acceptance. His hand trembled so that the paper crackled; but the agitation was wholly anger. So certain was he of party discipline that no thought entered his head that his rudeness might have prejudiced his renomi-

REPORTERS BUZZED AT HIS HEELS.

nation. Yet the party managers half an hour later were discomposed and even alarmed by the storm of personal and petty resentment surging through the crowds that packed the hotel office and lobbies. The most placid, party-bound, custom-harnessed conventions can be stampeded sometimes by a freak of silly passion, even when great causes could not jar their inertia. There are strange potentialities in a party of men who have met for some special purpose and, therefore, feel obsessed by a temporary brotherhood. The shrewd politician understands all about it.

At the height of the sputteration, boomp-ity-boom past the hotel marched Brackett's torchlight parade, with the band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time." The opportunity to express their ire in a visible and strenuous way came to the scolding crowds about the hotel like a match touching oil. An element of sport also appealed to the

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delegates, for the evening was one of time-killing. Out rushed nine hundred yelling men. They massed themselves behind the barouche in which Brackett was riding, his patriarchal beard, like a nimbus in the torchlight, floating on the night breezes. They cheered themselves hoarse for Brackett. They marched behind him to the swing of the music.

Some ready extemporizer soon had the mob singing these words to a roaring obligato by the band:

Pitch right in and just pull off your coat,
We'll all join hands and for Brackett we will vote.
There'll be a hot time in the convention, you bet.

The Governor sat at his desk with his ear cocked up until the sweep and swell of singing voices and the lilt of the band music had been shredded into jargon by the echoes far down the street. The Private Secretary stood at the window looking out and listening.

"Well, Burgess," snorted the Governor, "aren't you proud of the party?"

The Secretary slowly rolled down the window and shut out the murmur of the distant clamor.

"It's—it's certainly a very, very peculiar thing for them to do," he scarcely more than murmured. "But I think——"

"I think, too," the Governor broke in fiercely—"I think that as soon as they walk some of the rum and riot out of them they'll decide they've been acting like turkeys dancing on a hot stove to the tune our old cow died on. F-ools!" he blurted, with a puff on the "f" like the hiss of a jet of steam.

"Perhaps you might——" ventured the Secretary.

"Well, I won't!" roared the Governor, appearing to know what the Secretary was about to suggest. The Secretary knew when to say no more and he was rather glad that a knock came on the door at the instant. He was tiptoeing away, but paused when the Governor said: "If it's anyone except a member of the State Committee tell him I'm busy."

"It's a lady who wants to see you," reported the Secretary, after he had closed the door.

"Lady!" echoed the Governor, incredulously.

"Yes, your Excellency, and she is very anxious to see you, she says."

"Can't. Tell her to go away!"

But when the Secretary opened the door to announce the denial the visitor walked straight in before he had time to say a word. The Governor stared a moment, then he hooked off his eye-glasses with a sweep of his hand and, all the bluffness gone from his demeanor, cried:

"Why, Marshy, where under the sun did you drop from?"

Tristram Brackett's wife came quickly forward and he shook her hand.

"Sit down, sit down," commanded his Excellency cordially.

"Lucius, I know you are busy, but for just once in my life I have ventured on my old school acquaintance with you——"

"Marshy!" The Governor spoke with grave reproof and the look in his deep eyes brought a flush to the woman's withered cheek.

"I don't ever want to think that Marshy Hilton of old Canaan will feel that calling on Luce Daggett is presuming," said he. "Marshy, how are your folks and is there anything I can do to help you?"

While she hesitated they were sensible of a dull, isochronous tremor in the air, as of a great heart beating somewhere. It was the throb of the big drum in the distant band.

"Lucius," she said with a quiver in her voice, "you know, of course, it's all about Mr. Brackett."

"Why did you allow him to make a fool of himself in this way?" demanded his Excellency somewhat irritably.

"Honestly, Lucius, I begged and implored, but he wouldn't pay the least bit of attention to what I said."

"Has he spent much money?" the Governor asked, strictly utilitarian instinct prompting the query.

"He has even had to mortgage," she said mournfully.

"He ought to be under guardianship," the Governor snapped, but he added: "I'm sorry, Marshy, I'm sorry," and his tone was vibrant with sympathy, sincere and homely.

The pulse-beat of the music was louder now. The woman hesitated a long time, the Governor watching her, pity and the memory of something striving in his eyes. At last she said very softly, her voice trembling with agitation:

"You are very rich, I hear, Lucius."

"I've done fairly well," he said in some surprise.

"Well, you are rich. You have been Gov-

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ernor two years. They say you will go to Congress if you live. You've had so much, Lucius, that it don't seem as though it would be much of a hardship—you know, Lucius, this isn't for myself—it wouldn't put you out much if you—you stepped aside and let Mr. Brackett—let Tristram——" She waited.

"Go ahead. What is it, Marshy?" he asked quietly.

"If Tristram don't get to be Governor it will kill him or drive him onto the town," she blurted desperately. "Lucius, can't you let him have the place? You are the only one against him."

The Governor gave one of his familiar harsh laughs—and then he was sorry, for he perceived that the trembling woman had misunderstood the merriment.

"Marshy," he said, now very grave, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings nor make fun of you. The way I feel now, if any act on my part would help your husband to be Governor, I'd do it—for your sake. I realize how bad it's going to be. Furthermore, I don't forget some things." Her lip trembled. "This job of Governor doesn't suit, as well as it might, an old codger like me. But Lord bless your dear old heart, Marshy, I could no more give the thing to Tris' Brackett nor even help him get it than I could give him a unicorn to haul up his winter's wood, if you asked me to. The party is running this thing. With all respect to you, Marshy, they wouldn't have your husband for a hog-reeve."

His eyes were hard, but they softened suddenly. He caught sight, on her left hand, of the old amethyst ring he had given her years and years before. The music and clamor were now clearly audible. The parade was approaching the hotel. The wife turned her thin face toward the window.

"Seems as though," she ventured with a flash of spirit, "there isn't much question as to how and to whom the honors are being shown this evening."

She cast a comprehensive glance round the deserted room. Mrs. Brackett had touched the especial sore spot that the Governor was nursing at that time. He cursed. Then he apologized as she shrank before him.

"Marshy," said he, "you don't know what you are talking about. What does a woman, born and brought up in the country, understand about politics? I can't sit here and explain to you about your husband. That hullabaloo out there don't amount to that!" He snapped his fingers at the window against which the flarings of the torches were tossing.

"But it's too mighty bad to fool a man in that way," he muttered. He sat in thought a moment, then a grim resolution seemed to strike him.

"Burgess," he called to his Secretary, "step out and see if you can get Mr. Brackett to come to my room alone. Tell him I want to see him privately."

Brackett, conducted by the Secretary, came up the stairs followed by cheers and yells that were audible in the Governor's room. Amidst the clamor were cries of "Don't compromise, Brackett—no compromise!" showing that the throngs of delegates had got wind of a projected conference between the candidates. Howls of jeering laughter accompanied the suggestions.

Brackett bristled into the Governor's room, erect, triumphant, and quivering with excitement.

"It's too late to trade, Luce," he almost shouted, "too late! I've got you down, old man, just as I used to flam you on your back at school. Better pin on one of my badges and follow me. Out of the rut we go! It's the people this time!"

It then became apparent from Brackett's loquacity and his slightly tottering gait, as he strode round the room, that a portion at least of his exhilaration had come over the bar. All at once his eyes fell on his wife, who sat in the shadow of the desk. He seized the back of a chair to steady himself. "Marshy Brackett," he cried, his mouth gaping, "what are you doing here in Luce Daggett's room?"

"She's here on business and it's about you," the Governor answered sternly. "Sit down. I've got something to say to you, Tristram Brackett."

Brackett sat down. The band outside commenced to blare.

"Stop that infernal band of yours," snapped Daggett.

But when Brackett appeared at the window the tumult was redoubled. The crowd clamored for a speech. Brackett, serenely unconscious of the satire of the saturnalia, persuaded them to be quiet for a little while. But the smile of satisfaction that he had exhibited to the public changed to a glowering look when he turned again and faced the Governor and the woman.

"Well, now, I'll listen," he growled, "but

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I tell you right now, Mrs. Brackett, it isn't respectable to leave your room at our hotel without an escort."

"Shut up, Brackett," said the Governor. "You're talking like a fool. What you have been needing for a long time is to have some one talk straight common-sense to you. Your wife is trying to help you as a wife should. I never had a wife to help me, but I can appreciate what it means when I see a good woman lifting just as hard as she knows how."

The Governor vibrated a quivering finger straight at the face of Brackett.

"Do you realize, Tris'," he almost shouted, "that your blastnation foolishness has just about put that woman there on the poor-farm, after she has slaved for you all her life?"

Brackett turned a fierce look on his wife.

"You ain't been talking over our private business with Luce Daggett, have you?" he snarled.

"Marshy and I have had some talk since we've been here," said the Governor resolutely, answering for the wife. "We've all three been old townspeople and old schoolmates. Under such circumstances I'm not going to cut nor mince, Tris'. You have been led astray by gangs that have used you, most of them thoughtlessly, for fun and newspaper stories. Others have been robbing you. Hold on, now! I've got the floor. I'm telling you the truth, Tris', and I dare to tell it to you for the sake of that poor little woman there. I hope you ain't skunk enough to drag her onto the town. I——"

Brackett got up, his face black with rage.

"Come along out of here," he said to his wife.

"You—sit—down!" roared the Governor.

With no gentle hand he pushed the old man into his chair.

"I'm not going to lecture you about spending money. I'm a man of few words when I have business. I'm not going to coax you. If you have one spark of wit left you'll see that I'm trying to do you a good turn. You ought to be able to see that you don't stand the show of a butterfly in a bog-hole in this fight against me. Wake up, man, and realize it! There may be a few crazy-headed fellows who will scatter a handful of votes for you to-morrow just to spite me—if the thing comes to a ballot, which I much doubt. Now I'm not bashful in saying that I want a unanimous nomination. I'm going to be nominated, anyway! Hold on, again! I still have the floor. If I run for Congress later on, a unanimous nomination is a good thing to refer back to. Now, Tris', here's my proposition. You withdraw and I'll reimburse you for the sums you've spent in this campaign—the whole thing to be secret between us three right here. As old friends of mine I want to see your last days happy ones. I'll make it a lump check of $5,000. Yes or no—what is it? It's too foolish to discuss the matter of your having any show in the convention to-morrow."

Brackett's face had expressed various emotions and passions as the Governor had explained his offer. Now he asked with affected calmness:

"Have you said just what you mean and all you have to say?"

"Yes," the Governor replied curtly.

Brackett's face became convulsed as he gave his anger rein. He lumbered across the room in a trot and threw up the window. The square below was packed with the crowds who were waiting to see this queer comedy of "the dog-platform candidate" to its finish.

"Hark ye!" Brackett screamed. "Here is a nice item for the newspapers and the voters of this State. Old Luce Daggett, because he is rich, thinks his money can buy me away from the people. He has just tried to bribe me—to buy me out. What have you to say to that?"

There was laughter mingled with cries of "Sell!" "You'll never do better!" "Easy money!"

"And that ain't all," Brackett continued to scream. "I've just found him here with ——" But he didn't finish. When Brackett started his denunciation the Governor began to hobble across the room, clenching his fists and muttering curses. Now he grasped Brackett by the collar and yanked him back from the window to the no small astonishment of the people who beheld this Mr. Punch sort of disappearance.

"Tris'," growled the Governor, "we're old men and we mustn't have trouble. If you want to say I tried to bribe you and you are mean enough to construe my intentions that way, go ahead. It's politics, perhaps. But you want to remember that I can't stand everything from you. Years ago you used to impose on me in school. You took away

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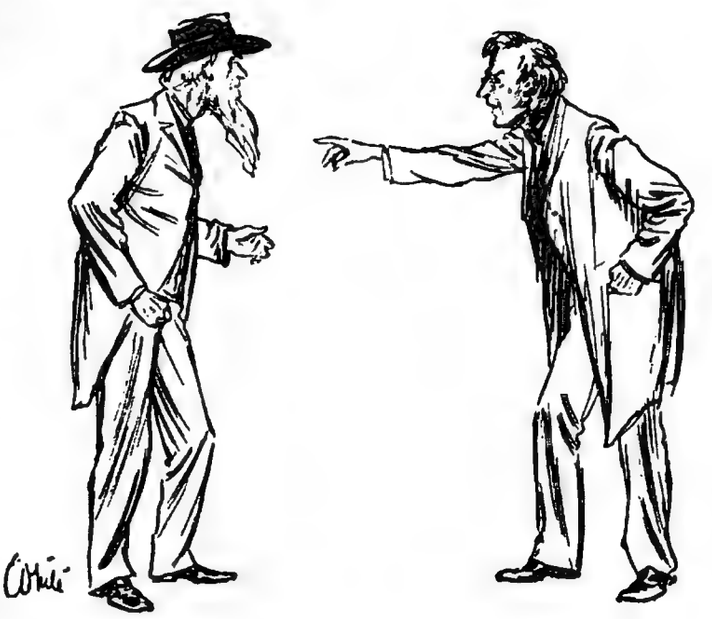
from me the only woman I ever cared about in the world. That was all right, too, if she wanted to go. But curse your pelt"—in his excitement the Governor dropped into his provincial Yankee twang—"ye shan't take away from that woman her good name. I'll kill ye first, Tris' Brackett!"

The two panting old men glared at each other for a moment. Then as Brackett made a plunge for the window the Governor bore him back with a grip on his throat. They whirled and tottered. The Governor, lamed by his rheumatism, went down first. His forehead struck a leg of the bed and he lay motionless. Mrs. Brackett was over him the next instant, even while her husband, dizzy with wrath and liquor, seized a chair and lifted it. But as his wife, kneeling on the floor, raised her head and looked at him, he gently lowered the chair and lurched limply against the wall. His heavy, staring, drooping, frightened face grew white as she moaned in horror:

"Oh, dear Lord in Heaven, Tristram, what if you have killed the Governor?"



"I'LL MAKE IT A LUMP CHECK OF $5,000."

But as the husband and the wife stared each at the other, his Excellency, groping with his hands, grasped the bed's edge and painfully raised himself on one knee. The Private Secretary, alarmed by the jar of the fall, had entered.

"Go out, Burgess," commanded Daggett.

When the Governor had sat down on the bed Mrs. Brackett wiped the blood from a cut on his forehead.

"Brackett," said his Excellency after a pause, "is that mouth of yours shut now? Because if it isn't I can shut it mighty quick, and you know how I'll do it."

"I ain't got anything to say if you ain't," stammered Brackett, still quivering from his fright.

The woman sopped at the blood.

"That's all right, Marshy," said the Governor softly. "It's 'just a leetle tunk,' as old Zeke Parrott used to say up in old Canaan. I'll fix it up later." He rose from the bed. "Brackett"—there was just a flicker of a smile as he spoke—"you seem to be fully as good a wrassler as you were at school." Then he said solemnly: "Tris', I've got a great deal to overlook in you first and last. Under these circumstances you are justified in thinking that my proposition to you isn't prompted by any affection for you. I'd like to have you feel just that way and consider that I have reasons worth money why I want you out of my way in the convention to-morrow. Put it right on that basis. That offer stands good till to-morrow forenoon at nine."

Brackett said nothing. He opened the corridor door and went out. His wife followed. At the threshold she turned and said softly, her eyes dropping tears: "Good-night, Lucius. I'm so sorry." Then she cast a look of solicitude at his gashed forehead. The Governor turned his back and limped toward the water-ewer.

"The hurt isn't up there, Marshy," he said, and not a politician in the State would have recognized Lucius Daggett's face just then.

From his post in the wings at the side of the stage Brackett watched the convention assemble the next forenoon. Despite his optimism, this orderly, freshly shaven, well-dressed, chatting and jovial throng of men filtering into the delegation reservations produced a sense of mental depression in him. The delegates didn't act serious enough for reformers. The convention seemed just like those ordinary cut-and-dried conventions of the party that he himself had attended.

Rapidly the business of the convention was hustled along to the nominating speeches. A man from the east, a man from the west, a man from the centre of the State placed

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BOOMPITY-BOOM PAST THE HOTEL . . . WITH THE BAND PLAYING.

in nomination in short, ringing addresses the Honorable Lucius Daggett.

Then a pause.

"Are there other nominations?" asked the chairman. Brackett had his anxious eyes fixed on the man who had promised to present his name. The man sat in his place in the county delegation, quite at ease, and didn't meet Brackett's eager stare. The pause became longer.

"And as there are no other nominations, Mr. Chairman, I move you that the Honorable Lucius Daggett be the nominee of this convention for Governor by acclamation."

And ere Brackett realized it was all over, the delegates were on their feet cheering perfunctorily and the band was playing above the tumult.

Brackett, stumbling dizzily down the rear stairs, met the man who had promised.

"You—you infernal traitor," the candidate commenced to stammer in rage. But the delegate waved his cigar impatiently and pushed by.

"For Heaven's sake, Brackett," he sneered, "haven't you come down off your perch yet? Don't ever say that you really expected a sensible man to stand up in that convention and present your name. They'll have you in a padded cell over across the river in the insane asylum, if you do."

Governor Daggett hastened back to the capital that night on the special convention train. His first intimation of the affair was the next morning at breakfast when the waiter brought the paper. The heading was:

HE BLEW OUT THE GAS.

Candidate Brackett's Post-Convention Abstraction Proves Fatal to Himself and His Wife.
The Couple Discovered in Their Hotel Room Shortly After Midnight.

Two sentences in the news report seemed to clasp themselves across his Excellency's eyes like strips of hot steel: "Mrs. Brackett's position indicated that she had died peacefully. She lay just as she evidently had gone to sleep, her hands across her breast, the fingers of one hand pressing the amethyst in an old ring."

"Do you think that Brackett case was suicide, Governor?" chirped the man opposite, peering over the top of his own paper.

His Excellency made another enemy. "Don't yap at a hearse that is going past," he growled.

Then he pushed back from the table screakingly and hobbled out, leaving his breakfast untasted.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

This is the tragic story of a great financial crime. In the preceding numbers, at the instance of the publishers, certain isolated facts from the career of Amalgamated were brought in out of their order to illustrate the methods of the "System" and its masters. In future the story will take its natural course: the course of the events it records. Amalgamated grew up out of relations established through Bay State Gas. Having explained how "Standard Oil" obtained control of the great banks and insurance companies, Mr. Lawson shows the "System" investing in gas stocks the funds it has acquired. In this instalment is presented J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, one of the chief factors in forthcoming complications. There are many ramifications in "Frenzied Finance," which, though apparently wandering from the main course of the history, yet have an important part therein, as succeeding numbers will prove.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

AT the height of the recent financial storm word went round that the crafts of three over-night-made multimillionaires, men foremost in the seventh group of "Standard Oil" votaries, were in the trough of the financial sea and headed for the breakers, which were strewn with the wrecks of the people's savings. Following closely on the heels of these stories came the astounding one that each of these enormously rich men had in his endeavors to raise large amounts of cash, disclosed among his assets blocks of "Standard Oil" stock ranging from 5,000 to 20,000 shares each. The public had hardly heard this before all financialdom knew that the storm-tossed crafts had received succor, and that the crisis had passed. For one brief day the financial press of the country printed the item: "Standard Oil came to the rescue by buying for cash large blocks of Standard Oil stock which had long been held by this or that interest for investment," and no more was thought of the incident. Even the most alert financiers never suspected that the most portentous stock secret of the age had almost become public property.

Implanted deep in the minds of the public that watch the comings and goings of Wall Street is the conviction that Standard Oil is the holy of holies among stocks. The world has been taught to believe that the owners of Standard Oil regard the shares of the great oil corporation as their most precious, most sacred possessions. Yet while "Standard Oil" has been so scientifically spreading abroad the impression that the public should never own its stock, secretly they have been engaged in exchanging that stock for the securities of the people in the form of banks and trust companies, railroads, and other assets of definite value. So completely has "Standard Oil" pulled the wool over the eyes of the votaries of finance that there cannot be found in or out of Wall Street a single great financier who would not laugh to scorn the suggestion that "Standard Oil" is engaged in a campaign for the distribution of its Standard Oil stock to the public. Yet pin your great financier down to the facts, and he'll admit that he himself has quite a block of the stock, and that institutions of which he is a director include among their assets in one form or another good-sized parcels of the inestimable security. But so firm is the belief of these very wise men in the spells woven for them when for this or that special reason they were allowed as a favor to acquire their holdings, and so impressively have they been

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shown that their ownership in Standard Oil stock must be kept secret, that no suspicion has ever entered their minds that they were playing the part of lambs in its purchase.

Nor was the episode I have described above allowed to disturb their serenity, for it soon became known to the innermost circle of Wall Street that the stock the three men had resold to "Standard Oil" represented the share of each in some of the gigantic deals to which he had been a party during the last ten years, and that with its acquirement had gone a pledge that it would always be kept in the purchaser's "tin box," and whenever inspected by "Standard Oil" would be free from "pinholes." And so, adroitly, all dangerous deductions were averted.

For the uninstructed I may say that a capitalist's "tin box" is the receptacle for the stocks and bonds that largely represent his fortune, and pinholes in a stock certificate are in Wall Street conclusive evidence that such certificate has, at some period, temporarily passed into others' hands as collateral for loans, for there has been pinned to it a memorandum or note stating the details of the transaction under which its owner parted with it. Pinholed securities are looked upon by the upper crust of big financiers with much the same horror as members of the American social upper crust look upon their No. 10 boots and gloves—reminders of their peasant ancestry.

CHAPTER VIII

"STANDARD OIL" INVESTS "MADE DOLLARS" IN GAS

To go back a bit: After "Standard Oil," the "Private Thing," had firmly established, through the agency of the curb,* the value of the 1,000,000 shares of Standard Oil, the corporation seller of oil, at between $600,000,000 and $800,000,000, and had used it as collateral in securing control of the four classes of money institutions I have named—the national and savings banks and trust and insurance companies—they proceeded to use the funds thus controlled to manipulate the stocks of great public corporations for their own profit, forming them into trusts with capitals far beyond their values, which they sold to the public at the inflated capitalization. They then engaged in a wonderfully clever campaign to work off on the people—directly, the very rich people, but indirectly, the people as a whole—through institutions which exist because of the people's savings—the $600,000,000 to $800,000,000 of Standard Oil stock which had at this stage served the principal use for which it had been created. It must be borne in mind that while "Standard Oil," the "Private Thing," is grinding out "made dollars," its owners never for an instant lose sight of the dim distant day of reckoning when the people will awaken to their losses. The "Rogerses" and the "Rockefellers" know well that the public cannot always be kept in ignorance of the methods of the "system" by which they have been plundered, and that once they are in possession of the secret of how the savings of the many have become the property of the few, there may be reprisals of such a nature as to compel the "system" to yield up its gains. They know that when that day comes it will not be best for them to have their enormous fortunes in such get-at-able property as real estate, in which so many of the legitimately acquired American fortunes are invested. In a quiet way, therefore, they have put the bulk of their "made dollars," acquired from time to time, into unrecorded forms, such as Government bonds, bonds and preferred stocks of what they consider nonduplicatable franchise corporations such as railroads, which require rights of way, into municipal public service enterprises such as gas companies, the existence of which depends upon rights of way for pipes, and into the stocks of banks and trust and insurance companies, which they believe the people will never dare attack because their savings are largely deposited in them.

I would not have my readers think that the principal motive actuating "Standard Oil" in parting with their Standard Oil stock is doubt of its present intrinsic worth, for such is not the case. The masters of "Standard Oil" are very able, far-seeing men, and they know that so thoroughly have the American people been educated to the crimes

* The New York "curb" is the latest invention in finance, coming closely upon the heels of the invention of trusts, and it holds the same relation to the New York Stock Exchange that Private Things hold to corporations. Before a stock can be bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange, there must be submitted to the governors a description of what the stock is, which must be of such tangibility that anyone who cares to investigate may find there every detail and particular of the property represented, set forth with the utmost exactitude. But on the "curb" stocks can be traded in without responsible sponsors or descriptions that mean anything. In other words, a stock may be bought and sold there, which is so vague and indefinite as to be little more than a name, and it is through the "curb" that the value of Standard Oil stock is established, for it is daily bought and sold there at the steadily held prices of 650 to 800, and the press of the world makes daily record of these prices.

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which created Standard Oil, the crimes by which it has existed and does exist, that no passage of time or "pious-ing" of latter-day methods, will ever blind them to its iniquities, and that when reprisal day comes, as come it surely will, the first thing the people in their frenzy will look for will be Standard Oil. This is the reason, which, more than any other, influences them in selling to others an enterprise which has up to the present time not only enjoyed tremendous prosperity, but which has as yet met with no obstacle or hindrance.

Of all forms of tangible investment "Standard Oil" has looked most favorably upon gas stocks, and its secret devices have been worked overtime in consolidating gas companies throughout the United States. In a general way, as manufacturers of illuminating oil, "Standard Oil" had become familiar with the problems of supplying large communities—cities—with gas light; and with the advent of water-gas, as sellers of petroleum they controlled an important factor in the production of that volatile commodity. All the talent of the "system," trained in "handling" municipal authorities, came into play in this big new business of lighting cities—a business which perforce became a monopoly as soon as the powerful tentacles grasping it were recognized as "Standard Oil."

At the time my story opens, 1894, "Standard Oil" had already captured the gas-lighting corporations of certain of the great cities of the United States, including the immensely rich ones of New York (directly), Philadelphia and Chicago (indirectly); and for two years previously had been besieging the several independent Brooklyn companies for the purpose of consolidating them into a single gigantic corporation. This project they have since accomplished. Their intention is to weld this corporation with the great one that already holds the monopoly of Manhattan.

The task of diagramming a territory for invasion is one after Henry H. Rogers's own heart. His campaigns are planned with Napoleonic power and foresight. When the capture of Brooklyn was decided on, the several corporations to be subdued were "sized up" as to their revenues and liabilities; the resources of their stockholders studied out, and a method organized to separate each one from his shares at "hard pan" prices. In the "Standard Oil" armory there are many instruments of "persuasion," and he is indeed a hardy fellow who can resist the various "trying out" processes to which mutineers are subjected. This obstinate capitalist will be summarily knocked in the head; that other inveigled into a dark corner by a strong-arm man; another group owe money to one of the "system's" banks and a brief spell on the financial rack will weaken their grip. Sooner or later all succumb. While such details as these were being attended to, lines were being strung here and there to bring about the passage by the city of Brooklyn and the Legislature of New York State of ordinances and laws which should allow this and compel that to be done, and so rivet the various links of the great venture.

While in the midst of this campaign, in which Henry H. Rogers's genius, matured in many a hard-fought business battle, discerned an easy and early triumph, there came athwart his victorious path a financial guerilla, "balloony," mysterious, yet as sticky as a jelly-fish, who was destined to exert a most maleficent influence on his after life. Fate hangs no red lights at the cross-roads of a man's career. No "pricking of his thumbs," no strange portents warned the master of "Standard Oil" that the impudent Philadelphia swashbuckler who had dared interfere with the execution of his plan to fetter "the system's" yoke to the necks of the citizens of Brooklyn was the factor that destiny had chosen to shape the ends that he had rough hewn.

CHAPTER IX

ENTER J. EDWARD O'SULLIVAN ADDICKS

THIS financial guerilla was J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, votary of rotten finance, perpetual candidate for the United States Senate, wholesale debaucher of American citizenship and all-round corrupter of men—J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, a corporation political trickster, who has done more to hold up American laws, American elective franchises, and American corporations to the scorn of the civilized world than any other man of this or any previous age.

J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks was born in Philadelphia in 1841, and was in the eighties plodding along the ordinary, uneventful path of a seller of flour to the people of that city which, since the death of William Penn, holds the record for the high-

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est and densest percentage of sleep per capita of any English-speaking community.

In the eighties two things happened that changed the whole course of J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks's life. Someone invented water-gas and "let in" Addicks on the invention; and the Philadelphia branch of the "Standard Oil," represented by Widener, Elkins, and Dolan, "trustified" the gas companies of the city of Chicago, which enabled Addicks to "hold up" the "trustification" until Dolan and his associates paid him the sum of $300,000 for the instrument with which he had done the holding up, $10,000 worth of stock of one of the necessary Chicago companies.

The law of compensation, which gets in its deadly work on all the prettiest plans of man, has decreed that what goes up must come down when it ceases going up. It has a shrewd trick of grafting sorrows on our joys, and of handicapping success with discomfiting conditions. The favorite of fortune whose feet have fallen in pleasant places, sooner or later stubs his toe.

Addicks's first "made dollars" certainly came easy—so easy, indeed, that those who watched his early career marvelled at his success, but nowhere on God's footstool is there to-day a more terrible illustration of the inevitable workings of the law of compensation than the present status of J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks.

The thief whose first excursion into a wayfarer's pocket is rewarded with the equivalent of days and nights of honest labor will surely be convinced thereafter of the superiority of theft over toil as a means of money-getting. So it is with the manufacturer of "made dollars." After his first coup he forsakes forever the cold arithmetic of commerce for the rule of guess, dream, hope, and "I will," which constitutes the mathematics of high finance. Addicks's first "made dollars" came with such magical ease that there awoke in his slumbering substitute for a soul a disgust for those prosaic pursuits at which one could never, try how one might, make more than four by the addition of two and two. He probably argued to himself: "Why should I work in the flour business when I know a way of getting overnight more than I can make out of flour in a lifetime? If people are so simple in guarding their savings that I can by a trick take away from them enormous wealth without the slightest danger to my own safety or my profit, even if detected, why should I not devote my life to such healthful and profitable occupation?" The logic of the proposition was convincing. Accepting its conclusions, J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, of Philadelphia, embarked on his career. Soon afterward he discovered gas in Boston.

This was in 1887. Equipped with his "made dollars" for capital, his impressive name, sublime effrontery, and a pedigree free from anything suggestive of his new purpose in life, the ex-flour-merchant "lit" into our everything-figured-out-ahead-and-every-promise-made-taken-at-par town of Boston. To appreciate the lights and shadows of this event, one should know Boston and, at the same time, Addicks. Every country boy will remember Tom Hood's poem beginning:

> I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,
> With the little lattice window where the sun came peeping in at morn,

and can recall milking-time in July or August when, sitting on the rail-fence surrounding the barn-yard, he watched the pigeons snipping up grain, the old hen scratching up worms for the chicks, the ducks and the drakes and the geese and the ganders proudly waddling back and forth, among and around the fluffy ducklings and goslings, and the bull-pup sound asleep by the side of the tortoise-shell cat. Probably he will think of some particular milking-time when the calm, contented serenity of the barn-yard was suddenly disturbed by the unexpected descent in its midst of a neighboring peacock, who, apparently unconscious of the consternation produced by his entry, proceeded proudly to spread his dazzling plumage to convince everyone, from Uncle Cy, on the milking-stool, and mild-eyed Bess, down to the white fan-tailed dove, that he was—It.

Conjure up the picture—the peacock at milking-time in the farm-yard; thus Addicks came to Boston.

It is far from my intention to identify the bucolic background I have drawn with the Hub of the Universe. Boston, up to that time, had been singularly free from the mushroom variety of millionaire which had sprung up over-night in such numbers in New York and Philadelphia. Proudly defiant of a product so alien to all her traditions, her citizens would have sworn that no votary of modern high finance could exist over one curfew-toll within her portals. For Boston had her own

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financial eminence, and it was of a character in keeping with those chill conditions of conservatism and rectitude appropriate in the metropolis of the New England conscience. She had her stock exchange, her numerous great corporations, her scores of single and multi-millionaires, and it was her boast that her capital had played the greatest legitimate part in the country's growth. She had furnished a large percentage of the money which had created our vast Western railway system; she had found and made the superb coppermines of Michigan and Montana, and in all parts of the land branches of her sturdy institutions were vitally assisting the miracle of America's development. Notwithstanding what these wide-flung enterprises imply of commercial push and audacity, Boston, at the time Addicks discovered gas there, was one of the most trusting wealth-investing communities in the world. She had her simple rules of business conduct which years of usage had consecrated into all-powerful precedent, but her brokers and capitalists, however fearful of all things quick or tricky, had never previously figured as candidates for what in Western parlance are described as "come-ons."

CHAPTER X

A VOTARY OF THE SYSTEM

THE "system" has all kinds of votaries. About J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks there is nothing that remotely suggests co-workers of the types of Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller. A description that left him in any part a duplicate of either would do him and them a grievous wrong. Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller have two sides, their social side and their business side. Socially they are good men; in business they work evil. J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks is a bad man, socially, in business, in every way. The term "bad man" is used advisedly. My idea of a "bad man" is that like a bad dollar he is a counterfeit. A counterfeit has all the appearances of reality, and is yet devoid of its properties and virtues. So with Addicks. It is easy to find men who will declare by all that is sacred that Henry H. Rogers is one of the best fellows in the world, though as many more will as earnestly proclaim him the fiend incarnate. About Addicks, among those who know the man, there is but one opinion. I have yet to meet the man, woman, or child who would say aught of Addicks, after a month's acquaintance, other than, "Don't mention him! He is the limit." And it is said with the calm of dispassionate conviction, as one might speak of a stuffed tiger in a dime museum jungle.

Here we have a man without a heart, without a soul, and, I believe, absolutely without conscience—the kind of a man who even his associates feel is likely to bring in after their deaths queer bills against their estates as an offset for what he owes them; the type of man whose promise is just as good as his bond, and whose bond is so near his promise as to make it absolutely immaterial to him which you take. He is rather a curious piece of mechanism than a human being. Exhibited in the side show of one of the great circuses some years ago was a strange creature which, for lack of a better name, its owner and the public dubbed "A What Is It?" This freak had the semblance of humanity, and yet was not human. All its functions and feelings reversed the normal. Tickle it and it would cry bitterly; pinch or torture it and it would grin rapturously; when starved it repelled food, and when overfed it was ravenous for more. It had heart-beats but no heart. The public gave it up. The public would long ago have given up J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks if he would have let them.

Example is better than explanation, and perhaps I can more graphically set J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks before my readers by a few incidents which show his contradictory characteristics in action than by verbal diagrams, however laborious.

Once upon a time Addicks, entering Delmonico's for dinner, stumbled on a couple of newsboys at the entrance. One, broken-hearted, was being consoled by the other. Addicks, observing the deep sobs, asked: "What's the matter with you, bub?" The consoler explained that his chum had lost $2, his day's earnings and capital, and "His mudder—his fadder's dead—an' de baby'll git trun outter de tenement." Addicks, without more ado, slipped the suffering young news merchant a bill which his friends supposed was $2 to replace the lost funds, until, as they were taking off their coats in the hall, the little fellow pushed his way in with: "Say, boss, did yer mean ter guv me de twenty?" Addicks nodded a good-natured assent, and his friends registered silently a white mark to his score, and felt that, after all, somewhere

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beneath the surface he was more of the right sort than they had given him credit for being. After dinner, as they left, the newsboy again approached. "Scuse me, boss, but me chum 'd like ter t'ank yer too. I'm agoin' ter give him a V outter it." Addicks looked at the boy in his mildly cold way and said, "Let me have that bill. I will change it for you." The boy gave it up, and Addicks, after methodically placing it in his purse, handed him back a $2 bill with: "That's what you lost, isn't it? And you" (to the second little fellow, who by this time had mapped out visions of new duds for the kids and a warm seat in the gallery of a Bowery theatre), "you didn't lose anything, did you? Well, both of you run along now!"

His friends looked at each other. They knew Addicks, and from their slate wiped away the white mark and replaced it with a deep, broad, black one. And yet Addicks had made good the loss—done a good deed, but in an—Addicks way. I should perhaps remark that J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks has never smoked, nor used a swear-word, nor taken liquor in any form.

During the Addicks gas campaign in Boston one of his lieutenants demanded a large amount of money, which he claimed Addicks was withholding from him, as his share of the deal. Addicks refused to pay. His friends and associates urged him to settle. While yet refusing, he agreed to meet this man at one of the leading hotels in the presence of counsel and lieutenants. The confab was a hot one, but Addicks surprised all by his absolute fearlessness in the face of a savage attack, which culminated in the man who claimed he was being cheated producing a document signed by certain Massachusetts legislators, wherein they receipted for the bribe money Addicks had paid for their votes, and threatening that it would be laid before the Grand Jury the following day. All present but accuser and accused were dumfounded at the situation and in concert begged Addicks to hush the matter up by paying what was claimed. "Gentlemen," said this great financier, "my honor, my business and my personal honor, has been assailed, and rather than submit to this outrage I would die! I now ask you all to bear witness that under no circumstances will I pay to this man a single dollar!" And he indignantly left the meeting.

While his counsel and associates were appalled at what might be the outcome, they admired his manly pluck, and asked themselves if they had not, after all, been mistaken in their estimates of his courage and principle. In the middle of the same night, the man with the document was surprised by a telegram reading: "Meet me Jersey City to-morrow sure with paper; keep absolutely secret." Next day in Jersey they met, and Addicks simply said: "There is the full amount. Give me the paper."

In the national election of 1896 J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks was a candidate for the United States Senate in Delaware, and for a variety of reasons was anxious to secure a Republican victory. Within the State, however, the real contest was not over national issues, but to control the Legislature which in the following January had to elect a United States Senator. There were three factions, the Democrats and two wings of the Republicans, the Addicks and anti-Addicks parties, the latter calling themselves "regulars." On election day Addicks used an even $100,000 buying votes, and that evening, as the sun cast its declining shadows on the honest men and the rascals in that stronghold of American aristocracy and peaches, Delaware was safe for McKinley, for both the "regulars" and the men whom Addicks's money bought had voted for a Republican President. Now, there are three counties in Delaware—Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex—and it was early bruited around that if the vote of Sussex County were allowed to stand as received, all Addicks's efforts to control the Legislature would have been fruitless and his "made dollars" expended for nothing. The ex-flour-dealer of Philadelphia was not satisfied to accept the people's sacred verdict. He quickly called his lieutenants together, mapped out a campaign of almost reckless audacity and daring and assigned his best men to its execution.

The ballot-boxes with their contents were in the sheriff's charge and stored under lock and key in the court-house. The sheriff was an Addicks tool. At midnight he turned over his charge to one of the ex-flour-merchant's trustiest lieutenants, who, with the aid of a lantern and a slip of paper containing the directions, sorted over the legal ballots, threw some out, and put in new ones. When another sun arose the dastardly outrage upon the American elective franchise had been consummated, and Addicks was busily planning to carry out the remainder of the plot. On the claim which he or one of his associates

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JOHN EDWARD O'SULLIVAN ADDICKS

A gilder of the "System's" bricks.

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would make, that there had been fraud in Sussex County, the Government at Washington must send on an investigating committee to whom it would be shown that the voting-lists had been doctored by the Democrats. To prove it the boxes would be opened, the ballots counted, and lo! the villainy of the Democrats would be absolutely laid bare.

But the scheme was an Addicks scheme. If it had been the plot of any other man on earth with the brains, the nerve and the lack of principle to carry it up to this stage, inevitably it would have been carried through to the designed conclusion; but this is what happened: The lieutenant who had charge of the actual commission of the crime thoughtlessly chuckled over the details of it with another, and this other "in the presence of witnesses" laughingly congratulated Addicks on its success. What was the astonishment of the group to hear the candidate for the Senate say: "Gentlemen, I could not countenance such a transaction. It is the first I have heard of it, and it is so outrageously criminal that I refuse to allow it to proceed further. There will be no investigation, and if it is a fact that those ballots have been changed in the box, the ones who changed them shall receive no benefit from their nefarious work. I have spoken."

Mind you, every member of the group was a party to the scheme and had been carefully rehearsed in the part assigned him by Addicks himself, but alone, that is, without witnesses; but so earnest and apparently honest was the man in his protest that for an instant they doubted their senses—until they remembered it was Addicks.

The investigation was never held, and to this day Addicks's lieutenants, especially he who did the midnight work and who still lives in the peaceful State of Delaware, turn with disgust when Addicks's daring is mentioned.

It should be explained here that whenever Addicks plans an illegal transaction—one for which he might be made civilly or criminally liable—he invariably coaches each of his accomplices alone, "without witnesses." And when it becomes necessary in developing the plot to have a confab, at which the several parties to the proceeding must meet, Addicks is most careful to preserve a legal semblance of ignorance. At intervals, when a danger-place in the discussion is approaching, he will get up from his seat and, moving to the door, will say: "Gentlemen, halt right there, until I step out of the room; tap at the door when you are over that bad spot, and I will return."

Addicks's "Wait until I step out of the room" is as familiar among his coworkers as the "I am going upstairs" is among the "Standard Oil" family.

Try to conjure before your mind's eye a picture of the anomalous character these instances suggest. I'll warrant your mental image as little resembles the original Addicks as Mr. Hyde did Dr. Jekyll in the story. He does not look the part assigned him here, nor any other part, for that matter. I saw him coming toward me on State Street one summer day some years ago, a tall, wiry man, in a white-flannel suit, perfect in fit and spotless as snow, wearing a fine Panama hat. This was in the period before Panamas were commonly worn. He was to the life the elegant and luxurious Southern planter of ante-bellum days. Six months afterward in about the same place I saw approaching me a splendid person in rich sable outer garments, who looked for all the world like an exiled Russian grand duke. It was Addicks in winter. You will not surprise his secret out of that pleasant, rather ambiguous, but square-jawed face, nor from the mouth hidden under a long, drooping, gray, military mustache. His is a good-sized, well-shaped head, you might say, and the gray, shallow eyes that look out at you are almost merry in their glances. But they are inscrutable eyes which seem to have a challenge in their gaze, a sort of "look-me-over-as-long-as-you-like-and-you'll-never-guess-what's-under-the-surface" expression that is baffling and provocative. Yet this sybarite, this daring coward, this stingy prodigal, this sincere hypocrite, this extraordinary blending of contradictory qualities, is the man who from 1887 to 1892 made Boston look like the proverbial country gawk at circus-time.

Power the man certainly has, and of a distinct quality, yet his intimates cannot explain the reason of their obedience to him. After a brief acquaintance he is revealed as the very soul of insincerity—he "works" his friends, he pays toll to his enemies, he frankly shows himself without the sense of moral obligation. I believe his talent resides in a knowledge of the human animal—or in a capacity to select the proper type of man to "make rich" in the illicit schemes his abnormal mind conceives. These coworkers of his are of different grades; some have a superabundance of cash; others a desire to get it

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—in common are their lack of principle and dearth of brains. Addicks cannot do business long with men of real capacity, nor does he understand them, whereas he can read the minds of his ordained victims as if they were an open book. The big men who have encountered or been associated with Addicks are prone to characterize him as a mountebank, a joker, or a chump.

CHAPTER XI

HOW ADDICKS CAPTURED BOSTON GAS

At the time Addicks "lit" in Boston she numbered among her proudest possessions several extremely rich gas companies, and they were owned by her "best people." To do business with Boston's "best people" is no easy task, and up to the advent of Addicks, to do business with her "best people" without doing it through others of her "best people" who could absolutely vouch for you was an unheard-of thing. The manner in which the ex-flour-merchant of Philadelphia managed to slip by the barriers and into the heart of our blue-blooded citadel constitutes the most unparalleled example of audacity I know about.

In many ways Boston is unlike other great American cities. Some of her institutions through antiquity or association have acquired a sort of sanctity. Pedigree is important. The average inhabitant spends much of his time watching the son of his neighbor's father, to see the old man's characteristics crop out in him. The boy's failures will be remembered against his offspring fifty years hence. It is a city of long memories and of traditions. In 1887 Boston, as now, consisted largely of her traditions, her blue-glass window-panes and her Somerset Club. Once a stranger inquired of a noted Bostonian what the blue window-panes were for, and received the reply: "To keep us constantly reminded of our traditions." Not daring to trespass further there, the stranger asked of an old-time resident of Beacon Hill: "What are Boston's traditions?" "Things that make us who know them blue, and those who don't, green with envy."

The distinction, sanctity and antiquity of the Somerset Club are quite beyond peradventure. Since Boston has been Boston she has had her Somerset Club, a club distinctively of grandfathers, fathers, and sons. The right to membership in the Somerset Club is as much the inheritance of a Somerset man's son as his name or as the proud title which will always be found affixed to his signature when he reaches man's estate, "of Boston." For a man to get into the Somerset without long years of waiting and intense scrutiny, not only of his own record but of his parents' before him, is a rare event. Yet the name of J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks was up for full membership, with Boston's picked best for his sponsors, a few days after he "lit." How Addicks got upon the Somerset list Boston will never tell, and the mention of the fact nowadays within the club-house will empty it instanter.

The campaign of arrangement for the "lighting" of Addicks in Boston was more elaborate, more astute and expensive than was ever organized for the exploitation of prima donna or great pianist. For months an advance agent had been preparing the way for his chief's arrival in a blaze of glory. There was talk in the papers and among the financiers about the wonderful water-gas process which enormously enhanced the profits of gas-making, and such rumor was always linked with the name of the brilliant Philadelphia Gas King, for so the press had already dubbed him. A wonder and magic immensely provocative of curiosity were woven about the identity of this J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, who it was said might be persuaded to come to Boston to work marvels with the stocks that had been in the family long before the present generation could remember. The advance agent in cautious preliminary interviews with gas stockholders and bankers, gathering information, dropped hints as to the aristocratic O'Sullivan connection and the privilege it would be for Boston to entertain so distinguished a gentleman as his chief. When it was sure that the great man was really coming the agent sought the advice of Boston's best in selecting quarters for him. In the Tudor, a beautiful family hotel adjoining the Somerset Club on Beacon Hill, a magnificent suite of apartments was taken, and though the great man could remain in Boston but a brief space, the furniture, the hangings, and even the carpets were all changed for him.

Eminent financial tricksters have various ways of handling their victims. Some believe that the most skilful mode of attack is the slow, confident, dignified approach which allays the subject's fears by its solemn display of deliberation. Others, and Addicks is of

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this creed, are persuaded of the superior efficacy of the "rush-in-and-drag-out" method. The subject, they say, "gives up" more and quicker when the hurry call is sounded. It was a winter's day when Addicks "lit" in Boston, and circumstances had arisen, the suave advance agent told various of Boston's best whom he had consulted, that would make his chief's stay much briefer than either had anticipated. So when the great man arrived at the club just before dinner, quite a group of important people were congregated there.

Addicks ran the gantlet of the critical glances of as critical a group as you'll find on earth, and the word went round—no one could remember afterward who started it—"Typical Southern gentleman! Breeding sticking out everywhere!" So well had the astute advance agent done his work that a little dinner was arranged on the spot, and Addicks made such rapid progress with these reserved and conservative Bostonians that, by the time coffee was served, the conversation had got to the stage where it came natural for him to send the waiter to the coat-room for his bunch of gas papers. The emissary returned bringing the fur overcoat with which Addicks always envelops himself in chilly weather. Addicks searched the pockets, and, apparently to his surprise, discovered that they did not contain the required documents, but where they should have been he found a small bale of 1,000-dollar government bonds, that one of the party said afterward contained at least one hundred certificates. "How careless of my secretary," said Addicks, nonchalantly replacing the packet in the pocket and motioning the waiter to take the garment back to the coat-room.

It was, of course, due to the admirable work of his advance agent that these Monte Cristo effects impressed the cultured little set who would have laughed to scorn such a display on the part of one of their own kind. In Addicks it was the dazzling eccentricity of the wonder-worker, and so excusable, and the free, flash, careless exhibit of wealth made the man's conversation and subsequent demands seem natural. In discussing the work of the previous evening with his lieutenant next morning Addicks delivered himself of the wise remark: "Finance, my boy, like theatricals, is dependent for success on the staging, and of course on the actor too. My experience has shown me that men the world over are alike—if you properly surround them, they will hiss at hissing time and clap at applauding time; yes, upon the way you stage your finance plays depends their success." The fact is that by no other method could this scenic artist of finance have set his plans moving so fast. The man had calculated to a nicety on the romantic cupidity he aroused.

After dinner, Addicks at once "got down to business": "Gentlemen, my project is as simple as it is feasible and conservative, for I will touch nothing but conservative enterprises. Gentlemen, you have three great gas companies supplying this great city with light, the Boston, Roxbury, and South Boston. They are worth at the present time about five million dollars. I am going to buy them and spend three or four millions more for a new company, and then consolidate them all and turn them from coal into water-gas companies, selling gas to your people at less than they now pay, and thus make a lot of money for you and for myself. What do you say?"

This was certainly quick action. Boston's best was breathless for a minute. Then someone said: "That is a weighty proposition, Mr. Addicks. I think our solicitors should pass on it first before we go further, and then, after their investigations are finished, why, we will consult with our families who own the stock, and, if they all agree, perhaps we shall be able to decide on a proper basis on which to dispose of our holdings."

Addicks's genius was equal to the occasion. "I regret, gentlemen, any seeming haste, but this is the situation: I am going to invest fifteen or twenty millions, or perhaps thirty or forty, in city gas properties, and as the project will require quite a bit of financiering, I have got to round it up at once, in time to slip over to London to lay it before my associates, ——, ——, and ——" (naming some of the great English lords of finance), "whom you, gentlemen, are probably well acquainted with. I think you will, after you have given the matter a little thought, agree with me that it would be a misfortune to postpone converting these magnificent Boston plants to the water-gas system until after other cities I have in mind are reconstructed. You see we can turn over but one city at a time, the system being new and competent engineers and builders few."

The painful thought took shape in the minds of the distinguished little gathering that if they were not careful, Monte Cristo might actually slip out of their town without lightening any of that golden load.

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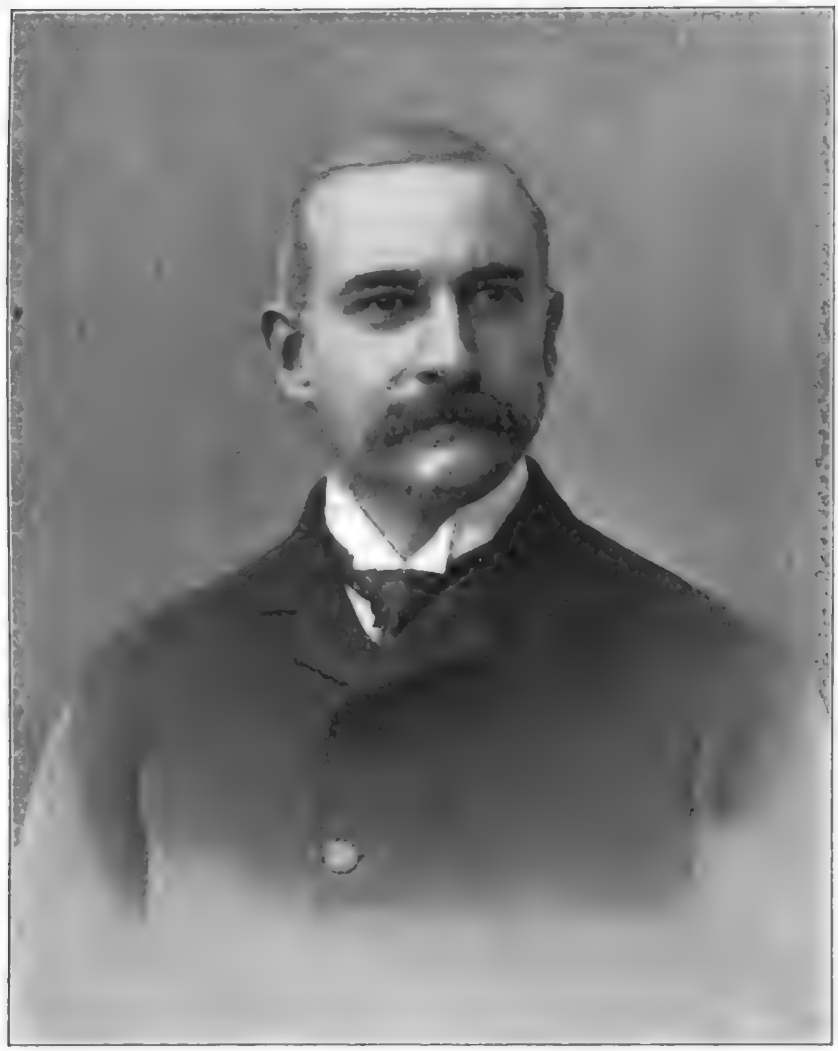

JAMES STILLMAN

The "System's" upper and nether millstone.

"Just what is your idea, Mr. Addicks, of how this gigantic piece of business could be done?" one asked.

"Simple, simple"—the great Colonel Sellers of eye-water fame never looked more cool and unconcerned when calling attention to the facts, "100,000,000 of people, two eyes each, a bottle of my patent eye-wash for each at a dollar a bottle, and eye-wash made at a net cost of a dime a barrel"—"simple, simple; you name your price, I pay it, and the thing is done."

"But, Mr. Addicks, do you know we value our gas properties very high? Take the Boston, for instance; the par value of each share is $500, and we don't believe you could buy it at less than—than eight or nine hundred dollars"—this from one of the prominent holders.

"Of course, of course; I am not buying gas companies that are not well thought of by their present owners," returned Addicks. "I think you underestimate the value of the Boston Company's stock when you say $800. Of course, as a conservative business man I wish to buy as reasonably as possible, but as I know what the future of your company will be under the water-gas change, I con-

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sider $1,000 a share cheap; and if you say so, will take it all now—majority, minority and all—at that price."

This was strong talk. In spite of their proverbial frigidness under all conditions, Boston's best began to get fidgety.

"Yes," went on the Monte Cristo from Philadelphia, "I'll do better than that. On second thought I will give you $1,200 a share. Think it over and we'll have another sit-down to-morrow."

It took Addicks but a few days to trade, for at each sitting the staging was more enticing and the call from his associates in London more insistent. Minor difficulties were magnificently waved away. A number of scions of Boston's best families had good paying positions in the different companies. What would Mr. Addicks do with these people?

"Simple, simple," he replied; "double the time of contract and the salary; no favor to them or you; good men are very hard to get, you know."

One episode that occurred about this time was allowed to get into print when the stocks and bonds were being floated, by way of showing what a tremendous fellow Addicks was. In a hired hack he had driven up to the Club from State Street. A snowstorm was raging. After Addicks had been in the club a few moments word was brought in to him that the driver had found his sable overcoat inside the carriage. Addicks stepped into the vestibule to speak to the driver, and next day it was all over the club-house and through "the Street" that the prodigal Philadelphian, overcome at the thought of the unfortunate driver in his scanty clothing exposed to the cruel storm, had said: "My good man, take that coat as a present from me."

For the truth of this story I do not vouch, nor for that other which explains that the door-boy who spread this tale of generosity said afterward, when discharged, that Addicks himself had told him what he had done, and at the same time had given him a five-dollar bill. He would have sworn the moment before that he heard Addicks tell the driver to take the coat to his apartments.

At one of the conferences, when it was particularly necessary for the gathering to be impressed, a message came from Addicks's secretary in New York, stating that it was impossible to secure rooms on a certain steamer sailing the next day. Addicks sent back word: "The room must be secured; see the agent, and say that Mr. Addicks, of Philadelphia, must have quarters; that it is imperative." Half an hour later the messenger came to say that Mr. Addicks's secretary had sent word that the company could purchase, for some unheard-of price, a certain suite from the man who had engaged it—the best suite on board, it was. Addicks, with a fine air of relief, sent instructions to take it at once. Suddenly he recalled the fact that certain parties to the negotiations were out of town, and that they would not return in time to allow him to get their signatures and catch the midnight train. "Too bad!" he exclaimed to the messenger; "send this message to my secretary: 'Take my rooms on to-morrow's boat; go direct to London; see So-and-so and So-and-so' (again naming some of the great financiers of Europe); 'give them my apologies and say that I shall certainly get away on the next steamer.'"

Addicks got what he came to Boston for—the Boston, Roxbury, and South Boston Gas Companies. He did what he said he would, built a new one, the Bay State of Massachusetts, and turned them all into the Bay State of Delaware, and the Bay State of Delaware turned them out on the public in exchange for their savings to the extent of $19,000,000 in the form of bonds and stock, and Addicks, to use his own language, "cleaned up around $7,000,000," and turned to new fields, fields for his peculiar genius.

As he looked over the United States he found but one great city which had not already been captured by "Standard Oil" or some of its disciples—Brooklyn, N. Y. To the present day Rogers swears Addicks's only reason for coming to Brooklyn was to hold up the "Standard Oil" "trustification." Addicks retorts with: "I saw it first." Whatever the facts, in 1892 Rogers in the midst of tagging the different companies was surprised and angered to find that Addicks had slipped in ahead and had secured one of those he really needed for his plan. He quickly served notice on the man from Delaware to "git," and Addicks, flushed with an unbroken chain of victories, as promptly returned the notice with, scrawled across its face, a variation of Rogers's pet phrase—for it must be remembered Addicks never "cusses"—"I'll see you in heaven first."

If there is any one time when Henry H. Rogers is quicker of action than any other, it is when his notice to "git" in a stock deal has been returned with "sass." There was

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once a famous general noted for always beginning his fighting just ahead of the declaration of war. Addicks must have been reminded of him, for the ink was hardly dry on his answer before Rogers and his hosts were upon him, but not where the Philadelphian looked for them. While he awaited their attack in Brooklyn, N. Y., he received a series of hurry-up calls from his lieutenants in Boston. Rogers had bought the insignificant Brookline Gas Company, which supplied gas to one of the suburbs of Boston. It was only a $300,000 affair, but it possessed charter rights to come into any and all of the streets of Boston. It was one of the characteristic "Standard Oil" attacks. It came out of a clear sky, and before the public had even a warning of it they were witnessing a war which looked as though it had been years in maturing. Rogers let it become public knowledge that the entire "Standard Oil" forces were to be brought to bear to crush Addicks and that untold millions would be spent, if necessary, in the effort. In reality he had most carefully mapped out a cyclonic campaign which he believed would not call for an expenditure of over $500,000, and which he was sure would in a few months drive Addicks out of Brooklyn, N. Y., and bring him to his knees in Boston. His fight began in earnest in 1894. Gas in Boston was $1.25 per thousand cubic feet, and the rate yielded a good profit to the Addicks companies. Rogers served notice that he would parallel with the Brookline Company every pipe of the different Boston companies and would reduce the price to $1. At the same time he attacked the Addicks stocks and bonds in the market, his charters in the Legislature, and took away from him the contracts to supply the municipality of Boston with gas. For a time Addicks struck back savagely. Then, as the fight became hotter, he gave it up in Brooklyn, and concentrated all his resources on repelling the savage inroads Rogers was making in Boston. By this time the contest had grown to such proportions and so much bad blood had been engendered that Rogers declined to be mollified by Addicks's surrender in Brooklyn and refused to retire from Boston unless Addicks repaid his entire outlay and got down on his knees in public—a demand that called forth one of Addicks's sardonic smiles.

About this time a new condition quite serious for Addicks developed. He had spread out his financial commitments, and with his stocks and bonds declining it was obvious to State and Wall Streets that Rogers was in a fair way to drive the buccaneer from Philadelphia to the wall.

It is at this stage that I come into the story.

CHAPTER XII

STOCK-BROKERS NOT ALL BAD

At this time I was in the stock-brokerage business, and it was a part of my method of conducting my affairs to expose through the medium of the press or through market letters the stocks of corporations I thought rotten. It was also my way to work up bull campaigns in stocks that seemed to be selling for less than they were worth. With Addicks or the "Standard Oil" I had had no connection. I had watched the Philadelphian's operations and had my eye marketwise on his bonds and stock, particularly on his stock, which was 100,000 shares of the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware, of a par value of fifty dollars each, and which became very active in the market shortly after it was created, at just under par. I thought I saw in the scheme the ordinary, cold-blooded, stock-jobbing, unloading-on-the-public affair. I had heard recounted the man's wonderful doings, particularly his recklessness in the purchase of the Boston companies, and I "sized up" his mighty effort to be the tremendously rich good fellow as for the purpose of giving his "stuff" in the stock-market a good send-off, and from the start I had put his property on my "private memoranda" as one I might at the proper time let daylight into.

And right here, before plunging deeper into the current of events which led to the organization of Amalgamated—for what has gone before is only that which I deem necessary setting for the story, necessary in order that my readers may clearly take in its meaning—it is only fair to them and to myself for me to say that my life has been spent in the stock-market for the purpose of gain. I have never in my stock operations set myself up for a philanthropist nor in any way posed as a reformer, nor pretended to be a bit better than the business I had chosen for a livelihood. From the first day until now I have endeavored to keep strictly to the principle that I would never knowingly deceive any man, woman, or child who, out of confidence in

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me, risked his money in speculation or investment. At the same time it should be remembered that the stock-brokerage business often makes queer bedfellows. Therein the broker occasionally finds himself in the same position as the lawyer who is frequently compelled to side with the guilty in order to aid against others still more guilty. Yet the true stock-broker is sometimes tempted to buckle on his armor and get into an exciting fight solely for the combat's sake, and then he may not be over-concerned about the rights and wrongs of the prevailing contention, if upon both sides are lined up professional captains of finance. The minister, the college professor, the dry-goods merchant, may exclaim against this, but they have never known the delicious tingle which, since the abolition of the tournaments of old, can only be felt on the great financial battlefields. If the critics of the stock-gambler could be put through a single minute of a thousand I have known they would be less brash in their denunciations. In these terrific dollar-wars there is as much opportunity for heroism, for generosity, for kindly deeds, as ever physical fighting affords. I read here in the papers of the noble act of a captain in the navy who has taken his life

Continued on page 65 of the ***Advertising Section.***

To EVERYBODY'S old readers and the readers of my story:

I regret that the following remarks are necessary, but they are.

I contracted with EVERYBODY'S to give them "The Story of Amalgamated" for monthly publication as I wrote it. They contracted to publish it as they got it. As I had not written it, they could not, neither could I, tell how it would split up in monthly instalments. We both had, and were obliged to have, absolute faith in each other, and have now. They impressed upon me at the beginning that EVERYBODY'S standard would hardly admit of less or more than 8,000 to 10,000 words, or ten to eleven pages of matter, in an issue. I impressed upon them that my standard of "The Story of Amalgamated" would admit of no more nor less in an issue than what the chapter consisted of when it was written. They "hoped," and I promised to hope, that somewhere after the start I should get a few chapters ahead of the printer. Considerations over which I have had little control have so far made it impossible for me to take my pen in hand for any issue until the rest of the number had been so far under way with the printer as to leave me with an exact amount of unstretchable space to write to. EVERYBODY'S cannot regret this more than I do, but regrets hold the same relation to existing conditions in this case as this year's sunshine does to the blue of next year's robins' eggs.

When I started four days ago to write the present chapter, the body of this month's issue of the magazine had been made up beyond remaking, yet when I yesterday finished my chapter it ran over three pages, which EVERYBODY'S think I should either cut or allow to lap into the next number. My standard will not allow of either. If I were a professional story-writer instead of a crude narrator, or if I were dealing with imaginary creatures, scenes, or events, it might be a simple matter to meet EVERYBODY'S requirements; but I am dealing with hard, cold facts, and I must and am going to get each and every one of them into my story before it is finished, and yet I am beginning to realize that, in addition, I must get them in in a way that will be fair to EVERYBODY'S readers as well as fair to my story.

While I have nothing but the deepest gratitude for the thousands upon thousands of press criticisms my work has received, I cannot but feel that the impatience which pervades some of them—impatience for me to get into "the middle" of it—is natural. The public at large got rather a false start on "Frenzied Finance"; they seemed to think that because I was going to tell all about Amalgamated they were to know it all in a chapter or two. The impatient public, who always get hungry for cherries while they are yet in the blossom state, did not know that if I, or anyone else, should give them "The Story of Amalgamated" in a single chapter, or half a dozen chapters, they would be in much the same condition as the student who decided to know Hindostanee, Arabic, and Greek at once by swallowing the books instead of absorbing their contents—he got Gallic indigestion.

Then again, my readers should remember that I am writing a more important story than that of Amalgamated, one of which Amalgamated is but a part, "Frenzied Finance."

Regardless of the public's impatience, the standard of EVERYBODY'S, of everything and anything but the story itself, I am going to tell it, as I said in my "Foreword," in the only way I know how to tell it—just as it happened, and with those settings which will assist my readers to understand it. To that end, as I wish to clean up my settings in this chapter that I may open my November one with "Now we're off!" I have been compelled to insist good-naturedly with my publishers that they arrive at a Dutch compromise—one of those compromises in which one gets all and the other nothing. I have, therefore, secured from them three pages in the advertising section of the magazine for the completion of this chapter.

In thanking EVERYBODY'S for their concession, I beg to assure them and their readers that I shall in the future endeavor to be far enough ahead with my copy to allow them to publish it without again mutilating their pretty arrangement.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

BOSTON, August 4, 1904.

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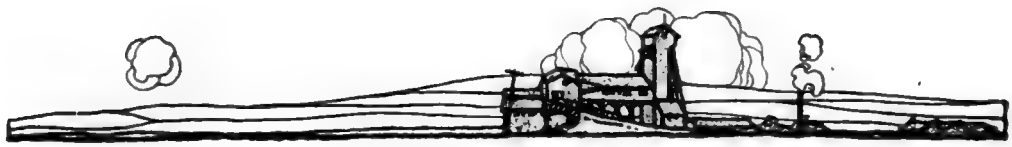


Shinkin the Strong Man

By JOSEPH KEATING

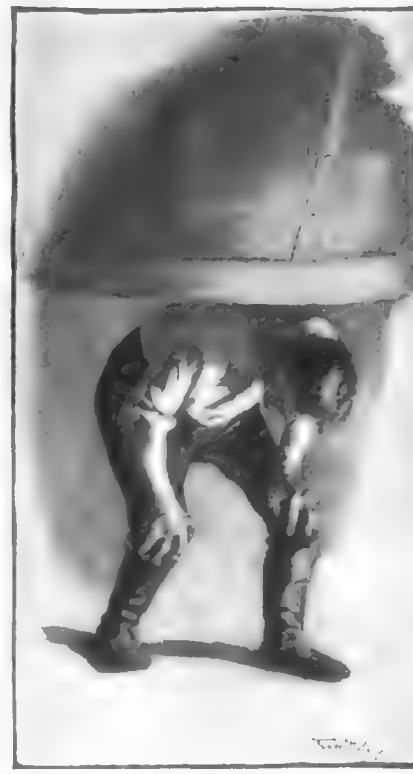
Illustrated by Power O'Malley

SHINKIN tugged at the wire rope and "knocked up" energetically. Then he leaped into the bowk among the others. The heavy chains above their heads clanked languidly, and slowly tightened. The bowk rose a little — a very little. It stopped there.

"*Baw, baw!*" said Shinkin, using expletives indigenous to the soil, indeed; because the word means "dirt" or "mud" or "damn and blast it" according to the kind of situation that calls for condemnation. In this case Shinkin meant much more than the word could ever in itself express.

"Old Smoker is stuck fast again," roared the four other sinkers.

And Old Smoker, by sticking fast just then, put the lives of Shinkin, the master-sinker, and his four colleagues in the most awful danger. Six fuses, connected with six separate large charges of dynamite in the rock underneath, hissed and spat out showers of sparks, and rapidly burned down toward the dynamite. And when the fuses should finish their hissing, and, pacified, begin kissing the dynamite, then Shinkin and his friends in the bowk would dangle at the right distance—about three feet above the dynamite—to get the full effect of the explosion.



SHINKIN FELT THE BOWK GROW LIGHTER ON HIS BACK.

Underneath lay a white bed of rock. The lighted fuses threw shadows of the bowk over every part of it; and the jagged rock sides of the pit flashed in white points from the lamps of the sinkers. Through all this rock the owners of the Ffrwd colliery wanted to drive down in order to get to a lower vein. The Ffrwd colliery already sent out 1,200 tons of coal every working day. But they wanted to tap the nine-foot seam. So about four hundred yards under the earth, and two miles distant from the nearest chance of getting at daylight, they began sinking. Some people prefer to drive a drift or Hard Heading (a road cut through the side of the earth) down to the lower seams. But the Ffrwd owners calculated that a shaft would work out cheaper. Therefore they made a pit within a pit. A very pitty pit indeed.

They put Shinkin—with a great reputation in Hard Headings, in charge of the operations; and, still considering economy, gave him Old Smoker — the craziest old model of a winding engine you ever saw—

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to do the hauling. Her chief difficulty lay in her weakness for getting on dead centre. Every time she indulged this weakness, the bowk stuck right in the way of the sinkers, for an iron bucket, eighteen feet in circumference, takes up a lot of room in a sinking pit-bottom. She, on these occasions, with her piston-rod and connecting-rod in one rigidly straight line—full steam on—budged not an inch. She wriggled like a man in a bad nightmare; aware of the awful situation—powerless to move. Her valves and cylinder hissed out rings of steam, her machinery groaned. But her fly-wheel stuck like the Big Wheel at Earl's Court when the works inside go wrong. Old Smoker's fit-up did not include an auxiliary, so she could not call in re-enforcements to help her out of her difficulty. But every man, youth, and boy in the district willingly lent a hand to get her over her dead centre. Some with bars under the crank, some wrestling with the fly-wheel spokes, some shouting "Turn her on!" others shouting "Turn off, turn off!" Because if she happened to start with full steam on while one performed upon the fly-wheel or on the bar under the crank-well, one would perform some gorgeous acrobatics.

When she first betrayed this weakness, Shinkin used to take it badly; as time after time she delayed the work he became resigned to it and merely looked on disgusted; finally he sobered down, and, as a rule, he and his men lit their pipes—from which the engine derived her title—and stared hard but calmly at the bowk while Old Smoker wrestled with her dead centre. He never felt in the least hurt at the loss of a few minutes.

But now! With six lighted fuses burning down to six heavy charges—and the bowk holding himself and his colleagues dangling just over the danger—the loss of a few minutes meant the loss of a few lives.

"Arglwydd!" (Lord) roared the men, staring at each other. "We'll be blowed to pieces!"

Their lamps flung yellow patches of light upon the white terror in their faces.

They waited a silent second, hoping to feel the bowk rise. It did not budge. Then the blood surged to their foreheads as if each man strained with an effort to lift up the bowk. Mere volition, however, could do nothing. A very material thing like this heavy iron bucket remained quite uninfluenced by merely spiritual power.

They looked up the shaft. They saw little lights moving wildly about, because those at the top knew the horrible thing that must happen if the bowk could not take the men up to safety. They heard the futile hissing of steam and the creaking and groaning of the old engine as she tried to shake herself free of the thing that gripped her. And every second they hoped to feel the bowk go up.

"Arglwydd!" cried the men again. "We'll be blowed to pieces—all of us."

"Jump out and try to smother the shots!"

"Too many of um."

"They'll explode in our faces."

"The bowk will go up without us."

"She's goin' up—she's goin' up!"

They stared at the overhead triangle of chains. The links moved; but—with a slackening downward movement. The bowk sank an inch. Then they expected to feel it pulled up. They waited. It did not move.

"The man that made that engine," said Shinkin from the centre of the bowk, "ought to be here where we are now."

He looked over the rusty rim of the iron bucket at the millions of sparks shooting and buzzing from the fuses. Only a little dark space unburned separated them from the dynamite. Now, at any rate, they could give up all hope of smothering the six fuses: the hope deferred, the hope of feeling the bowk rise, ended in the usual tragedy of lost opportunity.

The four men threw down their lights, for no other reason than that they could do nothing else. Absolutely powerless to do anything to save themselves, they became frantic and uselessly active. They chattered and gesticulated.

Shinkin did not throw down his light, simply because his stolid nature would not allow him to do anything without a thoughtful purpose.

"No use crying," said he, looking at the others.

"Oh—we'll be smashed to bits!" they shrieked.

They ran round the outside of the bowk like rats on a sinking ship.

Then Shinkin's slow brain definitely evolved the thought that took so long to mature.

"I can try it, whatever," said he.

He belonged to the old Welsh collier class. Working in danger all his life, he could remain cool and clear-headed while others less mature lost self-control. But to all this mere

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cold wisdom of his you must add—what he would never think of claiming—the real fire of courage; or he could never so boldly have acted upon the inspiration that came to him. He really wanted to save the others, if he could not save himself.

He scrambled up over the side of the bowk.

One of the men noticed this. "Where are you going?" he asked, foolishly attempting to follow, because he thought Shinkin knew a way of escape.

"Stop there," Shinkin said, "and I'll try and get you all up."

He slid down the side of the bowk till his feet touched the rock-bottom. He stood among the dynamite charges. The fuses, like hissing serpents in the night, shot fire at him from out of the darkness at six different points.

He caught the signal wire and signalled to the top to put on all steam. Then he bent his hard, strong body under the bowk and lifted. In ordinary circumstances, his strength would have fallen far short in such an undertaking. But the desperation of the moment tightened every nerve and sinew in such a way that they gave his body for that one effort three times its normal strength. Actually the bowk moved upward — a mere shade; but it moved. He kept it there. He would not allow it to fall back to its old place. He wanted to give the crazy engine a chance. And Old Smoker took it. With the weight off, she responded to the bar with which three men tried to lift her crank. She snorted and screamed. Shinkin could hear her. In fact, anyone within a hundred miles could hear her.

Then Shinkin felt the bowk grow lighter on his back, and just then he fell down on the rock. His knees gave way, because the abnormal strain nearly broke him in two. And by falling he spoiled the best part of his plan—as far as concerned himself.

As he went down the bowk went up. Old Smoker plucked at it; tugged at it; and it tore up the shaft at a terrific pace.

The four men in it began to sing a hymn.

Shinkin as soon as he fell, leaped up again, and tried to grip the bowk with his hands to scramble in. But the emancipated engine snatched it out of reach, and left her emancipator in trouble.

"If only I didn't fall down!" said Shinkin.

SHINKIN TUGGED AT THE WIRE ROPE.

Then he gave his undivided attention to the dynamite charges around him.

I do not know the exact etiquette to be observed when you meet death at close quarters. But Shinkin began by strangling the nearest fuse. He caught it by the little black space at the bottom, tore

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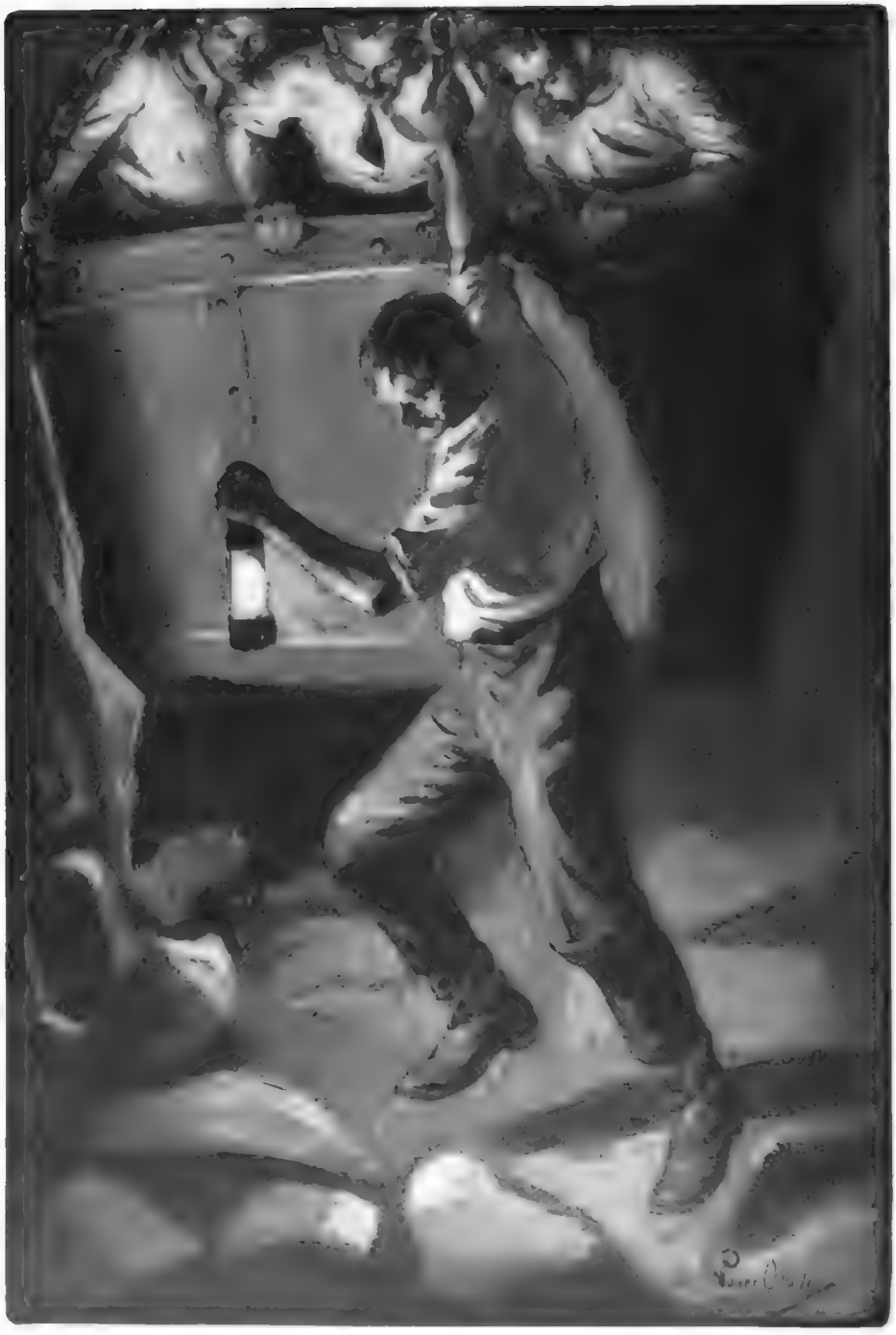

HE SLID DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BOWK.

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it out of the hole, and smothered it in his cap.

While he did this with great care, for fear of allowing a spark to drop upon the dynamite, the other five fuses hissed away and shot sparks all around him. The fuse burned through his cap and peeled the skin off the palms of his hands.

"That's number one," said Shinkin.

He leaped over to the nearest again and smothered that also, while his burns smarted, and the scorched skin peeled away from the flesh.

"That's number two," said he.

Number three he caught just as the last ring of black fuse began to turn red before kissing the dynamite.

"It's all up with the other three," said Shinkin.

A look told him he could not smother those others; they must fire their charges.

He ran to the part of the shaft-bottom where the men usually stood during the ascent and descent of the bowk. Here a small ledge of rock jutted out as a shelter from anything falling down the shaft. Shinkin crept under it, hoping it would hide him from the rocks when they fell back down the shaft after the shots sent them up.

"I've spoiled the best part of um anyhow," said he, squeezing close into the side under the rock-ledge. He turned his face away from the charges and hoped none of the rocks would split in his direction.

Did you ever see a charge of dynamite burst in a bed of rock? I dropped my cap near the shot-hole once. I could not stop to pick it up owing to the importance of getting away in a hurry. The lighted fuse looked too short. Then the charge went off and blew the cap up the shaft for me, mixed up with tons of split rock.

"If you had stopped to pick up your cap, you could have come up with it like that," said Shinkin at the time.

He told me afterward that the incident of the cap came back to him very clearly as he lay huddled up under the rock waiting for the charges to go off.

They did not keep him waiting long. They just gave him time to get under the ledge. Then they did their best to blow him and his projecting rock into eternity. They made more noise than usual; and split up more rock than any half-dozen shots he remembered. They sent the fragments higher than usual, too.

"They came down like mountains around me," said Shinkin.

When his friends cut their way down to him, they picked him up very tenderly, brought him up the shaft on the bowk, and took him home on a stretcher.

"Good job she didn't kill me," said Shinkin to the doctor who brought him round. "You see, we never expected Old Smoker to go dead-centre so awkward; so I pushed the bowk up a bit."

A few broken ribs kept him clear of the vagaries of Old Smoker for some months after this.

Terse Truths

TELLING the truth would be commoner but for the libel laws.

When the devil goes to church it is to prey.

He who gives up the fight has never seen things at their worst or he wouldn't care enough to quit.

Many business men have no more sense than to use a race-horse for dray-work.

We always feel virtuous when we give our friends the benefit of the doubt.

Even an ordinarily decent man would be ashamed to act as Christian nations do.

To expect lovely woman to wear lovely stockings invisibly is to expect too much.

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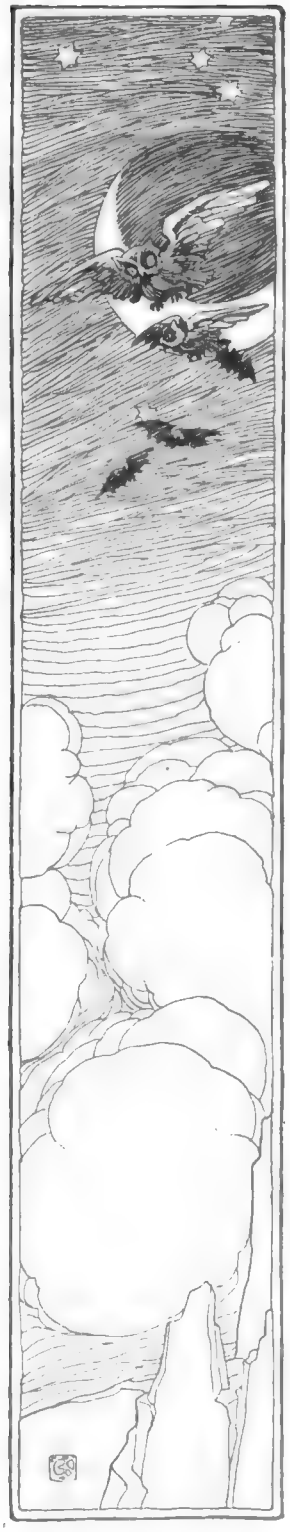

Sleeplessness

By Burges Johnson

THE Day's at war with Night
Within my weary brain.
The helpless, broken battleground
Throbs 'neath the whirl of Sight and Sound
And prays for Sleep in vain
To end the fight.
The Day's at war with Night;
The foemen fast increase,
And mobs of maddened Daytime Thought
Through frenzied hours have fiercely fought
Till panic reigns. And Peace
Flees in affright.
Tick tock
Hear the ticking of the clock
Wee, wounded Dreams,
All faint of breath,
In dying, raise their stricken heads
And view the victor, where he treads
A track that teems
With death.
Tick tock tick tock
Hark! But shall a Peaceful Sound
Live long on such a battleground—
While all the four horizons rock
With din and crash and cry and shock,
And babel shouts abound?
Yet I mark
How the Dark
Yields not to their whelming might—
Bends, but does not break in flight;
Forward leaping, creeping, crawling
Toward the foe in force appalling,—
Like a reinforcement falling
Where the fire of conflict burns!
In a rally, Sight and Sound
Seek in vain to hem it round,
Shriek again and yet again,
Mass in front their mighty men—
Yet the tide of battle turns.
While they keep
Silence deep
Creeping come the scouts of Sleep.
Tick tock
Calmly, softly, sounds the clock
Sleep holds unbroken sway,
The Dream-tribes in her train
Upon the peaceful battleground
In trim white tents encamp around.
And Night has conquered Day
Within my weary brain.

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STACKING HAY ON RIVERSIDE FARM, SOUTH DAKOTA.

Harvesting the World Over

By WILL IRWIN

Illustrated with copyright stereographs by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ON all sides the prairie runs to the horizon. Away in the distance there is a low line of green, which stands for trees, and a splotch or two of brown for houses. For the rest, everything is gold and blue—gold below by virtue of twenty thousand ripening acres of wheat, blue above because it is late summer on the wide plains. Nothing in sight except that shimmering, whispering ocean of grain and the little island around the farm-house. It seems as lifeless as the desert. Underneath, down by the roots, the world is trembling with life. Here and there, rattlesnakes or lazy, gorged, gopher-snakes bask and broil in the heat. The gophers are taking toll of grains which have ripened over-early and fallen from the husk. Field-mice are squeaking over their little families. All this will come to light when the reaper has passed, but it is hidden now as by a screen. So it stands one day. With the dawn of another morning, an army of men and a regular artillery corps of binders come down a road which winds through these fields and which one cannot see for the ocean of wheat. First come the binders, each drawn by its four or six mules. Then there are half a dozen wagons, loaded down with "hands," gathered from the four corners of the world by promise of high harvest-wages. They work early and late in these busy times because all that twelve thousand acres must be harvested and in stack within the fortnight. Else the grain will begin to drop, and that would be a serious thing on a farm which boasts the value and the gross yearly returns of many a city corporation.

The leading machine makes its turn into the field. The driver and his helper do something with the machinery. The mules start with a jerk, the sickle buzzes, and the great canvas arms which sweep the grain into sheaves for binding begin to whirl. Behind it as it runs lies a long swath of brown stubble from which field-mice and quail are scurrying. The machine coughs, and out tumble four sheaves. Behind walk the harvesters, setting up these sheaves in shocks, each with its cap, a water-shed against the rains.

Another binder has fallen in and is following; then come another and yet another,

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IN THE BARLEY FIELDS OF THE HOLY LAND.

HARVESTING RICE IN CEYLON.

until six are travelling forward in a zigzag line toward the horizon. Behind them, the men move like a company of skirmishers. It will be hours before that line has circled the field and is back again to its starting-point to cut out another swath.

Over at the ranch-house, headquarters for this campaign against King Wheat, there is a whole platoon of cooks, bakers, butchers, waiters, and scullions, who attend to the wants of two hundred or more laborers—for the field which we have seen is not the only one that is being attacked this day. Before the binders have made their first turn, the cooks have been getting ready the noon-time meal, which will be eaten in the fields. They are slaughtering, skinning, drawing loaves by the hundred from big ovens, scouring the vats for potatoes and coffee. As the sun gets higher, they load provender enough for a hotel into a farm-wagon and drive from gang to gang, dropping kettles of meat and boxes of bread and buckets of coffee.

A man's world is this. The wife of the gentleman farmer who owns these fields may be on the ranch in the busy days, but she is more likely to be summering at a watering-place. If she is on the farm at all, she is trying to keep cool on the piazza. The gentleman farmer himself, dressed in outing clothes of London cut, is driving from gang to gang, keeping watch over the foremen or stopping now and then to pluck an ear and sample the condition of his ripening fields. He knows soils and fertilizers with the exact knowledge of a savant, and he reckons profit and loss on his season's work by the tens of thousands of dollars.

The binders rattle on and the men skirmish behind while there is light by which to work. No wasting daylight with twelve or fifteen or twenty thousand acres

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to be harvested in a fortnight. When they quit at last, the mice and gophers and all other people of the ground are going to bed in the wreckage of their homes, and there is a brown patch in the sea of gold.

The men feed heroically in the big cook-houses. Then fiddles and accordions come out of the packs; he who knows a good story tells it; he who can sing trolls out the latest popular ditty; through the half-hour of rest before bedtime they make merry, as is the way of harvesters the whole world over.

All this is in Oklahoma or the Dakotas or the new lands of Canada. In that same month of harvest, Wong Poy, of southern China, is gathering in his own wheat. Jack Smith, of Oklahoma, is a great landholder with his twelve or fifteen thousand acres. Wong Poy, too, is a great land magnate. He owns and farms four acres. His envious neighbors hold competences of one acre or bare pittances of an eighth of an acre; but Wong Poy is lucky. His father before him was a frugal man, as was his father's father, and he himself is an only son. He has even been able to afford a wife. Two "hands" work for him in these harvest days, at the panic wages of twenty cents a day. The men squat, Oriental fashion, at their work, chopping down the stalks with swift stabs of their little sickles. Mrs. Wong Poy and her eldest, a daughter, follow behind and tie up the sheaves with wisps of straw. The two cherished men-children, sole hope of heaven for Wong Poy, play through the stubble and steal grains of wheat to chew. It is a matter for corporal punishment if they are caught in this, for in China every grain is numbered. When the wheat is all in and has been beaten out on the thrashing-floors and stored in the well-guarded granary under

GATHERING TARES IN THE FIELDS OF PALESTINE.

CUTTING GRAIN IN INDIA.

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Wong Poy's house, the family makes rejoicing. There is a little mess of fish for the pot. A punk-stick and a cup of rice-brandy are offered up to the gods of grain, and before them Wong Poy, his hands tucked in his sleeves, bows to the ground while he recites prayers. Mrs. Wong steals away from her husband to meet with the other village women and hold strange rites—wild, contortionate trances, with visions of the upper and nether worlds. So have their mothers done, time out of mind.

A VALLEY IN THE ALPS WHERE THE TYROLESE MAKE HAY.

In their harvesting, China and the Dakotas have this alone in common—and in this particular all farmers are alike—that when the crop is in, everyone makes holiday after his own fashion. While the Chinese is making sacrifice to his gods, the materialistic American farm-hand runs to barn dances in the boom towns or squanders his hard-earned money in the resorts that have sprung up on the edge of the big ranch.

For when the big moon of October shines

A WHEAT FIELD IN SPAIN.

IN THE LAND OF THE TSAR.

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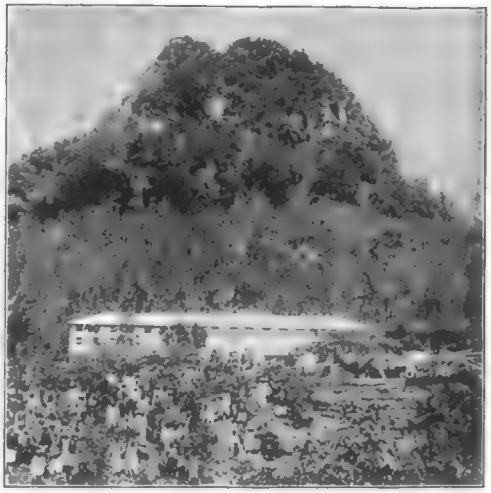
A CHARACTERISTIC HARVEST SCENE IN CHINA.

us, we inherited in part from the Romans, who held their Saturnalia when the sun swung to the extreme of his southern course; and the Romans got it fro the Phœnicians, a they from some oth people of the da past, who watch the lengthening sha ows and were gl that the sun was going to be lost bel the world-edge, was coming back them. Yet older t this festival of retu ing light—as old the first farmer— the holiday of H vest-home. Doubt our Aryan fathers that mountain ho of theirs, began chain of yearly c brations which come down unbr to the Russian m and the peasan of Tyrol and the farmer of Kansas. But e custom is wider than the Aryan wanderings. The Red Indian, when his corn was husked and shelled and packed into baskets, danced

red and the last crop of northern latitudes is stowed away in barn and warehouse, all the world of out-door people makes merry. It is man's oldest festival. Christmas, they tell

HARVEST MERRY-MAKERS IN SWITZERLAND.



A TEA AND COFFEE PLANTATION IN CEYLON.

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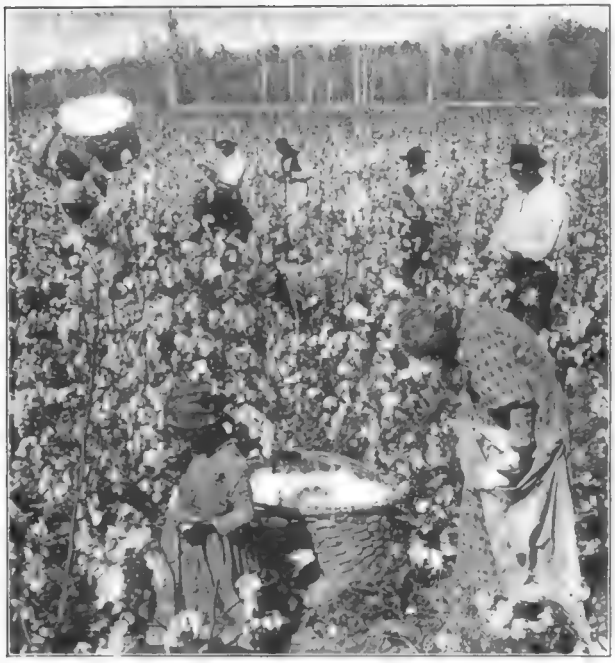

IN GEORGIA, WHERE "COTTON IS KING."

under the harvest moon in gratitude to Manitou, the Giver. Under that same moon, the Chinese peasant sacrificed long before the Aryans came out of their mountain fastnesses. At another time of the year, but still in his own autumn, the Peruvian thanked his divinities for the season's yield.

The impulse to this harvest festival lies deep in the heart of man and in the good, brown earth. Here is plenty and assurance of life through another winter. Here is the hard work of the year done; now for rest while we live on the bounty of earth.

Not only is the time after harvest a season for rejoicing; the harvest itself is the merriest work of the year, even if it is the hardest. There is no fun in ploughing or harrowing or sowing or cultivating. That is all plain drudgery. It is when the grain stands ripe that farm-people make joy out of labor.

To get home again, take for example the little farms of the Atlantic slope or the quarter sections in the Middle West. If you have never pitched wheat nor shocked grain behind the harvester, you do not understand the simple joy of labor. Everyone is working, and working hard. The farmer and his family and all within his gates are busy and healthily dirty and happy. From the errant "hands," who travel over the earth in harvest-time, the farmer has gathered in his force. Once, in simpler and more democratic times, these laborers lived with the farmer and messed at the same table with his wife and daughters. Those were the old years, when they harvested with swinging scythes that laid the grain down in rows for the "hands" and the boys and even the women to bind into sheaves. It is the era now of

CANE FIELDS IN MEXICO, WHERE MEN LABOR FOR FORTY CENTS A DAY.

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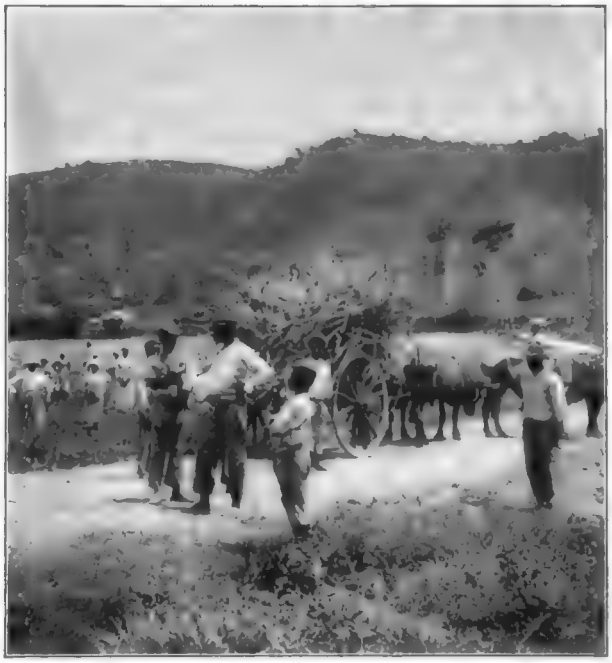
the binder, that cuts with the speed of ten laborers and sends out the sheaves all made.

It is the day, too, of social distinctions, and the "hands" live in the house no more. When, before dawn is red, the farmer comes to "rout them out," they are rolled in their blankets on the hay in barn-loft or bunk-house.

"Up with you! Stackin' in the north field!" calls the farmer. They tumble out, grumbling, and wash at the pump in the surly silence of half-wakened men. The women-folk are milking and the men feeding and harnessing, and the farmer is sharpening the big, jagged teeth of that saw with which his harvester lays low the grain. Breakfast in the house on hunks of fried meat and slabs of bread and bowls of coffee; then the binder, with its sickle raised, lumbers on thick, clumsy wheels toward the field. The boys hitch up to the big hay-rack, for the west field was cut last week and the sheaves are dry for stacking.



NATIVE AND REFUGEE HARVESTERS IN THE WEST INDIES.

The sun comes up and the binder buzzes away, with the men shocking behind. It does not take a great deal of skill to make shocks; your true expert is that farmer, machinist and horseman who drives the binder.

THE LARGEST TOBACCO FIELD IN THE WORLD, NEAR MONT PELÉE, WEST INDIES.

If you think that you can handle horses, or that you understand how machinery works, try it once—running a binder. First, you hit a snag, and something gets tangled in the machinery. Then, after you've gone through the old trap with a monkey-wrench, and set that right, you forget to watch the ground; and a bowlder, which someone has carelessly overlooked in harrowing time, catches the sickle. Snap! Two teeth are gone, and there's the extra sickle to be got out

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A TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE ON A SOUTH DAKOTA FARM.

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and oiled and adjusted. Then the off horse jumps sidewise all of a sudden to get a mouthful of grain, as did the unmuzzled ox of Scripture. For that you leave a long strip of standing grain. Or maybe you do not remember to raise the sickle so as to leave uncut that patch of weeds against which the "old man" warned you in the morning. The laborers behind you, forced to stop and look over the sheaves to see which is worthy to be rated as wheat and which as tares, will say awful things as they see you piling up their work ahead of them.

Nevertheless, when you get the hang of the thing and your binder runs well, it is pleasant work, with something of the poetry of motion in it—the bobbing ears of the horses before you, the long, clean, regular swath falling by magic, the beat, beat of dropping sheaves.

There is something of that same joy of motion in the work on the west field, where they are loading grain onto the wagons and carrying it to the stack.

Your fork goes cleanly into the sheaves, and there is a pleasant little feeling of youth and vigor in the heave that you give with thighs and torso and arms as you pitch the forkful over your shoulder. The man above, who takes the grain from your fork, must be a workman of skill, knowing all the ways of sheaves and wagons, or his load will shift and spill before he is halfway home. During the ride in to the stack you rest on your back in the warm, rustling grain. Next, it is your own turn to be an expert. For he who has pitched from ground to wagon must make the stack, and to "pitch up both ways" is to confess yourself a novice.

It goes hard with the stacker if he sets a sheaf two inches out of its appointed place; for the error will grow like little sins, and the stack will begin to go sidewise or to bulge, and just as you are capping it off —puff! there's a wheat-slide and an angry farmer.

The day grows. The men are stripped to their shirts. The farmer's youngest boy is very busy, carrying jugs of water from the well. Even that expert on the machine stops work at his approach, and the men take long, deep draughts, with the jug thrown back over the shoulder in orthodox fashion, and wipe their dripping mouths with the backs of their hands, and say thankfully:

"Gosh, but that's good!"

If the boy stops to explore mouse-nests or hunt for young quail in the stubble, he gets himself unpopular.

Now it is full, beating, wilting noon. The horses stop by instinct and step from the loosened whiffletrees toward food and water. And over the field come the farmer's wife and daughter, bringing the dinner. If the hands are not mere wandering Polacks, but farmers' boys from the neighborhood, the women-folk stop and perch themselves on sheaves and gossip while the men-folk eat. The latter "sass" them back and compliment the Indian pudding and the home-made pies. Feasts for the gods come out of those dinner-buckets.

Then, when you have satisfied the huge, hearty appetite born of out-door air and hard, clean work, out comes your pipe for a half-hour of dozing and enjoyment of high noon and fulness of body. One o'clock; the sickle is in the swath again and off you go. Night falls; the lengthening shadows call you home to well-earned supper and rest.

When harvest is really over and the binder has been succeeded by the big, panting thrasher which goes from farm to farm, turning stacks of sheaves into sacked wheat and straw-piles, when the corn is in barn and the pumpkins have had a bite of frost and are ready to be carted away—then even Americans get a little of the festival spirit from Europe and stop work for play. It may be a husking-bee or a big dance in the schoolhouse; or it may, in a pious community, be a formal Harvest-home in the church. It is something, anyway, to unite our prosy age with the romantic ones in commemoration of October, the month of full granaries and generous plenty.

The wide-swinging scythe was father to the binder, and the little, curved sickle was its grandfather. Half the world still gathers its crop with the sickle, and the wife of half the world follows and binds into sheaves the golden wheat or rustling rice. While the binder is working in Kansas, or New Jersey, or the Dakotas, the Russian peasant, and the Basque of the Spanish uplands and the millions of the Middle Kingdom are reaping as their fathers did before the dawn of history. They play at their work more frankly than we practical Americans, for there is this about the harvest everywhere: the more primitive its methods, the happier the harvesters.

The Russian peasant, like the Chinese, has

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a way of mixing a religious ecstasy with his harvest play-time. Not all Russia gathers grain by the sickle or the scythe. Every year, more and more American binders go into Muscovy, to bring a quick reaping and to drive out a little of the season's primitive joy. Yet over close to those simple shafts which mark the boundary between Europe and Asia, the peasants still chop with the sickle and tie the sheaves by hand and thrash away the chaff with the unshod feet of shaggy ponies. They still winnow their grain by the oldest of methods—toss it into the air for the wind to blow away the lighter refuse. They have a hundred queer little superstitions about their reaping; as, for example, they may sell flour but never grain, else would the seed be blasted in the ground. The religious gather after the granaries are closed, and hold the rites of a dozen queer, spirit-wrestling sects. The ungodly celebrate with wild revelry and vodka. It has been rather a dull harvest-time this year—so many of the men are away fighting about something which these peasants do not pretend to understand. Over in the islands of their lively little foes, the women and old men garnered the rice and wheat this season, and their harvest-home was turned into a war festival.

In Switzerland, where they understand all the arts of happy and graceful living, they celebrate with a dozen pretty festivals, the manner differing in the different cantons. In Tyrol, the peasants climb church-towers and shoot horse-pistols all day. Ruskin saw this, and failed to understand the motive behind it, and therefore condemned it. In Ruskin's own land they have some harvest customs just as quaint, though quieter—or have had until lately. In Devonshire the reapers, when they had finished, would weave a ring of wheat. Holding to this, the harvesters would form a circle and shout together: "Wee een!" (we end), after which one bore the ring to the house, and had the privilege of kissing the first maid he met. That curious practice has passed, and others as gentle with it. Nevertheless, there is still the harvest dinner, where the squire, be he gentleman or noble, sits down with his "hands" and drinks from the same ale-jug. That custom shows no signs of decay.

At the other extreme from the merry and primitive harvest is the work of reaping in California. There they gather in their crop with the huge "combined harvester," which performs the back-handed miracle of taking up the grain as sceptres of gold and shooting it out as sacked wheat. This has ground most of the poetry out of harvesting. It becomes as prosaic as canning pork—the very triumph of the steel age. In the thousand-acre fields of the San Joaquin or Sacramento Valleys or on the diked river-deltas, these machines, big and powerful as locomotives, thrash out their hundreds of acres a day.

On the river-deltas, the grain-fields fill the whole landscape, as they do on the prairies. Only, on the edge of the horizon there is a fringe of green which shows where the dikes are holding back a river which once overflowed these fields and gave them their richness. In the most fertile spots the stalks grow higher than a man's head; an army might stand and march in these fields and still be concealed.

When dawn is red, a leviathan comes lumbering down the road, shooting out heavy clouds of smoke, and falls to attacking the grain. This machine, heavy as a church and complicated as a watch, is a mechanical marvel. Before, goes a lumbering engine with a heavy stack, and a fire-box that vomits out dense flames from a hot petroleum fire. Behind, it is all levers and big pillars and curious devices of steel. It works with the complex accuracy of a human being. The sickle buzzes, and the heads from a twenty-foot swath fall smoothly on a canvas bed. Only the heads; this proud monster does not concern himself with straw, and the decapitated stalks stand behind his course. The golden heads run into the machine as though by their own power, and are lost in its belly. You catch glimpses of them rushing here and there through the complex mechanism; and presently a laborer, who has been very busy with some sacks, jerks down a lever. Bump! out tumble four fat bags of wheat. At the other end, a man with a shovel works like mad, clearing away a pile of chaff and short, crumpled straw. This is all that the ignorant observer sees; only the engineer can tell you how the grain, which stood in proud array a minute before, is now ready for mill—a month's work in five minutes.

Two wagons trail after, picking up the sacks. A boy, whose part in the process does not at first appear to the outsider, is skirmishing along with a wet sack, pounding madly here and there. He is the fire-tender. Once set off this grain, baked as it is by a rainless summer, and it would burn like a flash. Hundreds of thousands of dollars

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have gone up in an hour on these delta lands. For here, even the ground burns. The soil is made of matted tule-reeds, laid down in successive rotting strata by the river. When once uncovered and dried in the sun, it smoulders with a slow persistence, like a sawdust fire. The harvesters work above a potential volcano.

There is no suggestion of a harvest festival here, nor, indeed, of the harvest-time joy in work. These hands are mechanics and engineers from town, intent on making their four and five dollars a day and getting back to town to hunt a winter job. There are no women-folks to bring out dinner and to dance with the harvesters when the crop is in. The cooking is done by a silent Chinaman. Here is the triumph of modern machinery. It has conquered the oldest Aryan custom.

October we call the harvest month, probably because it brings the first breath of rest after the harvest, which was actually finished long before. Yet harvesting is still going on round the world; will go on, in some part of this northern hemisphere, until the time comes again for cutting our own wheat.

In Ceylon, for example, they are just beginning their second picking of coffee—going over the young plants for their first baby berries, as smooth and round and red as little cherries. Here, as in Java, the tea harvest proceeds all the time, from Christmas on to the next Christmas. Lean Hindu coolie women or pretty, dainty Javanese glance their swift fingers, crusted from knuckle to nail with rings, through the bright leaves, choosing those which are ripe for the drier. Their harvest festival, too, goes on all the time, for the Javanese make perpetual holiday among the camps of players and tumblers and puppet-show people which cluster about the plantations.

In December and January orange-picking will be in progress in California and Florida. In the dead of our winter, the Cuban laborers begin to hack at the broad leaves of tobacco-plants. In January and February, they begin to cut sugar-cane in the West Indies or on the Isthmus. Next comes the main coffee-picking in Ceylon. Before it is half over, April or early May brings the wheat harvest again, for grain is ripe and ready in Palestine.

In the fields which once replenished Solomon's granaries, they till the soil, from seed to seed, just as they did for the Wise King. Still the men wield the sickle and the women glean and the unmuzzled ox treads out the chaff, as in times when the Prophets made parables from the bread of the body that men might understand the Bread of Life. Only, the Chosen People harvest no more, and the lordly Bedouins, who have inherited the land, are too proud to soil their fingers with the dust of earth. Despised Christians from across the Jordan lease the fields for a few dollars and part of the crop. Until the grain is ripe they set up their tents in the ruined temples and theatres of a greater age, and turn the waters of the sacred river for irrigation and make war on the wild boars. Then Boaz reaps and Ruth gleans after the pattern set when Israel was a nation.

While they are thrashing in Palestine, the first binder begins to whir in Dakota or Oklahoma, and the harvest is on again, that the hunger of man may be satisfied through another winter.

A Man

By S. H. KEMPER

HOW I have loved it all!—
Dawn, tremulous, white;
Strong splendor of noon, the fall
Of evening and night.
Snow when the year began;
Rose-beauty of June:
Torrents that shouting ran,
Broad rivers' low rune.
The call of the ancient deep,
The strength of the hills;
Sweet, hushed valleys asleep,
The long street that fills
With infinite noise of life.
The work and the rest:
Joy, grief, effort and strife
And love's holy quest!
Master, good thanks I give
That life was so worth!

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The Coming of Pamela

By KATHRYN JARBOE

Illustrated by Benson Knipe

I

NO one in Deansville had ever heard of Pamela Hasbrouck. Yet Deansville would have stated, individually and collectively, that it knew all the Hasbroucks and all about the Hasbroucks. Hasbroucks had founded Deansville, Hasbroucks had always lived there, and, although Miss Sarah was the only representative of the family now living in the town, Deansville knew all about her and her connections. It knew that George, her elder brother, grown tired of the restrictions of a small New England town, had fled to the unrestricted West, had married a Western girl named Molly and was raising a small flock of Mollies and Sallies and Jennies and Kitties. Assuredly there could be no Pamela in that Western prairie land. And John, her other brother, had been married for so short a time that his only child could hardly have been lisping Mother Goose, to say nothing of— Besides, Deansville remembered that it had heard that John had named his baby Sarah after its New England aunt.

But now Deansville was confronted with a definite fact that demanded explanation. In the corner of *The Weekly Courier* there appeared a cluster of verses breathing of youthful hope and faith, full of young rhymes of rill and trill, of sing and ring, of blue and hue. And they were signed Pamela Hasbrouck. Possibly the verses would have been unnoticed, but the signature demanded recognition. Who was Pamela Hasbrouck? Deansville did not know, but Deansville could not rest in its ignorance. Questions flew from lip to lip, but answer there was none. Only one course remained. Miss Sarah must be asked. Miss Sarah, of course, would know. And Deansville drank its tea in breathless silence while Mrs. Pomeroy and Mrs. Osgood, a self-appointed committee, sallied forth in quest of information.

II

IN many communities a woman is as old as she feels, in others she is as old as she looks, but in Deansville she is as old as Deansville considers her, and Deansville considered that Miss Sarah Hasbrouck was an old maid, although the date in her family Bible would have proved the absurdity of the appellation. Indeed, had this same

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family Bible proclaimed its knowledge from the housetops, Miss Sarah's appearance would have upheld it, for she was very small and dark and dainty, all her coloring, save her brown hair and eyes, suggesting shades and tints rather than revealing them, while in the brown eyes themselves was that velvety haze of wistfulness that is so often seen in brown-eyed children. But she had mothered her two big brothers—both so much older than she was—with a dignity and courage so far beyond her years, that Deansville had ranked her with the matrons of the village while she was yet almost a child. Then, after John's departure from the old home, when she had elected to live alone with the two old women who had served her mother, Deansville's sense of propriety demanded that she should receive the title of old maid, however few her years might be.

On this particular afternoon, Miss Hasbrouck sat in her shaded living-room, holding in her fingers the conventional bit of sewing that every properly bred Deansville woman considered essential to the idle hour before tea. Huge Canton bowls filled with pink roses stood on the floor, and, on the table, near her elbow, was a glass bowl filled with violets. On these Miss Sarah's eyes were resting when she heard the footsteps of her visitors on the gravel walk. She took a hurried stitch or two in the hem upon which she was supposed to be at work, almost, as it were, for the benefit of her own conscience, but, if a tiny, nervous smile lurked behind her lips or in the corners of her eyes, neither Mrs. Pomeroy nor Mrs. Osgood saw it.

Nor were these ladies indecorous enough to reveal, at once, the object of their visit. Greetings were quietly exchanged, a late action of the Village Improvement Society was commended, a recent verdict of the village doctor was questioned, the last sermon of old Doctor Goddard's young assistant was condemned. Then, Mrs. Osgood, her eyes intent on a tiny rip in the end of her glove, said:

"We have seen the *Courier*, Sarah."

From her tone it might have been inferred that this same *Courier* had denounced Miss Sarah as a murderess or an atheist, but this was only because Mrs. Osgood was endeavoring to conceal her too intense curiosity.

The shell-like pink in Miss Sarah's cheeks neither deepened nor faded as she answered with the faintest rising inflection:

"Yes?"

"Of course, you know, we mean the verses, Sarah," murmured Mrs. Pomeroy.

"The poem signed 'Pamela Hasbrouck,'" added Mrs. Osgood.

"Oh! Oh, yes," murmured Miss Sarah, drawing the bowl of violets nearer to her, and, apparently, absorbing her entire mind in the rearrangement of their border of green leaves. Then, as neither of her visitors spoke, she added: "Pamela's verses."

"Yes, Pamela Hasbrouck," cried the two women in concert. "We didn't know who she was," added Mrs. Osgood, "and—and——"

"And of course you wanted to know," Miss Sarah concluded.

"Why, of course we did," exclaimed Mrs. Pomeroy, resenting the faint impertinence in Miss Sarah's voice. "We've always known you and your family, and—and every thing connected with you in any way is of great interest to us. We thought she might be a—a niece, or——"

A few of the violets had fallen on the floor and Miss Sarah was picking them up.

"Yes," she answered. "she is a—a niece of mine."

"But George," began Mrs. Pomeroy.

"But John," interrupted Mrs. Osgood.

"It's a pretty name, don't you think?" questioned Miss Sarah. "Pamela Hasbrouck? And—and the verses, did you like them?"

"Oh, I suppose the poem was good enough," answered Mrs. Osgood, a bit impatient of anything so trivial as the verses. "I'm no judge, you know. But your niece? Pamela?"

"Yes, my niece, Pamela," answered Miss Sarah and then she added, with a faint suggestion of breathless haste, "Wouldn't you like some of my roses? They're from Mrs. Dimmock's conservatories. She sent them to me this morning." She was busily arranging the blossoms in two bunches, looking for papers and strings, and not until the visitors were on the wide steps leading down from the veranda did Mrs. Osgood find an opportunity to say:

"And—Pamela Hasbrouck sent the verses to you and asked you to have them published?"

"Oh, yes," Miss Sarah answered, "she thought that—perhaps—I could have them put into the village paper here, and you see that I succeeded in fulfilling her desire."

The gate had been carefully latched by Mrs. Pomeroy when Mrs. Osgood exclaimed:

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"It's funny that she never spoke of Pamela before!"

"Well, one isn't apt to speak of a mystery of that sort when it's in one's own family, you know," Mrs. Pomeroy answered, and the color that excitement had brought into her faded cheeks grew and flamed fiercely before it died away.

Thus, as a mystery, was Pamela Hasbrouck introduced to Deansville.

III

But Deansville was destined to become well acquainted with Pamela Hasbrouck—with Pamela Hasbrouck's verses, that is. Every week, in the same corner of the *Courier*, appeared the name under dainty poems, fresh and young and vivid, songs of life and spring and youth, of earth and sky and air, of melody and color.

Of Pamela's verses, Miss Sarah spoke with a becoming reserve of praise. Of Pamela herself, Miss Sarah could not be induced to speak more than a monosyllabic assent or dissent. Was Pamela young? Yes. Did she live out West? N-no. Had Miss Sarah any photographs of her? No. Had Miss Sarah ever seen her? No. Was she—was she—good—good-looking? Had she the Hasbrouck beauty? Miss Sarah really did not know about that. All young things were pretty, and Pamela, undoubtedly, was young.

Even old Dr. Goddard failed to elicit other than a courteous refusal of all information from his obstinate parishioner. And he, in his character of guide and counsellor, had persisted more than had any other resident of Deansville.

"It pains me," he said, "to know that a member of my flock, that any member and especially one with whom I have been in such close touch as I have with you, Sarah, should have been concealing a grief or a trouble for so long."

"A grief? A trouble?" she echoed. "You mean——"

"I mean this Pamela," he answered.

The gravity of his tone should not have called forth the merry laugh that rippled across her lips.

"But Pamela's been no trouble to me," she cried. "No especial trouble, that is," she added, as an indefinite correction of her first emphatic statement.

"She is not——" he hesitated.

"She's nothing that she ought not to be, nothing that she hasn't a perfect right to be." Miss Sarah spoke hurriedly, with quite unnecessary vehemence.

"Then, my dear, why do you make all this mystery?" demanded Dr. Goddard.

"But I make no mystery, Dr. Goddard. Pamela—Pamela writes these verses and for reasons of her own does not care—cannot—why—can't you conceive a dozen reasons why a young girl might be unable to publish her verses? And she sends them to me. What mystery is there in that? How can I explain the matter more lucidly?"

And Doctor Goddard was fain to declare that there was no mystery, that she could not make the matter clearer. He departed with his arms full of yellow lilies and his thoughts full of the sweet charm of Miss Sarah's home and the uncharitableness of the outside world.

IV

It was almost a year after the first Pamela Hasbrouck poem that Deansville was called upon to thrill with a new sensation. Mrs. Dimmock's brother was coming home, was coming to Deansville for a long visit. By virtue of her own charms, Mrs. Dimmock might easily have occupied a place pre-eminent among the ladies of Deansville, but she had been forced to stand in the reflected glare of her brother's glory. Philip Waite, author of "Hazards," "Quoits," and a dozen other successful novels, was one of Deansville's proudest possessions. He had been born in Deansville and, although he had left the place when he was a small child, he of course belonged to Deansville, and his success, although it had been won far from Deansville, belonged also to Deansville.

Often enough had Mrs. Dimmock bemoaned the fact that her brother preferred the life of London to that of his small native town. Just so often had her sighs been echoed throughout Deansville, for her loss had been made the personal loss of Deansville.

But now, at the very supremest moment of his success, he was coming home to America. Home to Deansville, cried Deansville itself.

It was at a dinner at Mrs. Dimmock's that Pamela's aunt met Philip Waite, and it was as Pamela's aunt that she was introduced to him.

"Miss Sarah Hasbrouck, dear," Mrs. Dimmock explained, relinquishing her hold of

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her brother's hand, "the aunt of Pamela Hasbrouck, whose verses I have sent you, you know."

Miss Hasbrouck raised her eyes to his face and, for just an instant, she hated Pamela, resenting her intrusion into this introduction, but forever after she loved Pamela. Was not Pamela the creature who drew to her, to little Sarah Hasbrouck, the absorbed attention of this great man?

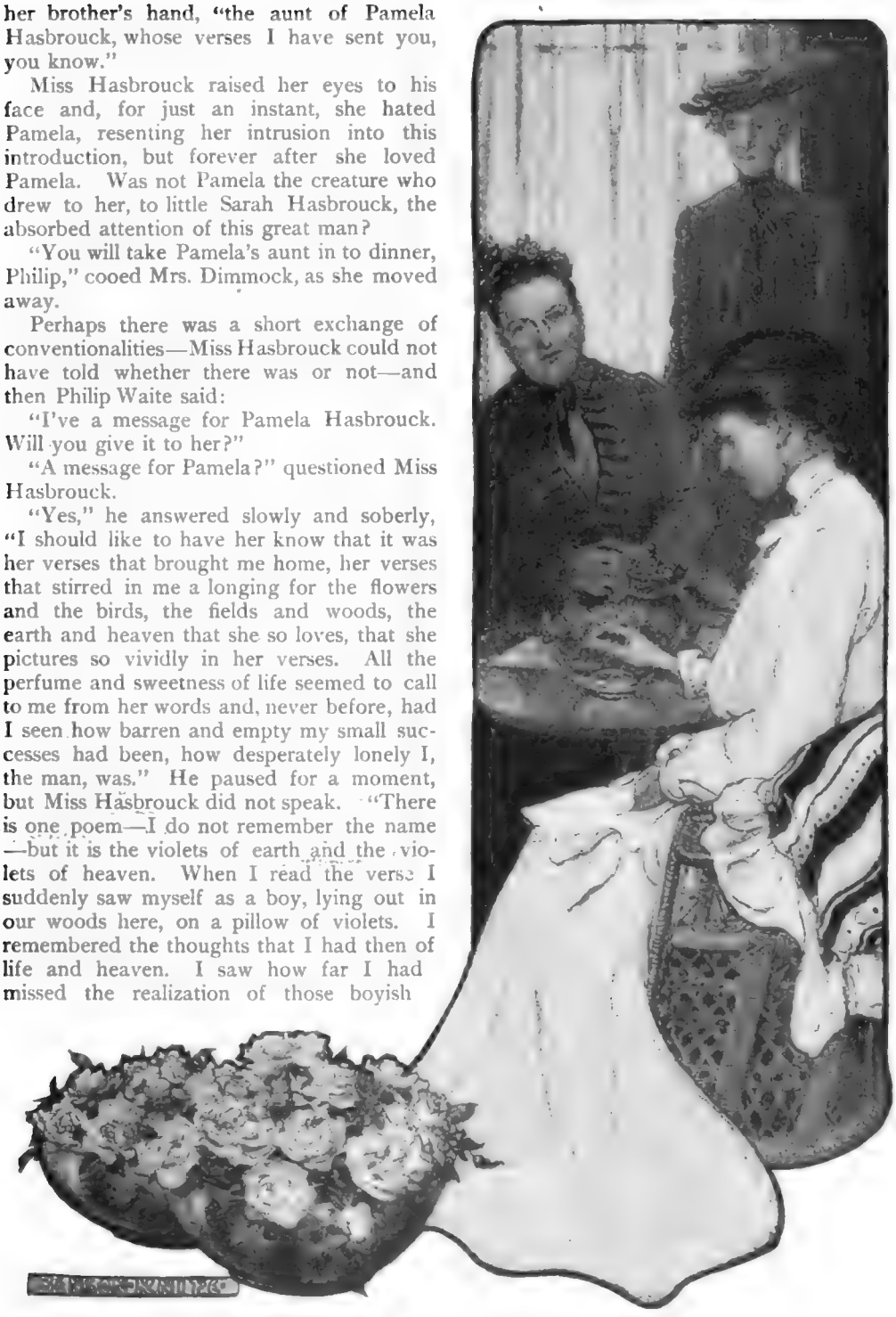
"You will take Pamela's aunt in to dinner, Philip," cooed Mrs. Dimmock, as she moved away.

Perhaps there was a short exchange of conventionalities—Miss Hasbrouck could not have told whether there was or not—and then Philip Waite said:

"I've a message for Pamela Hasbrouck. Will you give it to her?"

"A message for Pamela?" questioned Miss Hasbrouck.

"Yes," he answered slowly and soberly, "I should like to have her know that it was her verses that brought me home, her verses that stirred in me a longing for the flowers and the birds, the fields and woods, the earth and heaven that she so loves, that she pictures so vividly in her verses. All the perfume and sweetness of life seemed to call to me from her words and, never before, had I seen how barren and empty my small successes had been, how desperately lonely I, the man, was." He paused for a moment, but Miss Hasbrouck did not speak. "There is one poem—I do not remember the name—but it is the violets of earth and the violets of heaven. When I read the verse I suddenly saw myself as a boy, lying out in our woods here, on a pillow of violets. I remembered the thoughts that I had then of life and heaven. I saw how far I had missed the realization of those boyish



"AND OF COURSE YOU WANTED TO KNOW——"

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THAT NIGHT, IN THE SANCTUARY OF HER OWN SWEET, WHITE ROOM.

dreams, and I felt that I should find them waiting for me here. So I came."

Miss Hasbrouck's downcast lids were heavy with tears. The faint color in her cheeks and lips was fading, her lips quivered.

"And Pamela's verses have meant all this to you?" Her words were almost whispered but Philip Waite heard them.

"All this and infinitely more. But I shall hope to have the pleasure of telling the rest to Pamela Hasbrouck herself. She does not live here, my sister says."

Joy is so near akin to pain that Miss Hasbrouck welcomed release from it. To conventional questions as to the dwelling-place of Pamela she could answer conventionally. She was more expansive, too, more explicit, to Philip Waite than she had been to anyone else. Yes, Pamela was very young and, yes, exceedingly pretty. She was sorry, so sorry, that she had no photograph of her. No, she did not believe that Pamela had ever had a photograph taken. Yes, she could and would gladly write to Pamela and ask. Oh, yes, she had many other verses of Pamela's, verses that had never been published. Would —would Mr. Waite not come up some afternoon and see them? She would be so glad to read them to him if he really would care to hear them.

And then Philip Waite told her how eagerly he desired to hear them, and how delighted he would be to send them to other publishers, to give Pamela's exquisite spirit of youth and joy in life to the whole wide world. And he asked her if she would not obtain Pamela's permission to have the *Courier* verses brought out in a small volume.

So absorbed were they in Pamela that no thought, no word from the outside world reached them, and the evening was over long before Miss Hasbrouck had drunk to its fill her cup of joy, long before Philip Waite had satisfied his thirst for word of Pamela.

He walked with her to her gate and there, in the moonlight, they stood for a moment, his face in shadow, her face raised a little to his and almost ethereal in its pale, faint beauty.

"You are very sure that Pamela would not be willing to receive me? To let me meet her personally?" he asked.

"Oh, I am very, very sure that she would not," cried Miss Hasbrouck, and the lids that fell so quickly over her startled eyes concealed from her vision the smile that flitted across Philip Waite's shadowed face.

"But I may come to see you soon? To-morrow? To hear Pamela's verses?" he asked.

"Surely, yes, surely to-morrow," she answered. "And believe me that I shall not rest to-night until I have told Pamela—until I have written her all your commendation—it will be so sweet to her—and your message."

V

THAT first reading of Pamela's verses in the rose-perfumed, violet-haunted sitting-room was only the first of many. There

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were countless messages from Philip to Pamela, an occasional short message from her to Philip, a letter from her, a letter from him, all passing through Miss Sarah's hands, and before very long, Pamela had grown into a

THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT THEY STOOD FOR A MOMENT.

vivid, radiant personality that filled the quiet room, that slipped in and out of doors, hovered along the garden-walks and floated past the gnarled old apple-trees in the orchard.

One day, when Philip had brought the proof of the volume of *Courier* verses to show to Miss Sarah, he said:

"Do you know that I am almost glad that you have no portrait of Pamela? The creation of the characters in my stories is one of the chief joys of my work and I have made a personality for this niece of yours quite according to my own fancy. As I came up the walk, just now, I was wondering how it would seem to me to have Pamela standing

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there, waiting for me, and I realized, all at once, what a shock the real Pamela might be to me; how utterly unlike my ideal she may be."

Miss Hasbrouck drew back into the dusky shadow of the honeysuckle that veiled the window.

"I might ask Pamela to write a description of her appearance for you," she said, "since she seems to be so opposed to photography."

"No, let me keep my ideal," answered Waite. "I remember that once I had to change one of my earlier heroines from a brunette to a blonde, and the operation was worse than any that the most modern surgeon could devise. I always hated the girl afterward, too."

Philip's eyes were not on Miss Hasbrouck as he talked, but when she asked him to describe his ideal Pamela, he looked at her curiously.

"Can I convey an ideal in words?" he asked. "Would it picture her to you if I said that her eyes were blue as her own violets of heaven? Her hair as yellow as her whispering Indian corn? Her voice—ah, but her voice no words can describe. It is full of all the melodies of earth, sweet and soft and low. She is tall, unusually tall, and rather slender—and very red and very white, the clear red and white of vivid life and vivid love. I like to fancy her as dressed in white, with her yellow hair blowing into her eyes and about her face. Can you picture her at all from that description?"

Philip's eyes had never wavered from Miss Hasbrouck's face while he had been speaking, nor did he fail to notice that the fingers with which she brushed back her own soft brown hair trembled ever so slightly.

Her voice was quite steady as she answered:

"I can see the Pamela you describe, but I cannot recognize her as our Pamela. To look like that she would have to be an alien to all Hasbrouck tradition."

"But a writer never hampers himself with hereditary tradition in the creation of his ideals, you know," Philip answered, lightly, "so I had not stopped to consider Hasbrouck traditions. By the way," he went on, "until to-day I have never noticed a very curious thing about Pamela's verses. It's a curious thing in itself and it's curious that I've not noticed it, too."

"And that is?" questioned Miss Hasbrouck.

"Why, she has written no word of love in any of her poems. Every other thing, every other sentiment that is glad, and gay, and bright, and happy, and—and young she has celebrated, but of love, she has said no word. It cannot be that she is too young to have thought of love, can it? Is it possible that she knows nothing of it, that she has never loved, has never had a lover? Or is it possible that to her love is not bright, that it is one of the sad things in life that she refuses to see?"

Miss Hasbrouck did not know, she could not say, her niece had never written to her of love or of lovers.

"Well, lovers will undoubtedly come," commented Philip, "and, let us hope, go. She cannot strike her full chord in the harmonies of life until she knows love's joys and love's sorrows. And if, ignorant of those, she writes as she does now, it is quite impossible to say where love may lead her."

After Philip had left her Miss Hasbrouck sat long on her side veranda, watching the apple-blossoms glow and fade in the sunset lights. Under the twisted branches she saw two figures. One was a girl, red and white and crowned with golden hair. About her waist were a lover's arms, over her bent a lover's face and the lover's arms were Philip's, the lover's face was Philip's.

That night, in the sanctuary of her own sweet, white room, love, for the first time, unfurled his flaming banners in her cheeks and the white skin paled beside them. Then, suddenly, from the brown eyes, there poured a flood of bitter tears that washed love's colors from their standards. The red and the white she could give. But the blue and the gold! That was what he loved, that was what he asked for from Pamela.

The next morning there lay on Miss Sarah's desk a love song, a song of love's birth, of love's overwhelming joy, of love's consuming pain. It was called "Love in an Orchard," and it was signed "Pamela Hasbrouck," but Miss Sarah could not read it to Philip, for she would not tell Philip that Pamela had a lover who loved her not.

VI

Deansville's interest in the intimacy between Philip Waite and Miss Hasbrouck was dwarfed by Deansville's interest in the appearance of Pamela Hasbrouck's first volume of verses. Her poems had been in

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many of the leading magazines, and had been favorably commented upon by many of the leading critics. Deansville, for some reason known only to itself, felt that it had a certain claim upon Pamela Hasbrouck, and that Pamela Hasbrouck's success was another jewel in its own crown. So Deansville awaited the actual possession of the volume with eager hands and eyes.

Mrs. Dimmock conceived the idea that, owing to her brother's interest in Pamela and his interest in the book, it would be well to greet the first appearance of the volume with a dinner in its honor. Owing to some unfortunate mistake, as Philip Waite explained, the copies of the book did not arrive in time for the dinner, so Mrs. Dimmock was unable to present them to her guests as she had intended, and Miss Sarah Hasbrouck was obliged to conceal her disappointment, for not yet had she held in her own hand the finished volume of Pamela's poems.

All the conversations began and ended with Pamela, and even Miss Sarah was beginning to grow weary of the subject, when she heard Philip answering some question of his right-hand neighbor.

"I assure you that I will do my best to persuade her," he said, and then turning to Miss Hasbrouck, he added: "It seems to be the general opinion, Miss Sarah, that your niece should overcome her obstinacy or shyness and consent to let us see her and know her. We want you to send for her, to ask her to come to Deansville, at least for a visit. Will it not be possible for you to persuade her to do this?"

"It is rather hard to say whether it is possible or not," Miss Sarah answered. "Pamela has such a strong will of her own."

"But you will write and ask her, won't you?" asked Mrs. Dimmock.

FORGETFUL OF PAMELA'S VERSES.

"Of course, I will write and if the gratification of your desire depended upon me, I assure you that Pamela would be here as fast as train could bring her." There was a gay little chime of bells in Miss Sarah's voice and laugh as she said this, but their music was silenced by Philip's next remark.

"You see that you have promised that you will do all that lies in your own power to introduce Pamela herself to Deansville?"

Miss Hasbrouck's hestitation was almost unnoticeable as she laughingly asserted that she knew she had solemnly promised that self-same thing.

VII

QUITE early the next morning, Philip Waite stood in Miss Hasbrouck's sitting-room. It was so early that she was almost unprepared to see him. In the lap of her soft white morning gown were heaps of violets which she was arranging in low silver bowls.

"I have come to hold you to your promise," he said.

"My promise?" she asked, her eyes raised to his, her hands still busy with the flowers.

"Your promise to introduce Pamela herself to—to me."

She looked at him with startled eyes and her hands lay idly on the blue mound in her lap. He was unfolding a small volume from its wrappers and, quite slowly, he opened it and held it before her. On one page was the title, simple and plain:—Verses by Pamela Hasbrouck. That was all. Confronting this was a portrait of Pamela Hasbrouck herself, in exquisite line and faintest tint, the soft brown hair drawn back from the sensitive face, the brown eyes wistful with love and youth, the shell-like tints of cheek and throat all faithfully reproduced.

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She looked at it for a moment and then she raised her eyes to his.

"You knew?" she questioned. "You knew all the time?"

"Oh, child, child," he cried, "how could I talk to you for five minutes and not know that you were Pamela? Not know that you were love and life and youth personified? Not know that you had called me home for yourself? Could I not see that for all the rest of the world you might be Pamela's aunt, because all the rest of the world was blind? But for me and for me alone you were Pamela."

She was standing up now, the violets in a huddled mass at her feet, the volume of verses on the floor beside them, but both her hands were in his.

"But your ideal Pamela!" she whispered, still faintly jealous of the golden-haired girl in the orchard.

"Was it not jealousy of that golden-haired Pamela that told you that you loved me?" he questioned. "I had a double task before me—to win Pamela and to win Pamela's aunt."

"And you really do love me, not Pamela?" she cried.

"I really do love Pamela in you," he answered.

And then and not until then did she let him draw her to him, ruthlessly crushing the violets, forgetful of Pamela's verses on the floor.

VIII

When Miss Sarah remembered the little volume, she picked it up and looked at the exquisite frontispiece somewhat ruefully.

"Now all Deansville will have to know," she said. "Everybody will know that I have —have lied about Pamela."

"Deansville need never know," answered Philip.

And Deansville never did know either. For Deansville's conceit was sufficient to enable it to accept the portrait of Miss Sarah as a compliment to Deansville. But, after the wedding, when Mr. and Mrs. Philip Waite had departed for Philip's London home, a brilliant idea occurred to Mrs. Pomeroy. She imparted it to Mrs. Osgood, and together they went down to the village post-office.

"I should like Miss Pamela Hasbrouck's address," observed Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Can't give addresses," answered the postmaster. "Don't know's I've got it, anyway," he added. "Miss Hasbrouck always took Pamelly's letters."

"But she sent letters *to* her, didn't she?" interposed Mrs. Osgood.

"Don't know's she did," answered the one in authority. "Don't know's I ever see any outgoin' mail for Pamelly."

"Didn't she send the money for all those poems to her niece?" demanded Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Don't recollect as she did," answered the postmaster. "Don't seem to me as I ever sent away any money to Pamelly."

Mrs. Pomeroy and Mrs. Osgood looked at each other. There was, of course, nothing more to say there, in front of the village post-office window, but in the seclusion of their own village street, Mrs. Osgood murmured:

"Do you suppose she kept all the money Pamela made?"

And, from the mystery that enshrouded Pamela, Mrs. Pomeroy drew a faint cloud to besmirch the fair fame of Pamela's aunt.

"When things like that once begin in a family," she said, "there's no telling where they will end."

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The Race for Chess Championship

Astonishing Memory Feats of the Chess Masters

By PAUL SEVERING

OVER in London there is a certain coffee-house, which is to the chess world of to-day what the *Café de la Regence* was to the world of Voltaire, Diderot, Robespierre, Franklin, Napoleon, and later on, Paul Morphy. One day in the year 1899 there entered the London house a tall, spare youth, who sauntered about from one chess-board to another, idly watching the players. He found little to interest him until he arrived opposite the board of a bumptious pair of chess devotees who were disputing loudly an intricate position. Several of the bystanders became involved in the dispute, but none seemed able to settle it. Finally one of the players appealed to the young man, who had stood silently looking on and listening.

"What would you do with it?" he asked.

"Well," replied the youth, "if you really want my opinion, I'd move the Queen to Kt. 4."

The player did so, and in a few minutes he had won the game, to the great discomfiture of his opponent. The latter, who was a local champion, was nettled. Turning to the young man, he said rather testily:

"Well, you who know so much about chess, I'll play you a game, and I'll beat you at the odds of Rook or Knight."

The young man was reluctant to play, but the spectators urged him to try it, and finally he consented to do so, although he declined to accept odds. And then began as remarkable a game as ever was played in that coffee-house. The local champion attacked aggressively. His opponent met him with a powerful Pawn formation. The young man did not seem to consider it worth while to move his more important pieces into the fray, the pressure of the foot-soldiers in front being sufficient, under his manipulation, to sustain the onslaughts of the enemy. In fact, it more than sustained them. It compelled a hasty retreat in more than one instance. Presently it seemed as though the older player could make no move that did not result disastrously to his men, and finally the young man announced quietly:

"I will mate you in eight moves."

The other gasped.

"You will? Well, we'll see about that."

The astonished spectators crowded closer.

Photograph by Oxford & Dilhoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANK JAMES MARSHALL.

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CARL SCHLECHTER.

Several of them snickered audibly, for the local man had been inclined theretofore to be boastful of his prowess. Others, more sceptical, shook their heads. The possibility of such a feat as looking ahead through eight moves to the finish was not to be accepted upon the mere announcement of a stranger. The young man then sent his Knights into the fight, and leaving his King and Queen with their Bishop to look upon the fray as from a distance, began literally to push his opponent from the board. His every move was executed the moment the other man had taken his hand from a piece. There could be no doubt that those remaining eight moves had been thought out in advance. The local player, fretting and fuming as his position became less and less secure, occupied much time between his moves. But his efforts were futile, for at the eighth the young man placed a Knight in position and cried:

"Checkmate!"

"It was as though he had taken his hand and slowly pushed the pieces off the board," exclaimed a bystander, as the young player stood up to go. "Who is he, anyway?"

A stranger making his way through the opening crowd, stopped in surprise before the victor and held out his hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Marshall," he said.

"Marshall!" cried the crestfallen local champion. "Marshall! The young American chess-master! Well, I'll—I'll——!"

But whatever he was trying to say was drowned in the laughter of the crowd.

In a manner somewhat analogous to that described in the above true story, Frank

R. TEICHMANN.

James Marshall is engaged in pushing his opponents from the great international chess-board. At least, the recent tournament at Cambridge Springs, Pa., seemed to the writer to resemble a large chess-board. There were sixteen masters present, exactly the same in number as the pieces on either side of a chess-board, and in their varied capacities they bore a distinct resemblance to those pieces. Some were possessed of a manysidedness of play comparable to that of the Queen of the board. Others were Bishops or Knights by comparison, and still others little more than Pawns. One there was indeed whose position could be likened to that of the King. In chess the King may not be captured, but he can be threatened and placed in check. Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the chess champion of the world, could not be deprived of his title

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by the loss of the first prize at Cambridge Springs, because the world's championship is one that must be challenged and competed for by the aspirant in a special match; but Marshall by winning the tournament became eligible to make such a challenge, and so in a large sense he placed Dr. Lasker, the King of chess-masters, in "check," thus threatening his title.

This analogy between the chess-masters and the pieces on the board was emphasized by the varied nationalities of the sixteen contestants at Cambridge Springs: Dr. Emanuel Lasker, champion of the world; M. I. Tschigorin, champion of Russia; D. Janowski, champion of France; C. Schlechter, champion of Austria, who with Georg Marco came from Vienna; T. F. Lawrence and R. Teichmann, of London, and J. Mieses, of

JACQUES MIESES.

Leipsic; H. N. Pillsbury, of Philadelphia, champion of America; J. W. Showalter, ex-champion of America; J. F. Barry, champion of Boston; W. E. Napier, of Pittsburg; A. B. Hodges, E. Delmar, and A. W. Fox, of New York, and F. J. Marshall, of Brooklyn.

These men in personality and appearance were as varied as the countries and sections they represented. The quick, nervous energy of the Frenchman contrasted sharply with the more phlegmatic temperament of the Germans, the cosmopolitanism of the Russian with the insular reserve of the Englishmen, and all of these with a certain individualism that distinguished the Americans. These differences of temperament very naturally influenced the play of the masters independently of the technical methods adopted by each. Marshall told the writer of the difficulty he always experiences in trying to beat Janowski, whose play he finds it harder to circumvent than that of Lasker. Yet Lasker ranks higher as a technician than Janowski. So the personal equation enters into chess in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that it is all pure science.

Master chessmen play a game that in the abstract resembles a spectacle produced last May at Georgian Court on the Gould Estate at Lakewood, N. J. In the Casino there, an immense chess-board was laid down and the chess pieces were represented by living men in costumes of the period of Charles II. Under the direction of two players elevated on platforms above the board, the living chessmen moved about from square to square and a game was played out for the edifica-

D. JANOWSKI.

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Photograph by Schumann, Nurnberg, Germany.

JACKSON W. SHOWALTER.

Photograph by Cabunkin, St. Petersburg.

M. TSCHIGORM.

tion of a wealthy assembly. But in the great game that the masters are playing among themselves, the living chessmen are not mere automatons directed by an overseer. Each follows his own more or less devious course about the greater board, capturing a man here or being captured there, and he who would ultimately place the king in check must be endowed with tremendous mentality, for some there are among these masters of the game of intellect who possess powers that seem to border on the uncanny.

Imagine being pitted against a mind that can visualize the positions of thirty-two pieces of ivory on as many squares, and every possible variation therefrom, and building one picture upon another, can foretell not only the end of the game, but the exact number of moves required to bring it about, and, as Marshall did in London, proceed to accomplish it in spite of all an ordinary player and his pieces can do to prevent. Just what this means may be realized in view of the computation that there are 318,979,564,000 ways of playing the first four moves on each side of the board. Yet during the Cambridge Springs Tournament I saw Pillsbury take a hand in a game of whist and at the same time play two games of chess and two games of checkers without looking at any one of the four boards. Mr. Pillsbury sat at the whist-table with his back to the chess and checker boards, and the moves of the players thereon were called out to him, and without interrupting the whist game a moment he would call back the name of his own piece which he wished moved in reply, specifying on which of the sixty-four squares it was to be placed. In this way he won the chess and checker games and helped to win the game of whist.

Pillsbury performs these blindfold plays seemingly with comparative ease. He has played against as many as twenty-two different boards at one and the same time, without seeing a single board and has won a large majority of the games. Seated with his back to the other players and constantly smoking a big cigar he is apparently able to visualize and to remember twenty-two different pictures, in each of which thirty-two chessmen are being changed about in an infinite variety of combinations. At each of those boards sits an expert chess-player with every faculty concentrated on his own game, caring

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HARRY N. PILLSBURY.

Photograph by Isidor Yog, New York.

DR. EMANUEL LASKER.

nothing for his neighbors' difficulties, bent only on baffling the memory of the man at the end of the room, whose mind recurs to his particular game only once in every twenty-two times. There is seldom any hesitation on Mr. Pillsbury's part in recalling the picture presented on any given board. The referee calls the number of the board and the move made by the player thereon and instantly the reply comes back from the master with a request for the move on the next board. Before Pillsbury's time the record for blindfold play was sixteen games played in two days by Zukertort. In Chicago in 1900 Pillsbury played sixteen simultaneous blindfold games in four hours and fifty-five minutes, winning twelve, drawing three, and losing one.

Of course, Mr. Pillsbury has a system for memorizing the various games. By courtesy he is allowed the first move on each board. So he resolves the various boards into mental groups. In a twelve-game circuit he would probably group boards 1, 4, 7, and 10 together. Boards 2, 5, 8, and 11 would comprise the second group, and boards 3, 6, 9, and 12, the third group. Thus he would need but three styles of openings on the twelve boards. If the standard or what are considered the best replies were made to these openings, he could make counter replies that would carry him several moves into each game. After that he would probably begin to subdivide his groups, or if a player tried a special variation, he would individualize that board and place it in a class by itself. Thus, eccentricity of play at any board presents no terrors for the blindfold master. Rather does he welcome it, since it gives that particular board a character of its own, causing it to stand out in his memory. After a while each of the boards take on a character of its own, and then he is compelled to depend upon memory pure and simple, but that is so marvellous that it seldom fails him. As an instance of its far-reaching power—if any portion of a pack of cards is called off to him, he can successfully call the names of the remaining cards.

All of the masters indulge in blindfold play, but none has equalled the Pillsbury feats. What is known as simultaneous chess is, however, a very popular recreation of the masters. In this as in blindfold chess one man plays many games, but with all the boards in sight. O. S. Bernstein, of Berlin, recently engaged

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Photograph by Frank E. Conlin, Boston.

JOHN T. BARRY.

Photograph by Koenig, New Brighton, N. Y.

ALBERT B. HODGES.

seventy-five boards at one and the same time. Pillsbury has engaged as high as fifty. The strain on the mind is not so great as in blindfold chess, and the master, walking around and around the circle of boards, is able to engage them one after another with comparative ease. Nevertheless, a highly specialized mind is necessary for a successful performance. Naturally, such a mind concentrated on one board displays the most precise foresight, for not only does the master know fairly well in advance just the kind of moves he will make throughout a game, but his knowledge of its technique enables him to divine the kind of moves his opponent will make. It comes very near to mind-reading.

In tournament contests the sole object of each chess-master is to win the greatest number of games. Brilliancy of play as it was known in the days of Paul Morphy is generally excluded as a dangerous luxury, and for this reason there are many devotees of chess who maintain that the great days of the game have gone by. Ruskin, for one, inveighed bitterly against the modern style of play, calling it petty and dull. He believed with the old school that the player should concentrate his pieces for the single attack, burning his bridges behind him, and forcing the fight to glorious victory or utter defeat. This was the way of Morphy, who began to play chess at eight and at twenty-one was champion of the world. Morphy overwhelmed his opponents by the very audacity of his exploits. His genius for chess was as instinctive as was that of Napoleon for war, but just as the Napoleonic art has succumbed to the science that is now taught at West Point and Sandhurst, so also has the brilliancy of the Morphy school of chess given place to the passive science of the moderns; and it has been maintained that could Morphy as he was in 1860 be pitted against Lasker as he is in 1904, it is probable that the latter would win through sheer force of passive resistance. The Lasker style of play never includes rashness even at the risk of dulness. It is built up of the accumulation of small advantages, a little pressure here, a little there, until the opposing line is weakened, and then a dash to victory if the latter is in sight, or the forcing of a draw if it is not. The modern tournament-player, moreover, does not always find it necessary to waste his strength against the very best

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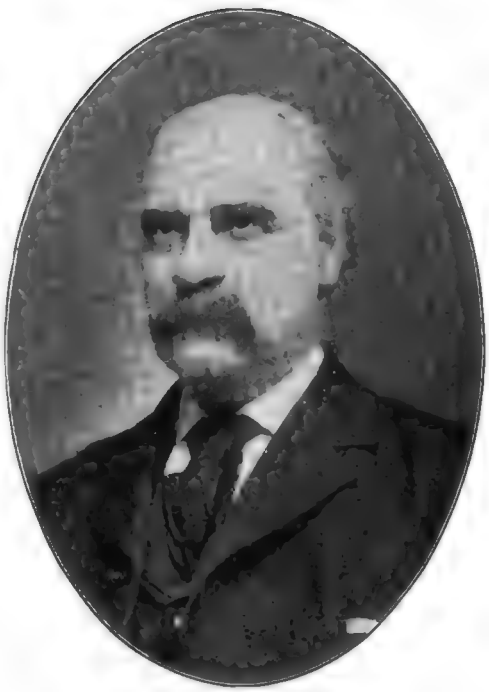
PROFESSOR ISAAC L. RICE.



EUGENE DELMAR.

players. He may scheme to defeat his poorer opponents outright and play for a draw against the champions, in the hope that the combats of the latter with one another may result in a sufficient number of draws to lower their general average and send him into the lead.

But Marshall's victory at Cambridge Springs was not due to this kind of finesse. True, his game with Lasker was a draw, as were his games with Marco, Tschigorin, and Napier, but he won every other game he played and ended brilliantly with a total of thirteen out of a possible fifteen. After the line-up for the race for tournament honors he did not at once forge to the front, drawing with Tschigorin in the first round. He attained his stride on the second round when he mated Pillsbury, him of the wonderful memory, and increased it in the third and fourth when he compelled Barry and Mieses to resign their games to him. In the fifth, however, with the mighty Lasker before him, he contented himself with a draw, but after that he was away again hot-foot for the resignations of Lawrence, Schlechter, Teichmann, Hodges, Showalter, Janowski, and Delmar. Janowski, with Lasker pressing him close, led until the seventh round, but so many victories in succession put Marshall far in the lead and when Marco and Napier drew with him in the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds it did not really menace his chances, and so his victorious wind-up with Fox was all on the side of good measure. Janowski and Lasker tied for second place with eleven games each, and the others followed in order: Marco, 9; Showalter, 8½; Schlechter, 7½; Tschigorin, 7½; Mieses, 7; Pillsbury, 7; Fox, 6½; Teichmann, 6½; Lawrence, 5½; Napier, 5½; Barry, 5; Hodges, 5; Delmar, 4½. The first prize was $1,000. Second prize, $600. Third prize, $300.

Marshall's victory was as remarkable as any in chess history since the days of Morphy. It has made him eligible to challenge Dr. Lasker for the world's championship, an event which is eagerly awaited on both sides of the Atlantic, and it has shown him to be a chess genius of the first order. His play is not strictly of the type exemplified by Dr. Lasker. It has much of the Morphy dash to it. It is a combination of the old and the new styles. There is the accumulation of minute advantages as a groundwork, with an audacious capacity for making unexpected sorties on the enemy's line and getting back again before the other's

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temporarily unmasked batteries can do harm. He has, as a chess authority states it, "a thorough insight into position, original ideas of attack and defence, and a sort of intuition as to when a sacrifice can be ventured and when it cannot, without the tiresome necessity of plodding through all the variations to the great danger of exceeding the time limit." Some of his moves, made in the face of all recognized principles, are so utterly audacious, though ingenious withal, that his fellow-masters refer to them as "Marshall's swindles."

ALBERT W. FOX.

In short, it would seem that a new era has been inaugurated for chess at Cambridge Springs, an era with which even a Ruskin could not find fault, and with which the followers of Lasker cannot well quarrel. For Marshall's play has all the brilliance demanded by the one school and all the modern science which has been the mainstay of the other. And as he is but twenty-seven years old, his vogue must strengthen rather than decline, that is, unless he inadvertently overtaxes his powers. That, by the way, seems to have been the ultimate fate of most of the great chess-players of the past. The emoluments of the game are not so great that ease of living is always to be enjoyed, even by a champion, and this fact, with the inevitable mental strain, has been productive of a number of sad endings to the lives of masters of days gone by.

Morphy early went insane, although his financial circumstances were easy. Kieseritzky and Neumann both died in an asylum. Goring committed suicide and Buckle tried to. Labourdonnais and Leonard died of starvation. Wisker died a drunkard. Zukertort latterly became almost imbecile in conversation. Steinitz broke down in 1897 and his death followed soon after. However, the thousands of chess devotees are always willing to contend that collapses such as these can be traced to causes external to the game itself, whereas on the other hand chess itself is an intellectual recreation without a peer, a game that has an international as well as a local significance. Thousands of devotees play chess by correspondence, and there is a game now going on between a man in Canton, O., and another in Warsaw, Russia, that it will take several years to complete, each move being sent by postal-card from one player to the other. Cable matches are of frequent occurrence and many persons will remember the international game that took place some years ago between a team made up of members of Congress and one composed of members of the House of Commons. During that contest, one move was cabled across the Atlantic and a reply received in forty seconds. And now that wireless telegraphy has become a feature of ocean crossing there are few days when some big liner is not exchanging a series of "moves" with a sister ship. So that it is to be doubted if the sad fate of some of the masters has been any detriment to the game of intellect. In Marshall's case there is no likelihood of such an outcome. He comes of a hard-headed ancestry that has no taint of mental unbalance in its history, and, given ordinary health and strength, he should be able to make brilliant moves and counter moves for many years to come.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

THOMAS TAGGART.

The chairman of the Democratic National Committee has figured prominently in Indiana politics since 1886. Beginning his political career as auditor of Marion County, in nine years he had reached the mayoralty of Indianapolis. A county chairmanship in 1888, and a place on the Democratic National Committee since 1892 were preliminary steps to his present position.

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E. K. Dives of Harvard.
440 yards dash.

Captain E. J. Clapp of Yale.
120 yard hurdles.

Shevlin of Yale.
Hammer-throwing contest.

G. F. Victor of Yale.
High jump.

Captain W. A. Schick of Harvard.
100 yards dash.

L. P. Sheffield of Yale.
Long jump.

YALE AND HARVARD ATHLETES WHO DEFEATED THE PICKED TEAM OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

From copyrighted photographs by Pach Bros., New York.

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ROBERT BURNS ARMSTRONG.

Robert Burns Armstrong, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, began his career as a newspaper reporter. He is an Iowan, was born in 1873, and learned the hustle and despatch of daily journalism on papers in Des Moines, Chicago, and New York. That he has profited by his education is shown by the reforms already introduced into the Customs Service under his administration. Formerly the great ports of entry were congested with unappraised imports. To-day the Treasury Department is compelled to notify importers to get their classified and appraised cargoes out of the way.

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From photographs by T. W. Marion, New York.

MRS. PARMALEE PRENTICE. MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. MRS. CHARLES M. STRONG.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, the wife of the wealthiest man in the United States, is, by her own choice, practically unknown to the fashionable set of New York. An unassuming woman of domestic inclinations, Mrs. Rockefeller's life has been largely devoted to her family. Her daughters, Mrs. Prentice and Mrs. Strong, share their mother's indifference to society.

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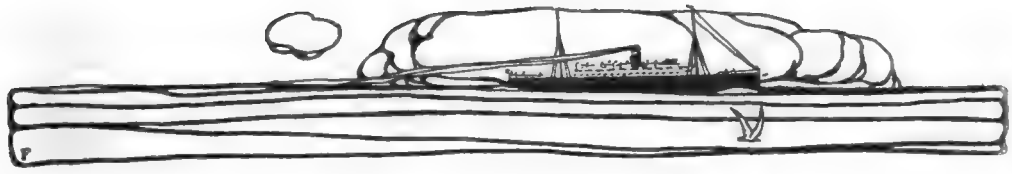

The American

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

WE stood under the shed of the Panama Railroad Company's wharf, waiting for the tide to come in and with it the tug which was to carry us out to the San Pedro. Captain Samuel Twizzle, master of that vessel, was stamping around, cursing the heat, which was excessive, the smells, which were atrocious, and the dilatory tide; and his face also bore traces of the impatience that his tongue and limbs expressed. He was homeward bound, after two months in the Tropics, and in San Francisco there would meet him on the dock a woman of whom he dreamed continually.

In his wanderings in and out amid the raffle of freight piled high along the slips, he stopped under a huge thrashing-machine looming clumsily in bright red and green paint. "Look here," he grumbled, "did you ever see such an unseamanlike craft? American make, too. It's got a sign stencilled on it, *Manufactured in Indiana, U. S. A.* Well, old Indiana, you're American, anyway, among a lot of outlandish stuff." And he rapped soundly on its resonant side. As if in response to this invocation there was thrust out at a slit in the machine a child's face. Twizzle stared at it open-mouthed. "Is this a hotel? or an incubator?" he gasped presently. "Hey there, son! Live here?"

To our astonished gaze were disclosed two gray eyes set in a dark countenance dignified by an aquiline nose of the most pronounced character. "My name's Pat," said this creature in a curiously nasal tone.

"Pat!" roared the captain. "You black monkey, where'd you get that name?"

The boy put his head clear out, followed it by a meagre body and in two twists landed at our feet. "My dad was an American," he explained.

Our interest was now unaffected. The boy was the color of *café au lait*, slender-limbed, pigeon-breasted, and in his lean face gleamed the two gray eyes that had first startled us. His nose was beyond doubt that of an aristocrat. His sole garment was a pair of ragged overalls, rolled at the waistband into a sort of sash around his narrow hips. He looked at Twizzle and then at myself with glances of keenness and unconcern. "What were you doing in that thrashing-machine?" I asked blankly.

He turned his head and threw his aquiline profile against the lurid scarlet of the agricultural monstrosity. A thin finger was laid upon the gilt stencilling. "Made in America," he said shrilly. "My dad was an American."

"Can you read?" I demanded.

The captain was quicker than I. "The United States arms are there as well," he said. With sudden kindness in his eyes he bent over the lad. "Make you feel kind of homey, son?"

The boy met his look squarely. "My dad was an American," he said, and under the shadow of his dark skin showed a faint flush.

"Good Lord!" answered Twizzle to my unspoken thought. "Nobody but a Yankee ever had that tin-horn voice. Who was your dad?"

"He's dead." The soft d's were foreign unmistakably.

"But who was he? What did he do? Where did you come from?"

A puzzled glance was the only response, and Twizzle caught my eye. "Who's your mother?" I asked.

"Some nigger woman, I guess," he piped. "But my dad was an American. Kelley told me so."

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"Who's Kelley?" I managed to inquire.

"Engineer on Number 8," was the prompt reply. "He died of the fever."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the captain, and fell into thought.

I can see the lad yet, under the shapeless bulk and flagrant red of an American thrashing-machine on that Panama wharf, a meagre and angular little figure of a child, facing us in the pride of his blood, our own blood; his father an abstraction, he yet breathed the spirit and spoke the careless tongue that went with his gray eyes and hawk-like nose. It was as if that heavy, stolid machine, made in a town in Indiana, had suddenly stirred at the call of Twizzle's knuckles and had given birth to him—Pat, with a solitary inheritance of ancestry.

I looked about me, conned the outlandish paraphernalia scattered under the shed, listened to the slurring tones of some natives loafing in the shade. But my eyes returned perforce to the unwieldy machine and its spawn. It struck me as very odd that in this riffraff a half-naked urchin should have seized upon two busy men in this imperative and amazing fashion. Twizzle echoed my thought by exclaiming more vigorously than ever, "Good Lord!"

The boy caught up the ejaculation and twisted it into a vile Spanish expletive delivered with his marvellous American twang.

"Shut up!" said the captain sharply. "You've been messing with all this dirt since you were born. Where'd you learn English?"

"The men working on the railroad taught me," rejoined the youth. "I ain't messed with any black trash. I speak English all right, all right."

Never was such assurance nor such impudence. The captain turned to me. "He's got nobody to look after him," he suggested. "It ain't right. I ain't going to allow the kid of any American dad to stay here." Before I could interfere he had addressed the boy. "You come with me, son. I'll take you to the States."

Without a second's hesitation the child stepped forward. I was on the point of vehement speech, instinctively foreseeing a thousand complications if this bit of scum were taken into decency. The boy seemed to read my thoughts. He rested his gray eyes upon me. "My dad was an American," he said. I was silent. He claimed a birthright.

We never knew more of Pat's life than the facts he gave us on that wharf. With this vague and unsatisfactory past, in a pair of tattered overalls he came among us of the San Pedro. Twizzle called him a cabin-boy, and he was installed with the steward's crew in the fumy quarters on the main-deck forward, where he was to learn to work, and thus fulfil in some measure the duties of his inherited blood. It may have been a token of his father's habits that the boy was cleanly in person.

The San Pedro, being a cargo-steamer and carrying no passengers, called at every port on the Central American coast. This meant exhausting toil for all and little leisure. For two days after we left Panama I caught only glimpses of Pat. I observed that he had attained the dignity of a singlet and shoes in addition to the overalls. The third day, as I smoked an evening pipe with Twizzle on the upper deck, I discerned in the faint glow after sunset, an aquiline profile against the white paint of a life-boat near which we stood. It was Pat, huddling in the shadow. "Hello," I said, "there's that kid."

Twizzle removed his pipe from between his teeth and called to the boy to come out and show himself. He came, silent in tread as a native. "How're you getting on?" demanded the captain.

"All right, sir."

"Where'd you get that cut on your cheek?"

"The bo's'n hit me."

"What mischief had you been into?" demanded Twizzle.

The lips under that Yankee nose quivered slightly. "I said —— and he said, 'Shut up, you nigger,' and I hit him. My dad was an American."

"An American wouldn't say ——," said Twizzle slowly.

Never have I seen greater shame on any face. Pat's gray eyes were clouded, his swarthy skin was underrun by a furious blush, a blush so deep that even in the dim light we both saw it and knew that his boast was true. The captain's mouth worked under his beard as he scanned that lean and childish countenance in its distress. But all he said as the boy walked away in humiliation was, "Good Lord!"

Later we interviewed the bo's'n. "Pat's a good chap," said this worthy. "But he's full of the Old Nick. Where he picked up his talk, stumps me, sir. He talks Simon pure American and that face of his is mighty nigh white."

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"I understand," said Twizzle, "that he tried to knock you out."

The bo's'n grew shy instantly. His manner seemed to demand: "Who's been tattling?" He stammered and the captain's face grew dark. Suddenly, after much backing and filling, the bo's'n came out plump: "But he fights clean, sir, little as he is. Doesn't bite or kick, sir."

Twizzle's frown vanished, and as we left the bo's'n he remarked to the sky, "I reckon the boy's American, all right. Blood always tells on itself in a scrap. And when a clean fighter steps into a man forty times his size," he went on, suddenly directing his words to me, "he's got pluck. These niggers will bite and kick at an elephant, but they trust to foul means. Good Lord!"

From day to day there reached my ears sundry and varied tales of the new cabin-boy's deviltry. The steward bewailed for two days the loss of his pet cat. It was found dead under the end of Pat's mattress, where, he unblushingly explained, it served as a pillow. He added, when the captain's brow lowered, that it had not been hurt, as he killed it first. The cooks, who were Mexicans of little skill and evil demeanor, nearly mutinied when he informed the whole main-deck in shrill, nasal tones, that they were sons of priests and unfit to associate with Americans, immediately following up this insult by snatching the knife away from one and burying it to the haft in the meat-block. But the climax came when Captain Twizzle discovered the loss from his lockers of two whole jars of cold cream, the pride of his heart, for he was gallant of disposition, and never failed to present a portion of this useful cosmetic to consuls' wives whose complexions he judged needed it. "It's something a woman appreciates," was his remark. "You can ask the consul to have a drink, but his lady must be remembered, too."

When a search of the ship failed to reveal the missing ointment, suspicion settled on Pat. "What notion ever got into that noddle of his," grumbled Twizzle, "Heaven only knows. I must call him down. He's got to learn a thing or two."

So the boy was summarily dragged out of his bunk (it was night-time) and arraigned. "Pat," said the captain, "I believe you stole my cold cream."

Pat apparently did not hear.

"Now where is it?" Twizzle demanded. "What have you done with it?"

The nostrils of that hawk's beak quivered, but the lean face gave no other sign that Pat heard. Suddenly Twizzle sniffed and leaned forward. With a quick jerk he whipped the singlet over the lad's head. On the scanty flesh of the pigeon-breast shone an unctuous sheen. In the furrows of his ribs stuck, white and incriminating, small lumps of the missing cold cream. "You have been using it yourself, you rascal!" bellowed the captain. "You're plastered with it!"

Pat gazed at his judge with what struck me as a very pleading look. But Twizzle was thinking of nothing save the loss of his cosmetic. "What did you think that stuff was for?" he bawled. "Do you s'pose that was for a black-skinned cabin-boy to grease his dirty hide with? Answer me! What did you mean by stealing that?"

Pat cast his gray eyes over to me and then looked down. His lips moved.

"Nothing!" repeated Twizzle. "Look here, my son, don't lie to me. Americans don't like lies."

Again that deep flush under the shadowed skin and Pat slowly raised his eyes to his judge. His childish face was wrenched with shame and his slender arms were tight against his sides. "I thought—" he began, and stopped.

"You thought what?" roared the captain.

"Go easy," I put in. "He'll tell you."

Neither heard me. Twizzle's ruddy face was bent loweringly upon the child and his huge forefinger tapped on that chest as if to evoke the truth hidden somewhere in its little depths. "I wanted," Pat began again, "I thought"— he paused an instant—"I thought it would make my skin white, same as you and the rest. My dad was an American."

Twizzle's heavy forefinger was slowly withdrawn from the boy's chest. Rough and calloused as it was, the finger had showed remarkably white against the coffee-tinted flesh. The pitiful reason, the shame of its confession and that simple plea of his parentage seemed to overwhelm the captain, and as Pat left, dismissed by a nod, he mumbled in his beard, breaking out once more with a curt "Good Lord!" The incident was never referred to again.

As the steamer worked up the coast Pat was seen on deck more. Gradually he was initiated into such duties of a sailor as are practised on a steamer, and when we left Ocos, Twizzle, who had been watching the boy, gruffly bade him leave the steward's mess

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and join the deck-crew. "There are enough niggers to wait on us," he remarked. Pat, the inference was, was an American.

There was one place where the lad could always be found when not engaged otherwise. This was by the after-wheel over the stern. Here he would sit, fussing with the hand-gear, examining the life-buoys lashed to the rail or gazing up at the Stars and Stripes floating from the staff. Every evening when we were at dinner and the awnings were being taken in for the night, we could hear his shrill tones through the skylight as he chaffed and joked with the men. One night we came on deck and found the flag still flying, though the sun had set and the awnings had been stowed. Twizzle's eye caught it and he bellowed for a quartermaster. "What d'ye mean," he stormed, "by not taking in the flag? Are you going to let it whip itself into rags all night? Step lively!"

As the man threw the halyards off the pin Twizzle started forward, leaving me to see that it was properly done. The flag sank softly down the pole and into the quartermaster's arms. I caught his eye. "The kid always likes to do this job," he mumbled, "and he's busy below for a few minutes. Thought it would do no harm to wait on him, sir. He's so stuck on it. Sort of takes to the old rag, sir."

Later the same night I found Pat on the grating by the after-wheel, staring at the Southern Cross just burning above the horizon. When he saw me he withdrew a little. "Don't run off," I said. "Tell me how you are getting along."

"All right," he replied shyly.

"Looking at the stars?"

"Yessir."

We were silent a while, he once more engaged in some dim astronomy, I in watching his face and pondering on the history that lay behind that profile. He interrupted my musings by a low question. "Where are the stripes?"

"The stripes," I repeated, bewildered.

He tossed his head toward the top of the staff from which the flag floated in daytime. "I see the stars," he said simply. "But I can't find the stripes. There ain't any in the sky."

Some impulse urged me to probe a little deeper into this heart, to find something more definite of the spirit peering out from Pat's gray eyes. Without answering his impossible question, I asked him, "Do you ever say your prayers?"

He brought his gaze down from the vault and with incomparable assurance and arrogance said: "Naw, only Dagoes pray. My dad was an American."

This was my last endeavor in the direction of catching his thoughts. Thereafter he assumed toward me an attitude of respectful contempt. That foolish and unconsidered question had undone me with the possessor of lively gray eyes and the nose of an aristocrat. And he never asked me any more problems in astronomy.

The San Pedro finally paid her last call before going up the California coast and as we left Mazatlan to cross the Gulf we breathed the shrewder air of the Trades with keen satisfaction. "Eight days more," said Twizzle, with a grunt. "Then home." Pat, going by on an errand, caught his eye. "Eight days more, son," he said genially, "and you'll be in America."

The lad passed on and Twizzle turned to me. "D'ye know what that kid's saying to himself?" I nodded and Twizzle took off his cap with clumsy hesitation. "D'ye know," he muttered in his beard, "I'd give a lot be remembered that way." A little later, still bareheaded, he added, "He'd have a good woman for a mother, too." Then, as if heartily ashamed, he jammed his cap over his ears and scanned the steamer, commencing to tumble in the big swells that run from Corrientes to Cape San Lucas. "Hang it!" he growled, "those funnel-stays aren't going to hold much longer. Like as not this rolling will start 'em to chafing. Must see to it."

The next morning it was very rough and the San Pedro was under a slow bell. Overhead the azure sky was flaked with lofty, rushing clouds whose vast shadows gave an angry color to the crested surges where they fell. It was smart weather, invigorating to men who had steamed for months in the pestiferous ports of the lower coast. But I noticed that Twizzle seemed preoccupied. He would scratch his head and look aft from the bridge with perplexity written all over his face. After mid-day he called the engineer up to the bridge. "I'm bothered about the funnel," said Twizzle. "Those stays are rotten. Should have been attended to long ago. But we were too busy. This rolling may fetch 'em away. Then we'll stand to lose the funnel."

"Ugly sea to fix her in," was the chief's comment.

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"It is," assented the captain. "If I had a decent sailor aboard, I'd rest easy. But these blasted hands in the fo'c's'le—well, I'd hate to risk any of their worthless lives. If the funnel-stay fetches away, over the side with someone."

"It looks to me as if the sooner we got at it, the better for all hands," I suggested.

"All right," said Twizzle with decision. "Fetch up a small cable and we'll fix it now while it's time. Mustn't let it get away from us."

Half an hour later we were on top of the boiler-house, Twizzle superintending, making ready to slip a loop of wire cable over the top of the funnel. Our plan was to do this, and then from the loop bring down new stays to the deck. The hard part was to get the loop in place. It would have been simplicity itself if we had been sure of the old stays. But they were rotten and not to be trusted.

"Now," said the captain, when all was ready, "one of you men climb up there and haul this up and get it in position over the collar."

A man stepped to a stay, swung up on it and started to climb. Before he had gone ten feet the wire frayed, snapped the last strand, and he fell to the deck. "Are they as rotten as all that?" exclaimed Twizzle. "Take the after-stay and try it again."

The men hesitated. The top of the swaying funnel was a good forty feet from the deck, thirty from the top of the boiler-house. The broken end of the stay lashed cruelly against the resonant cylinder at every roll. Twizzle roared at them. A couple moved forward and then stopped. "Haven't I got a single American seaman on this ship?" Twizzle yelled. "Are you all a lot of greasers?" The flood of his profanity fell among them futilely. They were afraid. They stared up at the huge stack and winced as it jerked and plunged to the three remaining stays. A voice rose above their murmured protests. It was a thin, nasal pipe, and it said: "I'll go, sir."

"You!" was the bellowed response. "You can't do the work. This needs men."

"I can do it," was the determined response. Pat stepped out in singlet and overalls, ridiculously small. Twizzle hesitated. The boy went on and caught hold of the leaping stay. The captain nodded. "Up with you," he said quickly, "you're the only man in the fo'c's'le. Anyway, you're light and won't break anything."

A moment later Pat's meagre face was turned down upon us. "All right, sir," he called. We sent up the loop and it was gradually, by great exertions on the lad's part, fitted around the huge barrel of the funnel, Pat holding on desperately when the steamer lay over angrily, as if to shake him off. The job was nearly done. All that remained was to take up the slack of the wire loop and bring down from it the new stays. Two of them were already bent and the ends in hand to make fast. "Stand clear!" bawled Twizzle to the boy above us. "Don't let the loop slip down on you. Make fast there!"

Just then the San Pedro rolled to leeward with a lurch. The weather-stays cracked and parted and the funnel was brought up with a jerk in the loop. But the breaking of the stays had thrown Pat against the round of the funnel, and as he hung there, the steel cable had slipped down over his body.

For one instant we listened to hear some cry. There was none. He hung in that gigantic grip, his breast crushed against the iron barrel, his legs limply pendent, his slender arms thrust against the cylinder above him. We could not see his face. At the end of the instant, the steamer recovered and as the funnel lurched back the childish body dropped to the deck.

The bo's'n and I lifted Pat up and carried him to the main hatch, where we laid him. A moment later Twizzle and the others came from securing the funnel and joined us. "Is he dead?" asked a voice. The bo's'n shook his head. "He is dying," I said, my finger on his pulse.

Without further sound we stood about him. The gray eyes were open upon us. The hawk-like face had lost none of its piquancy. But on the little pigeon-breast were marks that rose and fell quickly. The very wind and sea had withdrawn that we might hear the rasp of his last breathing. As we watched, the eyes grew full of pleading and the childish face was turned, as far as might be, to some unknown quarter, in search of some unknown thing. Twizzle stooped over him. "What is it, son?" he asked hoarsely.

The crushed chest heaved, but no words passed the lips. The eyes still roved on their quest. Suddenly the bo's'n straightened up. "It's the flag!" he said.

A sailor ran aft, tore down the Stars and Stripes and came back holding it in front of

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him. We all looked at Pat's eyes. They rested on the flag. The sailor stepped closer, holding it out at full length, till the hem of weatherworn bunting covered the lad's bare feet. As we stood there, a faint flush reddened Pat's thin cheeks. He tried to raise his head, failed, and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, we saw in them the vague shadow of death, but they fixed themselves once more on the flag. His breast heaved. His eagle nose grew suddenly prominent. His gaze burned on the emblem. "My dad was—" His boyish treble was hushed. From the sailor's hands the flag slipped down, covering as it softly billowed in its fall, the slender limbs, the bruised body, and hawk-like countenance of an American.

The Fight for the Doubtful State

How the Republicans Won a "Safe" Democratic State by 10,000

By LINDSAY DENISON

THE Candidate turned away from the crowd which stretched out across the fields on every side of the platform. The triple row of veterans in front of the platform were waving their Grand Army hats, and their asthmatic throats were straining in an effort to make their cheers heard above the great roar of the thousands on thousands of fuller lunged partisans behind them. Hats were sailing up and across the great field of open-mouthed faces. Now and then an isolated brassy note or the deep boom of a sorely belabored bass drum told that the band was trying heroically to earn its day's wage. It was the great day of the campaign in that state.

The Candidate linked his left arm into that of the State Central Committee Chairman and his right arm into that of the State National Committee-man.

"Gentlemen," he said, "really, I have hopes that we may carry the state."

The State Chairman and the National Committee-man smiled at each other, leaning forward to look one another in the eye.

"What is it? Do you think that I am over-confident?" asked the Candidate. "I feel as I do because I never saw such a sight in my life. I could feel that that crowd meant business and would back the ticket."

"You say," said the State Chairman, "that you have hopes. I tell you that if every other doubtful state is as certain for the ticket as is this one, you might as well begin to make your arrangements to move to Washington. You have hopes. We know. And if you will wait until to-morrow afternoon I will tell you how large a plurality the state will give you—within three or four thousand votes."

When the Candidate had boarded his special train, the State Committee-man sent a telegram to the National Committee head-quarters in Chicago. It ran something like this:

"State safe by 5,000 if we can hold them where they are. Need about $6,500. Will send completed canvass to-morrow."

Here is the story, in detail, of the fight for a doubtful state in October, 1900. It is the story of what was going on in ten or fifteen other states. It is the story of what is going on in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and as many more states to-day.

The state was one which had voted for Bryan and against McKinley in 1896. As a result there had been a tightening up of mortgages held in the East. Business men throughout the state had suffered. They were ready and eager to help the National Committee-man and the State Chairman in doing all that was possible to convince the holders of capital on the Atlantic Coast that the state was financially sane. They were willing to give their money, which was not nearly as much as was needed, and their time, which was needed a great deal more than money.

First of all, every county chairman was called upon for a census of the men of voting age of his county. This cost money and time. Hired canvassers were necessary in order to insure accuracy and completeness. The work had to be done with more or less

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secrecy, lest the enemy should seek to bring it to confusion or should wake to the realization that the Republicans were going to make a determined effort to carry the state.

The names obtained in this census were entered on cards prepared for a card catalogue. The cabinets which were to contain this catalogue were in the office of the National Committee-man and were guarded, from the time the first card was filed in them, with much more care than the safe in which the party's funds were stored. As the cards were filled out, they were divided according to townships. Every township had a committee of four. The chairman of the township committee was asked to see to the division of the bunch of cards sent to him into four smaller bunches, arranged according to school districts. He was also asked to select ten tried and trusty Republicans in each school district and to turn the cards for each district over to its committee of ten with these instructions:

1. Pick out the names of the men who will surely vote the Republican ticket, rain or shine, irrespective of candidates, platforms or issues. Return them to the National Committee-man, marked "Sure Republican."

2. Pick out the sure Democrats in the same way and return them to the National Committee-man, marked "Sure Democrat."

3. After full discussion by the whole school-district committee, fill out the blanks on the remaining cards with the utmost care and return them to the National Committee-man, marked "Doubtful."

4. Class all middle-of-the-road Populists and Prohibitionists as doubtful.

By this means the National Committee-man had in his office, within a fortnight after the opening of the campaign, the name of every voter in the state who was regarded by his neighbors as one who was undecided as to how to cast his vote. The "filling out" of the "Doubtful" cards included such items of information as these:

Voted.....ticket, last election.

Regarded as having.....leanings this year.

Can read and write?.....

Business..... *Condition of business.....*

Age..... *Family.....*

If born an alien, or of alien parents, what was nationality?.....

Religion..... *General intelligence.....*

What man, or men (Republicans), have most influence with him in town, county, and state?.....

Personal peculiarities.....

Roughly speaking, the whole number of cards sent to a school-district committee for classification was four hundred or more. If the number ran very much higher, the membership of the district committee was increased. Usually, three-quarters of the names on the list could be set aside as surely Democratic or surely Republican, leaving one hundred as doubtful. With this data in hand, the National Committee-man and the State Chairman—and these two political managers must always work in harmony if they are to be successful—knew exactly where they stood in the fight. The cards told them that if all the doubtful voters followed their indicated "leanings," the Democrats would win by about nine thousand majority. The middle-of-the-road Populists, though classed as doubtful, were nearly certain to vote the Democratic ticket; but many of them had gone straight from stalwart Republicanism into Populism—there was always the possibility that in emerging from Populism they would find their way back into the fold from which they had strayed. The statisticians were put to work. They reported that in order to carry the state for McKinley and Roosevelt, all the doubtful Republicans must be held fast to the ticket and there must be a conversion of 4.4 doubtful Democrats in each school district.

The township and school-district chairmen were called to the state headquarters and were instructed and exhorted and bulldozed by the National Committee-man and the State Chairman and the County Chairman. The course of instruction for the County Chairmen had already been completed. Some of them, who seemed not fully to be awake to their responsibilities, had been sent to Chicago to be stimulated by a talk with the National Committee's Chairman, Senator Hanna, or his lieutenant, H. C. Payne, now the Postmaster-general. Every township and school-district chairman was made to understand that the fate of the party in the state depended upon his efforts and those of his sub-committee. When he had been duly impressed, instructions were given to him about like this:

"Here is a list of the voters from your

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township and district who have been certified as doubtful. Take it home with you. There are about one hundred names in each school district. Divide them up among your ten district committee-men. Make each one of those district committee-men feel that he is personally and eternally responsible for those ten votes. For each one of the ten, have him pick out five sure Republicans in the district who are not on any committees. Let each group of five keep hammering at each one of those doubtful ten. Select the five from among the men your voter owes money to, or is otherwise under obligation to. Don't be too darned nice about discriminating between the sorts of obligation it is proper to use. Keep circulating yourself, every day. If one of the groups of five seems to be loafing, put on five more. If there are four or five doubtful men in your town who would be influenced by any particular prominent man anywhere in the state, we will see that he gets over into your neighborhood and has a talk with them. Finally, when your helpers report that they have made certain that a man is going to vote with us, or that he has finally decided to vote against us, go to him yourself, verify the report and let us know as quickly as you can. Then put him to work, if he is a convert, on some other doubtful man—in that way you make him commit himself."

The township and school-district chairmen went home. They lectured the ten school-district committee-men in turn. Each one of the committees of ten selected his ten doubtful victims and drafted fifty Republican brethren to help him. See, now, how shrewd and comprehensive was the plan of campaign. There was scarcely a Republican in the State who was not definitely at work for the party and thus, to a degree, committed to its success at the polls. To every man in the list of "Sure Republicans" there were sent every week all sorts of campaign documents which helped the recipient in missionary work among the doubtful; and incidentally, these letters and pamphlets strengthened the "Sure Republican" in his allegiance and were of such a confidential and trusting nature that he could not go over to the Democrats without feeling like a traitor and a spy as he went.

To every voter on the doubtful list, already besieged by county and township and district committee-men, and a squad of auxiliary vote-harvesters, came reams of printed matter from headquarters. Was he a merchant—he got letters signed by the most important business men of the state asking for his personal support to the ticket, as a favor to them. Was he a farmer—a free subscription for three months to the *Farmer's Only Friend* was entered in his name, and between paragraphs regarding the relative merits of top-dressing and ploughing-in, he read of the perennial iniquity of the Democratic Party and the iridescent record of Republican righteousness. To Danish, Russian, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian speaking voters came arguments written in their own tongue, following their own habits of thought. Even the wife of the doubtful one was not spared; she received a leaflet which showed that the bishops and clergy of her religious sect throughout the state and the nation were all "coming out" for McKinley and Roosevelt. There were more than seven hundred different letters and circulars kept in stock at the National Committee-man's headquarters for use in the varying conditions that surrounded different voters, according to the description of the card catalogue.

The Republican State Chairman used his card catalogue and the statistics derived from it in his choice and distribution of campaign speakers. These speakers, whose expenses were paid by the treasurer of the National Committee, and who in some cases received a salary for their work, were ordered to report to him from every corner of the United States as he called for them. Did he need a converted Populist as a human exhibit on a corner of a corn-growing county? The National Committee Speakers' Bureau had a score of them, speaking among them, all the languages represented by the nativities of the electorate.

One incident of a hundred may be isolated as typical of the thoroughness of the campaign. There was a little village off the railroads, where two-thirds of the voting population was in the "doubtful" case and the other third was pretty much all in the "Sure Democrat" box. Fortunately, the big man of the village—storekeeper, informal banker, express agent, farm-machinery agent, justice of the peace, and insurance broker in one, was wavering. Though he had voted against McKinley and Hobart, the card said that he seemed to be leaning toward McKinley and Roosevelt. The few available trustworthy Republicans in the town were all set to work on him. His case was made the subject of more than one

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special consultation at state headquarters. He was inflated with importance one day to get a personal letter from Senator Hanna, asking his views "as an open-minded man, bound to no party," and inquiring as to the sources of the strength and weakness of the Republican Party in his community. By the efforts of the handful of Republican workers, he was elected deacon of his church, the one honor which had always seemed just beyond his reach. He capitulated; all unaware of the siege which had surrounded him. Before the fact was noised abroad, it was suggested that he give a town picnic, a union picnic of all the churches to celebrate his election to the diaconate. In that community the suggestion was not as queer as it may seem in more conventional neighborhoods. The old man was very willing to give the picnic, provided everybody brought his own victuals and looked after his own hauling—but the hiring of a band and the transportation of it from the county-seat was "agoin' to cost a heap o' money." A number of fellow-citizens (six of them Republicans and three innocently enthusiastic and generous Democrats) offered to share with him the expense of the band. Incidentally, the six Republicans collected their contributions in full from the County Chairman a week later, and the State Committee-man reimbursed the County Chairman most cheerfully.

The picnic was held. A quarter of the county was there. In the midst of the festivities the candidate for the seat in Congress of the district happened along the road. With him were two of the National Committee's best speakers. He explained that they had been campaigning in the next county, and were making for the railroad—which was perfectly true, as far as it went. Within fifteen minutes he was standing on an improvised platform explaining to the whole crowd that he was a plain politician, and couldn't resist the temptation to do a little campaigning when he accidentally ran on so many people gathered together. He had with him some noted orators from other states (and they were noted—the National Committeeman had seen to that), and would like to introduce them to his friends, if they didn't mind a little seasoning of politics in their fun-making. The picnic turned into a political rally in less time than it takes to tell it. Before the candidate for Congress left, the patron of the picnic, but three days an avowed Republican, climbed to the platform and informed his neighbors of his determination to change his party allegiance, and of his reasons for doing so.

"It was the biggest stroke of business I ever did in my life," said the National Committee-man, telling of it, "in politics or out. The old man didn't know and doesn't know to this day what happened to him. No one of the six or seven Republicans in the village, who did most of the work, knows exactly what was done; each one of them did what he was told to do, without any knowledge of the general plan. I met the Democratic County Chairman on the street two weeks later, and he told me that the way those speakers happened on that picnic was the 'luckiest thing he ever heard of in politics.' Best of all, it brought results; two days later my town committeeman sent me two hundred and fourteen names with just this note:

"'Change these cards from "doubtful" to "sure Republican."'

"And they have been coming in ever since. You hear a lot about 'luck' in politics. Except for the weather, there is no such thing as luck."

Three weeks before the election enough cards had been taken out of the doubtful rack and put into the "Sure Republican" and "Sure Democratic" cabinets to enable the statisticians to tell the National Committee-man that the national ticket lacked but 1.2 of a vote in each school district to insure a victory.

To get this last 1.2 of a vote, the National Chairman planned the greatest and most spectacular general attack of his campaign. It had already been arranged that Mr. Roosevelt, the direct representative of the national ticket on the stump, should go through the state on a special train. The best to be hoped from that visit and the sixty-odd speeches that the visitor would make was a general maintenance of enthusiasm in the party ranks and a few conversions by force of the candidate's personality. More was needed.

A "Harvest Carnival" of the sort which has become almost too familiar in the towns of the Middle West, sprang into being in the central city of the state. It was announced that in that city, for three days, ending with the visit of the candidate of the Republican party for Vice-President, there would be a continuous Republican rally. On the first day the congressional candidates and "the senatorial possibilities" would hold forth; on the second day the candidates for state offices

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would make their pleas, and on the last day Mr. Roosevelt and his supporting company of world-famed spell-binders would end the proceedings with a blaze of glory. Never was a circus better advertised. The railroads reduced their rates, and sold three-day excursion tickets. The merchants and hotel men of the city, scenting enormous profits in the presence of the multitude, subscribed liberally to decoration and entertainment funds, without the slightest regard to their party allegiance (profits are non-partisan). Orders were sent to the county and township and district leaders to get their doubtful voters to the rally for all three days, if possible—for the last day, surely; to come with them, and to see to it that they had a good time and had it in Republican company. Money was supplied for the part payment of the expenses of those who complained that they couldn't afford the trip.

It was that last day's crowd that the candidate had looked out over, on the day the telegram was sent, with the feeling that it told of a coming victory in the state. It was at the end of that day that the National Committee-man and the State Chairman smiled at each other, and told the candidate that they did not *feel*, but that they *knew*.

"Sitting as I did on the platform," said the National Committee-man, "I could pick out here and there men I knew as district committee-men or town committee-men. Pretty nearly every time I caught the eye of one of them, he grinned all over his face and pointed out a man on his right or his left, with his hat off, cheering a speech he couldn't hear, and wearing a McKinley badge. I knew that meant a conversion. By the law of averages it meant, too, that the rally had paid for itself, and that we had got nearer 3 votes to a district than the 1.2 of a vote we needed.

"All that is necessary now is to hold them where they are and pick up enough to make good the falling away of backsliders."

Then, with an expression of exultant virtue that would have been comical if what preceded had not been so impressive, he said:

"And I ask you to notice: We haven't had to buy a vote! Not a single vote! And we won't!"

The result of all this expenditure of time and thought and energy amply repaid the men who had borne the brunt of the fight. For the official count of the vote showed that the state was carried for McKinley by a majority of more than 10,000 votes.

When the late Senator Hanna became known all over the country as a great political manager, there were not lacking thousands of questions from people who could not understand the secret of his success in forcing the nomination and election of President McKinley against apparently formidable odds.

"He's nothing but a business man," they said.

Not long ago I encountered a man, a Democrat of considerable reputation from the state in which occurred the campaign which has been described, and asked him about the reputation of the National Committee-man as a politician.

"Why, he isn't any politician at all," said the Democrat. "He just happened to be on the National Committee in a year when the state was naturally Republican. He's nothing but a plain business man."

There was the secret of the whole campaign and its result. Hanna, the business man, at the head of the National Committee, relied on business men to carry out his plans by plain business methods.

Recently a search among practical politicians of the National Committee class for a codified set of rules and regulations governing the conduct of a National Campaign by a National Committee Chairman, brought but meagre results. The high secrets of the trade are not to be parted with lightly. But from one man, high in the chief strategy board of his party, came this grim guide-book for a would-be Chairman of a National Committee.

How many votes are there?
How many of them are yours?
Are there enough?
If not, where can you get 'em?
Get 'em!

It is as simple as it is bewildering. Think of the National Chairman, with his headquarters in Chicago or New York, with his vice-chairman in command in the other city. He is the commander-in-chief. He has a chief-of-staff, the Secretary of the Committee. He has National Committee-men, one from each state, who travel between him and their states and lead the fight on the battle-line; they are the corps commanders. On their reports he must rely almost absolutely, though he may have agents observing and working independently of them.

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How many votes are there? His corps commanders must find that out for him in each state, by a canvass. They must also find out whether the party has enough of those votes to make the state a "safe state"; there must be enough "sure" votes to settle the way it will go in the election.

Taking together the reports brought in by his corps commanders, considering them in the light of the advice of the State Committee-men and the outside observers in whom the Chairman also has confidence, sitting in consultation with the experienced men of the party, the National Committee-man decides which states are safe; which states are hopelessly lost to the enemy, and which states are doubtful. No state is hopelessly lost, though, if its electoral vote is essential to the election of the ticket. Remember that last injunction of the Wise Man, "Get 'em!" On the other hand, it may be economical to abandon some of the doubtful states in order to concentrate all of the party's resources on those which can be easiest carried and are most needed. These are no light, off-hand questions. The fate of the party depends on them. When the newspapers tell us that this or that national committee or a subdivision of one of them is meeting, with great privacy, in St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Washington, or Philadelphia, we know that it is not a session of idle talk or of vague theorizing as to what final results may be. Those sessions mean work—headwork, and that of the hardest kind.

It would be difficult to estimate with accuracy the limits of the influence of weather on the plans of politicians. The business committeeman, even, admits that weather is luck. Two or three weeks of gloomy, raw weather before an election day make havoc with the campaign of the administration's party. Such weather works in the mind of man an intangible desire for a change. Of course, the Government at Washington does not really control the winds and rains, but nevertheless the Government at Washington is part of the all-ordering management of things and is accordingly held responsible. In agricultural states a moderately rainy day will send the farmers to the polls to a man, because they can do nothing in the fields—but it will keep the city voters at home; the result is a decided gain for the party which the farmer favors and the city man opposes. Again, in states where the deplorable custom prevails of paying consistently partisan voters to stay away from the polls, bad weather furnishes an excuse that may save the mercenary citizen's reputation among his brethren. Had it rained all through the three days' rally at the close of the campaign in our doubtful state, where would the National Committee-man's 1.2 of a vote have gone?

"How much does it all cost?" echoed one of the ablest and wiliest of campaign managers who ever elected his man, when I asked him the question six weeks ago. "Well, I should say"—here he scratched his chin meditatively and squinted out of the corner of his eye at me as though wondering just how low he could put the figure and be believed, "I should say that the party which started out with a prospect of having less than a million dollars might as well go out of business before it began. It isn't as it was in the days when I was a State chairman and my wife was my secretary, and none of the speakers was paid anything and all of them travelled on passes, and I carried the state for $836—and it was a doubtful state, too."

"But how much more than a million could you spend on a National campaign to good advantage?"

He leaned back in his chair and roared for pure joy.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

CONSCIENCE MAKES A HEROINE

I BELIEVE Straight Talk in EVERYBODY'S will prove a godsend to many, for the department meets a long-felt need. Though I am not a victim of tuberculosis, I am a victim of conscience, and I want Straight Talk to help me into the light. My trouble grows out of the fact that I never pay any taxes, though I own railroad stocks to the par value of $6,000. As I am the wife of a Methodist preacher, my residence changes on an average of every two years, and consequently the tax collector never gets to know that I am taxable, though I take no pains at all either to make known or to hide the fact that I have a private income. The matter has troubled me quite a little, for I want to do the honest thing always, and I should be greatly indebted to Straight Talk if it would settle the matter for me to the satisfaction of my conscience.

N. Y. A. B.

SIOUX CITY AND THE WICKED PREACHER

IN the June number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE we have the following statement from George Armor Fair, Seattle, Wash.:

"While in Sioux City, Io., we took the entire Central Christian Church into Immanuel Baptist Church one Sunday with the most desirable results."

In connnection with which statement I should like to relate some facts.

The body of people he mentions had alienated themselves from the First Christian Church of Sioux City, Io., not because of any change of religious belief, but because they had been influenced by a disreputable and wicked man, then pastor of the First Christian Church, whose unsavory history of that time (April, 1901), can be read by anyone who cares to apply to the board of officers of the First Christian Church of Sioux City. His name, together with those of a number of his misguided followers, was at that time read off the First Christian Church books. With these and more of his followers, he organized what they were pleased to term the Central Christian Church.

However, Sioux City soon proved to be an undesirable stopping-place for the wicked preacher; he did not tarry long and left his followers stranded, with no house and no church-home.

Hence, it was not much of an honor, or much to boast of, to take them into Immanuel Baptist Church. My husband and I were members of the First Christian Church during those troublous times "that tried men's souls," and I know whereof I speak.

The First Christian Church of Sioux City still exists, and I am happy to state is thriving.

Springfield, Ill. MRS. ELLEN E. TEMPLE.

A RIPE PUBLIC

MR. LAWSON'S story is likely to mark an epoch. Whether he will carry the story to its logical conclusion, whether he can fulfil his promises in that respect is the all-important question. I hope he will, but there are especial difficulties in the way, for argue as he will, Mr. Lawson cannot possibly separate the men from the system. Before he is through he will certainly be charged with the betrayal of his associates. I do not say that the charge will be sustained, but the very effort to avoid it will magnify his task.

If I have read the signs of the times aright, there is going to be a revolution in business affairs. Mr. Lawson's efforts may start the revolution, and thus his story may mark an epoch.

The accumulation of vast fortunes in the hands of a few individuals has recently come to be viewed with a sense of alarm by the public. It is not so much the size of the fortunes as the methods by which they have been accumulated. It has come to be generally believed that those methods are generally unscrupulous and often fraudulent. The people at large have begun to realize that the immense sums gained by a few men represent actual losses sustained by a great many other persons.

There is a well-known lawyer in the city of New York, who once held public office where his duty was to convict criminals, who now boasts that his whole business is to defend "the criminal rich." That remark passed for genuine wit not two years ago, but more recently I have heard it condemned and reviled by those who once applauded it. Now, there is a sign of the times, and a plain one, too. Two years or so ago the criminal rich were accepted complaisantly as a necessary part of the community, but now there is apparent a deep sense of resentment toward these heartless schemers because of the wide-spread sufferings which it is recognized they have caused.

The public is ripe for disclosures and for the condemnation of "the criminal rich." In England

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Whittaker Wright was brought to justice. At home the wave of reform has been rolling over various of our cities like Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis. Recall the recent Post-office scandals and the popularity of their investigation. The people have struck sturdy blows at corruption in civic and national affairs, and they are in the mood to begin some needed reforms in commercial and financial matters. There is certainly a revolution pending, and perhaps Mr. Lawson's story may start it.

New York. W. N. A.

SPIRITUAL CROPPING OUT

I AM pleased with the fidelity of the Methodist that brother Elwell speaks of in the July EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

I think this a good argument against federation. If the Methodist so loves his church as to pass one of another denomination, drive seven miles, and put up with bad break-downs to hear the gospel preached from a Methodist standpoint, would it be right to compel him to give up his church for a universal one? And such a church would have to permit dancing and card-playing, which are revolting to many.

No! let us keep our separate denominations. We must have them to suit our several temperaments. Some will say there are no denominations in heaven.

No, for there all is spiritual, no bodies to contend with. Here all is body with a little spiritual cropping out here and there.

Creve Cœur, Mo. W. J. HAM, M.D.

THE CHURCH THAT TELESCOPED

ALL the discussion in EVERYBODY'S appears to be about the churches and not the preachers. The latter, and they alone, are responsible for the empty benches. A minister should "make good" as well as an actor or a singer, or else make his exit. His first problem is to cover his benches with bodies, then sail in for the souls. Any furrier can tell you how to dress a bear-skin, but there is a man that comes before him; that is the man who catches the bear. You must catch your man before you convert him, and there's no alternative but to keep on changing the bait until you get him.

To a church in a small Western town came a young minister, fresh from a theological college. On one bright Sabbath morning he preached his first sermon to a crowded house. He was naturally elated at that and somewhat crestfallen when, on the second Sunday, his congregation was considerably smaller. On the third Sunday, his audience was not only much reduced, but it seemed to him that the church edifice itself looked smaller, much smaller.

Knowing this was impossible, he rubbed his glasses clear, and preached his sermon. On the fourth Sunday, the house of God looked like a hen-house, and, thinking he was losing his reason, he asked the sexton for particulars.

"Why, certainly," said that worthy, "this church is getting smaller every Sunday, but it is compelled to keep pace with your congregations. That is one of the conditions exacted by the philanthropist who built it some years ago."

And then the sexton took the young preacher down in the cellar, and showed him the machinery and levers that regulated the size of the church. With a simple touch of the hand, he could stretch the building out like a concertina, or contract it at will. The minister caught his breath and waited for more.

"You see, it was this way," continued the sexton, "one of our rich men, with an eccentric turn, was determined that no minister should preach to empty benches in this town. So he designed a church that would fit any preacher in the country. While your congregations have been getting smaller every Sunday, you have always talked to a full house. Why, I have seen this church so small that only myself and the minister could get into it. You see, it is my business to regulate the size of the church; all you have to do is to furnish the congregation——"

But the young preacher stayed to hear no more, and his suit-case was packed that night with trembling hands. As he left town the next morning, he noted that the church had resumed its normal condition; it was as big as on his arrival, and ready for another embryo Spurgeon or Beecher.

What is wanted is ministers who will keep churches from "telescoping."

San Francisco, Cal. JOHN C. CHALMERS.

SNIVELLING LITTLE WHINERS

APROPOS of Dorothy Dix's article regarding woman's inhumanity to her sister woman and the discussion resulting therefrom, I wish to relate a little circumstance that fell under my personal observation.

In March of the present year I was going to southern California *via* the Southern Pacific R.R., and a few minutes before the evening train left the Portland depot, a lady with two small children and the usual number of travelling bags was put aboard the tourist sleeper in which I was sitting, bound for her old home at Austin, Tex.

Their berth was near mine and I soon became conscious that although the mother was apparently in good health, she was one of those utterly helpless beings that we sometimes meet, lacking "gumption" and self-confidence.

The younger child was a babe in arms and very quiet and good-natured.

The older was a little girl about four years of age and one of those little whiners, always wanting attention and snivelling at the least thing that crossed her—one that a person instinctively wishes to treat as he does most medicines before taking.

Near these three sat a lady about thirty years of age and herself not in the best of health, as I afterward learned, who, almost before the train had started, began to show "inhumanity" to the worried mother by going to her and making friendly advances. She took the little girl and amused her and kept charge of her during the entire journey to Los Angeles, even taking her to sleep in her own bed the three nights we were on the road.

Upon arriving at Los Angeles, her home, this noble woman helped the mother to arrange for tickets for a continuance of her journey, asked other through passengers to give her a helping hand, and stayed with her until time for the train to go.

Gate, Wash. W. M. BROCK.

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ISN'T SHE SWEET?

SUPPOSE a woman does let her eyes travel over every new-comer in a street-car—I realize now that I do that myself. It's feminine curiosity, often admiration, and the remark has again and again been whispered in my ear: "Isn't she sweet?" or "What a pretty dress or hat!" or "What a lovely complexion!" At the same time I cannot recall any spiteful or mean remarks.

In travelling, a girl is taught to keep herself to herself. Yet often have I seen women lend a helping hand to each other when needed.

Lafayette, Ind. VICTORIA H. STONE.

THE HUNT FOR A MAN

THAT mother is rare, alas! who does not instil into the mind of her daughter the idea that she should and sometimes must marry a man who is well blessed with this world's goods. Subsequently come the particular virtues he should possess. But they are only secondary considerations. First, last, and all the time he must have the money.

Now as, unfortunately, wealthy young gentlemen matrimonially inclined are much scarcer than marriageable young ladies, a bitter rivalry springs up as soon as the girl has made her début. It is not an open conflict but a guerilla warfare.

The girl looks upon all her sisters as possible rivals. Even when she attains her ambition, if she does, the hard struggle through which she has passed leaves its impress, shown only in her treatment of other women.

In far worse case is her less fortunate sister. She is actively antagonistic. We are all familiar with the genus "old maid." Continue this operation for generations, and what is the natural result?

Till the "new woman" made her appearance of late years, the one aim and endeavor of every woman's life was to make a successful marriage. How could she help but envy or scorn her more or less fortunate rivals? It was the fight of her life; every trick was fair and no rules for the game.

As Miss Dix pertinently points out, the spirit of *camaraderie* is much stronger among those women who are earning their own living than among their more conservative sisters. They have freed themselves from the centuries-old hunt for the "eligible man" and their true nature is gradually coming to the surface. W. LEHMAN.

Chanute, Kans.

HATS AND HUMANITY

EVEN a superficial observer of women must at times have been struck by their extraordinary behavior one to another. How to account for it, is yet a problem to me, although I have frequently attempted a solution.

The most common cause is, in my opinion, jealousy. If the other woman happen to be young, good-looking, well dressed, wealthy, or in a better position socially, then any one of these is a good reason why she should be severely overhauled and, if possible, made to know her proper place!

I know that jealousy will not always offer a satisfactory explanation of woman's erratic conduct, but then, in many ways women are altogether inexplicable, and to themselves most of all.

A case in point came under my notice some years ago in a Boston theatre before the era of "Ladies will please remove their hats."

In the same row of seats with myself sat a young society woman, resplendent in one of those monumental hats which were the pet abomination of theatre-goers—who did not wear them—in the bad old times.

This dame kept her head going almost continuously in a jerky, bird-like fashion, which caused the towering hat to act as an effective screen for those unfortunate enough to be seated with it between them and the stage.

After a time the nuisance so exasperated a lady sitting immediately behind, that she ventured to remonstrate with the owner of the obstructive millinery, and asked if she would be kind enough to remove it from her head while the play lasted.

Remove it, indeed! Not if she knew it. "I wish my hat was twice as big," was the snappish reply, and the movements of the head continued with a vigor which seriously threatened dislocation of the neck.

Now I am satisfied that had some specimen of the male sex requested the removal of the hat, its wearer would have smiled sweetly and deposited the offending head-gear at once in her lap; but because it was a lady who made the request it was insultingly refused.

Yes, Mr. Editor, scratch me down as a supporter of the views expressed by the writer of the article.

Barre, Vt. JAMES MCADAM.

PHYSICIANS' AWFUL RESPONSIBILITY

THE letters referring to the Great White Plague, which have appeared in the Straight Talk department of EVERYBODY'S, must have done much toward impressing the laity with the importance of an early establishment of the diagnosis in tuberculosis of the lungs. If it is recognized in its incipiency, a cure of consumption is probable, if correct treatment is followed.

Though it is not generally known, there are many other diseases which are curable if treated by competent methods in their early stages, but which are fatal to life or usefulness if unrecognized and unscientifically treated. Among these may be mentioned: various tumors, cancers, ulcers, and many of those diseases which are known as "catarrhal." Most deformities and diseases which result in deformities, such as lateral curvature of the spine, joint diseases, etc., can be successfully treated only if attacked in an early stage.

Therefore the first requisite of a physician is that he be a diagnostician. "A Recovered Consumptive" would seem to have been particularly unfortunate in the physicians he consulted. Errors, the gravity of which he clearly demonstrates, were made by several. Exactly similar errors are being made daily, not only by Drs. C., W., and S., whom he mentions, but by innumerable doctors throughout the land. Too many of these instances cannot be published, for it is by this means we may hope to make it possible to pass and enforce such laws as will prohibit the careless, ignorant, and fraudulent from assuming the grave responsibilities of the physician.

The reputable medical colleges have now established a four years' course of study, and demand a certain standard of education before a student is permitted to matriculate. Gradually our individual

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states are increasing their requirements for the obtaining of a license to practise medicine and surgery within their confines.

However, by construing the practice of medicine to mean the prescribing of drugs for internal use, our courts permit all sorts of quacks to offer diagnosis and prescribe treatment and, in general, to assume all the responsibilities of a physician, providing only they do not prescribe drugs for use *per orem*.

The public is awakening to the wickedness of inducing the sick by false promises to treat themselves with patent medicines, and thus postpone, until too late, an early diagnosis with its great possibility of a cure. If gold is ever tarnished by the method used in its accumulation, as some consider to be the case with the wealth of the dealer in intoxicating drinks and of the gambler, how black must be that gold which comes from this robbery of the ignorant and wrecking of the lives of the foolish. Is it aught but murder?

By the refusal of advertising space to patent medicines and other forms of quackery, EVERYBODY'S started a crusade which is gaining cohorts daily; or, if EVERYBODY'S was not the originator of this reform movement, it has, at least, been the leading spirit. All self-respecting periodicals have fallen into line, and all that wish to be successful will soon have to do so. The United States Postal Service has recently begun to exercise a greater discrimination than hitherto as to the character of the advertisements contained in the magazines and newspapers using its facilities.

As means of suppressing the Great White Plague, we have not only to look to the making and enforcing of sanitary laws, but also to the making and enforcing of laws forbidding those who are lacking in the science and skill necessary to an early diagnosis of a tubercular process, to assume the responsibility of a physician. It matters not whether the one who assumes to care for a fellow-being's health, uses drugs, or ointments, or massage, or prayers, or anything whatsoever therapeutically, he is practising medicine, and is amenable to the laws applying to physicians.

Let us arouse popular sentiment, and the laws will soon be passed by our legislative bodies. The points on which we must insist are: strict sanitary laws; a higher qualification for licensed physicians; and the branding as criminal everything which would postpone an early diagnosis and scientific treatment.

J. J. N.

A FRESH-AIR CURE

IN February, 1902, a member of my family was advised to go to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks and take the "fresh-air cure," as she would live but three months if she remained in New York.

The doctors X-rayed her and found her right lung diseased and containing a small cavity, and her sputum was full of the bacilli.

She had a racking cough, night-sweats, and raised blood, etc.

We took her to Saranac Lake and the physicians advised her to sit out one to three hours a day, the time to be increased until she was able to sit out eight to ten hours a day—no matter what the weather was, but to be bundled up warmly.

At night she slept with all the windows in her room open and often the temperature was as low as twenty-eight to forty degrees below zero. They also advised her to eat plenty of beef, raw eggs, and milk, eating whenever hungry, but taking little exercise, owing to her high temperature.

After being there a month she was allowed to take walks, increasing their length, according to a doctor's directions, as she grew stronger, and her temperature was less easily affected by exertion.

When she had followed this cure for eighteen months, we were able to bring her home *A Cure*. She gained by this treatment thirty-five pounds, and has never had any return of cough, expectorations or pleurisy, has resided in New York again for the past six months and is to-day in almost perfect health.

Brooklyn, N. Y. G. E. RICE.

AMERICA'S PLUTOCRACY

REALLY, my dear Mr. Editor—accepting your invitation to criticise articles appearing in your excellent magazine—to read the anonymous contribution entitled "Is America Developing an Aristocracy?"—it is to laugh. Surely our friend must be a New Yorker, born and reared within the narrow confines of the metropolis, where sky-scrapers and colossal fortunes have been as blinders in confining his view of things sociological to those born of and controlled by the almighty dollar!

Undoubtedly he is qualified to speak with authority upon the subject as he understands it, but please permit me to suggest his limited vision and consequent untenable hypothesis.

America, he asserts, is laying the foundation of an Aristocracy within the sacred precincts of the ultra-rich, founded upon filthy lucre and ostentatious living, and dependent wholly upon the ability of posterity to "keep up the pace." If that is Aristocracy, what is Plutocracy?

Has this gentleman never heard of "Plutocracy," the word which was coined to describe just the condition which he describes? He will not find it in the old Webster, nor in any dictionary published prior to the advent of the American multi-millionaire. It is in the later editions, placed there through necessity, as there was no term in the English language which would fit the case, the condition, to which he has given the title "Aristocracy." Just look at the difference:

Plutocracy:—Fabulous wealth. Ostentatious living. Social conditions founded upon wealth and vulgar display.

Aristocracy:—Government by nobles (English). A society of gentle-folk. A social condition based upon ancient lineage, refinement, and culture.

Now, if our anonymous friend has not described the former, and failed to touch upon a single condition which constitutes the latter, I have misread his article. Aristocracy is not, can never be dependent upon either wealth or poverty, but exists not because of, but in spite of such conditions, which is, indeed, its true test. An Aristocracy must be founded by gentlemen, and as it takes "four generations to make a gentleman," only two of the families mentioned in the article referred to have reached that stage.

This country was only once threatened (?) by an Aristocracy—the old slave-holding class in the South. Had there been no war between the States we should have had an Aristocracy, but it would not have been builded upon dollars nor its stability threatened by lack or loss of wealth.

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Seek an article on the subject by Thomas Nelson Page, or Savoyard, and let your readers compare the two. You will then appreciate what I have said—it is to laugh. JOHN STRONG.

Washington, D. C.

THE GENTLEMAN'S TEST

THE opinions of the various clergymen on the subject of "Christianity and Amusements" convey to me, somewhat, the impression that the issue is one to be answered indefinitely, if not altogether avoided. The subject is one of very great importance. Not so much in relation to the influence of the amusements named upon the life of the Christian, as to the influence of example upon the lives of those who lay no claims to religious scruples, or of the younger generation, who, by reason of their tender years, have not yet formed definite views of life.

These opinions suggest that the Christian Church is not supposed to interfere with the individual belief of its members as to the class of amusements in which they wish to indulge. That when one accepts the tenets of the Christian Church, one should be able to settle what the individual conscience approves or the life demands. All cannot be held accountable by the same measure of responsibility. I, for example, might dance, or play cards, or attend the play without injuring my moral susceptibilities. I might even obtain relaxation of spirits, healthful exercise, or intellectual food by so doing, but what influence will I be exerting on those nearest to me in my two-fold life as a Christian?

This seems to be the rock upon which the Christian Church has split. The trouble lies in the fact that however much we may approve of the doctrine of clean, pure living, we are reluctant to undertake any of the responsibility of enforcing its observance. We dread to interfere with what we are pleased to call "personal liberties." A Christian should be a "gentleman" in the highest sense of the word—a title that means the same all the world over, one who tries to live a blameless life himself, and also neglects no opportunity to elevate and help a weaker neighbor. Whether we shall or shall not dance, play cards, attend the play, or gratify any of our natural or acquired appetites, are questions that should all be subjected to the higher question: "Will they violate my honor and influence as a gentleman?" Shakespeare's advice from the mouth of Polonius to his son Laertes is a motto good to remember:

"But, above all, to thine own self be true, and it shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." CHAS. E. JAMES.

CONSCIENCE THE REAL GUIDE

THE world cannot be reformed by standing outside it and preaching at it. It would also be most absurd for us to restrict our conscience because it differs from that of a more narrow sect. Is not conscience the soul, and is not the soul God incarnate? If our conscience is not to guide us, pray tell us where shall we get our guidance, inasmuch as the Bible can only guide us through our own particular interpretation of it? Ministers have given up long ago trying to have us live by the letter of the Bible. No one attempts to, now—except the ascetics and the miserably narrow. Conscience seems to be our guiding star. Of course, repeated defiance dulls the perceptions, and perhaps the conscience finally fails to warn at all. Some amusements degrade us in the eyes of the narrow. What are we to do? Are we to cut out of our life all our pleasures for the extreme desirability of being high in the estimation of these narrow? Are we to waste our life for the delectation of these imbeciles? Let every person take his own community for example. When a member of that community begins to think for himself, he finds he must cut loose from the restraining ropes of creed. If he has stamina, he obeys that impulse. Immediately he is criticised harshly, called all the various brands of fools, and destined for the Pit. He finds life is rather unpleasant for him. Who wouldn't? Everyone has just enough vanity to want people to think well of him. He sacrifices his vanity for the sake of his conscience—and he is damned. Everyone who ever tried to fight tradition, old-fogyism, or what you will, has reaped only condemnation for his immediate reward. Death alone brings the words of encouragement and commendation, and they do little good at that time. Those of the clergy who dare assert their manhood in this manner in matters of vital interest come in for their share of this universal condemnation. Perhaps it falls a little heavier on their shoulders than on those of the laity, but that is all. The Church needs reforming. Get next to the real, inner self of these advanced "dominies," and I think they will agree. But this is apart from the subject.

Many people will feel satisfied to have the clergymen in "Christianity and Amusements" for a moral sign-board. We are not quite bold enough to stand alone for our thoughts. We want someone a little better known to stand the brunt.

E. LA RUE JONES.

SPIRIT OF GOD SUFFICIENT

THAT mind which looks to the world for amusements and pleasure is not the Mind of Christ, and must be a natural, a carnal mind, seeking not to serve God, but to serve itself.—Rom. xvi. 19; Phil. iii. 19.

When the people of God have the promise of a Comforter from heaven, to come to, and abide with them, even in tribulations and in a prison, what need have they for something to amuse only their eyes or their ears, when they already have even a foretaste of heaven given to them?—John xvi. 33; Acts xvi. 25; Gal. vi. 9; II. Thess. iii. 13.

Our modern religion that now calls for pleasure-seeking, amusements, with card-playing and dancing, etc., to entertain its people, does not compare well with that described by Paul in Gal. v. 13, 16, 24. And if anyone wishes to learn how our Lord regarded church entertainments in his day, let him see the lesson in Mark xi. 15–17.

Are not the words and Spirit of God sufficient for the minds and hearts of all men? What more is needed? Who will tell us? Whence can it come?

Pleasant Hill, O. LANDON WEST.

THE SULPHUR CURE

SEEING your request for a cure for consumption, I will tell you what cured me: inhaling fumes of burning sulphur. MRS. C. DAVISSON.

Mt. Claire, W. Va.

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Photograph by La Marche, Chicago.

ARTHUR J. O'BRYAN IN "THE SHO-GUN."

IT is rather curious that American playwrights who have won success, and those who have not, if they can afford it, should hasten to London in the early summer to make arrangements for the coming season in this country. It seems easier for a dramatist to cross the ocean and dispose of his wares to American managers than to cross Broadway, although there is no thought of presenting the play abroad.

Of late years London has become a theatrical clearing-house for New York and the United States generally. Desirous of minimizing the risks of a most uncertain business, managers prefer to buy a play that has been produced. It is not because they like foreign plays, but because a production offers opportunity for safe box-office judgment as to whether or not the play will appeal to the American public. No human being can tell with certainty what the fate of a stage offering is likely to be until it has been presented to an audience that pays to see it. If the plays given in London were written by Americans, our managers would buy them as readily as they do the English product. For several seasons there have not been sufficient good, or successful, plays brought out in

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Photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio.

LULU GLASER, STARRING IN "A MADCAP PRINCESS."

London to meet the American demand, and the dearth gives opportunity for the American playwrights, known and unknown. The London season is at its height in the early summer, after the theatrical year has closed on this side of the ocean, and managers delay making their decisions for the coming year until they have canvassed the British field.

Paul M. Potter, who has a profound knowledge of plays and of the philosophy of playwrighting, albeit he makes some abominably bad ones himself, says that America can no longer count upon England and France for new plays. He believes that the productive capacity of those countries is practically exhausted, for the time being at least, and he sees no indication of new blood. Although Mr. Potter is classed as an American playwright, he was born and educated in England, and passes the greater part of his time in Paris, so he may be acquitted of prejudice.

The public that pays doesn't care particularly about the source of plays, so long as they are amusing or interesting, any more than it is concerned about the fact that a popular song is a rearrangement of an old melody which few people ever heard. The public wants to be amused, entertained, or interested. Of course, it is pleasant to know that we have men capable of making as good dramas as anyone living, but there has never been any indication of a burning desire to patronize home industry in comedy or melodrama to the exclusion of better plays made abroad.

The season of 1904-05 opened earlier than usual, there being an understandable disposition on the part of managers to gather in as many dollars as possible before the shows that are a part of a national political campaign should prove too strong in their rivalry. The earliest new offerings were light musical affairs, probably on the theory that the period immediately succeeding vacations is one of mental convalescence, when solid nourishment cannot be assimilated. "The Maid and the Mummy" was the first new entertainment seen in New York. It belongs to the "summer show" category, one of those flimsy, frivolous, cheerful hodgepodges, with jiggery jingles and a chorus that works like a prize-fighter trying to reduce his weight. There are a lot of jolly ditties in "The Maid and the Mummy," and there is also Mrs. Yeamans, that perennially young comedienne. Every new wrinkle adds a line of humor to her fine

TAYLOR GRANVILLE AS *PEG-LEG CHRIS* IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE-PATCH."

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Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

MARGARET WYCHERLY, STARRING IN W. B. YEATS'S PLAYS.

old face. Of all the famous fun-makers who were associated with Harrigan and Hart, she alone occupies a higher place than she did in those old days.

An exemplification of the fact that there are short cuts to success on the stage is found in the brief career of Blanche Buckner, the prima donna of "The Isle of Spice," that came to the Majestic Theatre in August. She is only eighteen and Manager B. C. Whitney discovered her in a music-store in Louisville, where she was trying a song. Impressed by her voice and her personal beauty, he offered her a place in the chorus, which she accepted. Her career as a chorus-girl lasted just four weeks; then she was promoted to the principal rôle, that of *Therese*. There is another very youthful singer in "The Isle of Spice," Alice Yorke, who is the understudy for Miss Buckner and who has sung the leading rôle with marked success. She is only seventeen, and she first went on the stage last October. She has a soprano voice out of all proportion to her years and size, and so impressed is Mr. Whitney with her ability that he has signed a contract with her for ten years. She has never played in any other company.

When Lulu Glaser walked onto the stage of the Broadway Theatre to attend the first rehearsal of "A Madcap Princess," she saw at the piano Signor de Novellis, the musical director, and a queer expression came over the faces of both. The star and the leader chatted together for a few moments and the assembled company wondered. Twelve years before, in that very July week and on that very stage, Signor de Novellis gave Miss Glaser her first opportunity.

She was a flaxen-haired little German girl then, wearing dresses that hardly covered her knees. She was passing the stage entrance to the theatre when she saw a crowd of chorus-folk laughing and chatting. She thought they seemed very happy. The little German girl had already thought of the serious business of earning one's living, for she and her mother knew the pinch of poverty, but the idea of going on the stage had not occurred to her. Yielding to an impulse, she followed the girls into the theatre. They seemed so cheerful, so joyously expectant, that the little German girl thought she should like to be one of them.

Because she had the assurance and confidence in herself that are essential to comic-opera success, the little German girl told the inquiring stage manager that she hadn't been

ALICE YORKE, ALTERNATE PRIMA DONNA IN "THE ISLE OF SPICE."

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio.

KATHERINE GREY, LEADING WOMAN WITH W. H. CRANE IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

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Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin, Ireland.

ROLAND CUNNINGHAM, LEADING MAN WITH FRITZI SCHEFF IN "THE TWO ROSES."

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BERTRAM WALLIS, THE NEW ENGLISH BARYTONE IMPORTED FOR "A MADCAP PRINCESS."

engaged, but she was seeking a place. And because she was pretty and rounded and dimpled and tall, with a merry smile, and dazzling teeth, the stage manager directed her to Signor de Novellis. The spluttery, kindly Italian tried her voice and found it good. He filled out the blank form, giving her name, her age, her coloring, and he added: "She has a voice and temperament; she will make a name for herself."

And that is how Lulu Glaser came to join the Francis Wilson Opera Company. She was a chorus-girl with a weekly wage of $15 all that season. The next year she had a small part with her name on the programme. The third year saw her advanced to the position of leading soubrette and she remained with Francis Wilson in that capacity for seven years, her rôles being made more important as her reputation increased. After nine years with Mr. Wilson she decided to go starring. Her first venture, "Sweet Ann Page," was an utter failure. Then came "Dolly Varden," which was enormously popular for two seasons and which firmly established her. The musical version of "When Knighthood Was In Flower," called "A Madcap Princess," should suit her even better than "Dolly Varden."

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Fritzi Scheff and Lulu Glaser are each to have an English matinée idol as a leading man. Roland Cunningham and Bertram Wallis have long been famous in London for their voices and their pulchritude; also they are recognized as admirable actors. Of course, Hayden Coffin has the first place among the men singers in London, where people are intensely loyal to old favorites, but the following of the younger men is very large. It was expected that Roland Cunningham, who is a tenor, would be seen here with Edna May, he having been long associated with her in London in "The School Girl" and in "La Poupée," but he will be the *Philip Merivale* in "The Two Roses" with "the wicked little Scheff." Mr. Wallis, who is a barytone, will play and sing *Charles Brandon* to Lulu Glaser's *Mary Tudor*.

Photograph by The Biograph Studio, London.

BEVERLEY SITGREAVES AS *MRS. VIDAL* IN "RAFFLES."

In a souvenir copy of "Raffles" which Kyrle Bellew gave to Beverley Sitgreaves, he quoted a line from the play: "You are a very clever woman, Mrs. Vidal." No one realized the truth of this until Miss Sitgreaves appeared in the part, which happened to be at the hundredth performance. She is really one of the most capable actresses in America, and yet she says she has never made a pronounced hit in New York. Perhaps one reason is that she has passed so much of her time abroad. She is rather better known in London than in New York, Paris has talked about her work, and she has a remarkably high standing in South Africa. Miss Sitgreaves went to Paris at the insistence of Sarah Bernhardt, who was going to have parts written for her in new plays. The purity of Miss Sitgreaves's French has always amazed French people. The masters with whom she studied in Paris to fit herself to act in French refused to believe that she was not of French or Russian birth and that she was self-taught.

But the American actress had not the chance to play in French. Bernhardt fell ill and months were lost. Then she decided upon a play in which there could be no part for Miss Sitgreaves. Sardou promised to give her a part, but at the last moment he decided that it was too great a risk. It is one of the fixed beliefs of the French stage that an American or Britisher cannot play successfully in French. Instead of engagements Miss Sitgreaves was given promises, which are not recognized as currency in any *pen-*

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Photograph by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL IN THE NEW SARDOU PLAY, "THE SORCERESS."

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sion, so she returned to London where an engagement is always open to her. She made two tours of South Africa as leading woman of the company, and she was also leading woman of the badly managed English theatre in Paris. Again she returned to London, to make a big hit as *Iras* in the Drury Lane production of "Ben Hur." Last season she had a comedy part with Julia Marlowe in the Henry Esmond play which Miss Marlowe wearied of early in the season. The impression made by Miss Sitgreaves in Chicago seemed to insure the New York hit, which is the ambition of all American stage-folk, but the comedy never reached the metropolis. It is remarkable how long some players must wait for their real opportunity. Georgie Drew Barrymore was recognized as one of the best actresses in America, yet she was before the public for more than twenty years before she made her first big hit as the widow in "The Senator" with W. H. Crane.

The career of Katherine Grey, who is Mr. Crane's leading woman in "Business is Business" this season, is in direct contrast to Miss Sitgreaves. She had comparatively little experience when Richard Mansfield gave her the part of the tempestuous Slav girl in "Arms and the Man," that wonderfully brilliant and satirical George Bernard Shaw comedy which the public was not educated up to appreciating at that time. Miss Grey was advanced to the rank of leading woman at a single bound when she was still in her teens. She has done admirable work since then, but she has never had the good fortune to have a part like that which made her reputation. Last season she was in the big English melodrama, "The Best of Friends," which failed at the Academy. During the summer she was playing in the big stock company in Denver.

Mr. Frohman's announcement that Ellen Terry is to star in a modern comedy by James M. Barrie made a stir in England and it caused a ripple of surprise on this side of the water. She is to come to the United States later in the season.

It is rather remarkable that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" should have been playing for almost a year before it reached New York. It was produced last October, and with the exception of a month's rest in June, it has been going on ever since. The company has been all around New York, but it did not appear in this city until September. Taylor Granville, who plays the part of *Pegleg Chris*, illustrates the fact that there is a place on the stage for men of small physique and an appearance of youth. Although he is thirty or more, he makes up to look like a boy of fifteen. He attracted attention to himself years ago as *Wiggets* the acrobat, with Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box." He played the stable-boy in the big production of "The Suburban," and he was the *Tom Sawyer* in the dramatization of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." Of course, both his legs are normal, but he straps up one of them so cleverly that the illusion is perfect.

The Death of Vereshchagin

By PERCY MACKAYE

WITH brow serene and beard of silver rime,
He watched the up-staring sea and reeling land
Converge, as limned beneath the veteran hand
That last, fell sketch of war was traced sublime;
But even in the act his pencil ruthlessly
Was snatched away, where—blasting all his view—
The inexorable artist stood, and drew
The awful masterpiece—reality.
And now the silver rime is on the wave,
And Vereshchagin sleeps with Makarof,
And calm, above the red brine's eddying trough,
The eyes of Christ and Buddha guard his grave.

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Boreas, Peace-Maker

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

MRS. FRANKLIN JARVIS started for California equipped with a small trunk, a large satchel, a hand-bag, and a baby. Her husband saw her off. Mrs. Colter Jarvis, by a coincidence, took the same train, her equipment consisting of twelve trunks, five servants, a baby, and a private car. Her husband also saw her off. The two men came face to face on the platform afterward and nodded curtly, with a show of preoccupied indifference. Mr. Colter Jarvis stepped into his brougham and shut the door sharply.

"Confounded prig," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis swung upon a trolley-car that was piercing the congested traffic in clumsy jerks and stood in the huddle on the platform, jostled and trodden; but his frown was not from physical discomfort.

"Poor old Colt!" he murmured. "I wish ——"

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis took out a stuffed elephant for little Franklin, who fell on it with a rapture that endeared him to the entire car, found a novel and a bottle of lavender salts for herself, tucked her feet up on the opposite seat and wondered if her husband had reached his office yet. Practically the same things happened in the private car just behind, except that Mrs. Colter Jarvis's book and bottle were French, and that little Carlotta took the proffered doll with a bored stare, presently letting it slip head down to the floor.

Neither woman left her car that day, so they did not discover each other. The next morning Mrs. Franklin, bags and baby, was transferred across Chicago in a Parmelee 'bus, with some kindly assistance from fellow-travellers, while Mrs. Colter's car was switched and shunted about till it joined the same out-going train.

Late in the afternoon a half-hour's stop made Mrs. Franklin glance wistfully from the sleeping baby on the opposite seat to the platform where her fellow-passengers were securing exercise. Three of Franklin's new slaves instantly volunteered to "keep an eye" on him, so presently Mrs. Franklin stepped into the fresh air, walked briskly toward the engine, then back the length of the train. As she turned at the end, Mrs. Colter opened the rear door of her car and came to the brass railing of her private platform. The eyes of the two met and, after the shock of surprise, hardened to the double bitterness of women who have taken up their husbands' quarrel. Mrs. Colter's gaze shifted coldly to the dull-gray sky-line, and Mrs. Franklin walked quickly on, to finish her exercise in the other direction. Years of intimate friendship cannot be shrugged down lightly. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis knew—passionately—that her husband had been in the right in that whole miserable affair, and Mrs. Colter quite as passionately justified her husband, and so the friendship had had to go. But the year of estrangement had not brought indifference. Mrs. Franklin came back to the car with fixed, grave lips.

Meanwhile little Franklin had awakened, to find a smiling, white-bearded stranger on guard. As the baby showed puckering symptoms of anxiety about his mother, the stranger held out a wrinkled forefinger and suggested that they "go find her," an invitation that was eagerly accepted. Franklin led the way down the aisle, the forefinger held in a hot grasp, and paused inquiringly at the open door in the rear. At the same instant a little girl with one cheek flushed, as though she had been sleeping on it, appeared in the opposite doorway. The two stared at each other with rapt interest, and Franklin loved her on the spot. Dropping the forefinger, he lurched bravely across the intervening platforms, put his arms about her and kissed her moistly on the mouth. Carlotta looked surprised but not at all displeased. The two sat down side by side on a porter's stool. Franklin giggled and Carlotta imitated him. He made a face and she followed suit. "Boom!" said Franklin. "Boo-o-om!" said Carlotta. The affair was progressing famously. But just then Mrs. Colter Jarvis, turning back into the car, saw Carlotta's nest empty and Suzanne deep in conversation with a brakeman outside. She

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passed hurriedly through her domain, then came out on the forward platform with a sigh of relief. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin Jarvis appeared on her side. At first neither recognized the other's baby, and so they were smiling at the picture when their eyes met. The smiles froze.

"Come, Carlotta," said Mrs. Colter, holding out her hand; and "Come, Franklin," said Mrs. Franklin from her side. The boy would have gone, but the young woman felt that she had claims. She clung tightly to his neck and protested.

It was an undignified situation, even a ridiculous one. The two women flushed. Then Mrs. Colter firmly disentangled Carlotta and bore her off, wailing, while Franklin, disdaining forefingers, led the way back with something of a swagger.

The next day the gray sky turned to lead, the wind took on an icy coldness, and the rumors of heavy snows ahead seemed only too probable. Soon the flakes were whirling against the windows. With a vague foreboding, Mrs. Franklin took the baby and the elephant into the dining-car at noon and allowed little Franklin unwonted indulgences in the matter of quantity, eating an unusually hearty luncheon herself. The diner was dropped off shortly after, as they were to pick up another toward dinner-time.

The storm seemed to increase with magic rapidity, as they plunged nearer its centre. There began to be long delays, followed by short advances. With darkness came the rumor that the dining-car had been stalled somewhere and would not be reached until late in the night. Mrs. Franklin stayed herself and the untroubled Franklin with graham wafers from her bag, and on that they went to bed. Mrs. Colter, just behind, sat down to the usual five exquisitely cooked courses, sighing at the mischance that had forced her to cross without company. "Travelling is a frightful bore," she mused, discontentedly, though she would not admit the cause of her restlessness. Mrs. Franklin was nothing to her! After dinner she drew a lounging-chair up to the low light in her little sitting-room and read inattentively until ten, when she went to her wide, luxurious bed.

Morning found the train lying motionless in a sea of white. The officials kept out of the way of questions as much as possible. Train-hands had set out early for the nearest station to get provisions, and might be back any moment. They were doing all they could. Mrs. Franklin fed her son on the five remaining graham wafers, prolonging them with sips of water, and deftly diverting his generous impulses to share with the elephant.

Mrs. Colter's chef sent in profuse apologies for serving condensed milk with the coffee: the morning supply of cream was still ahead of them somewhere in the storm. Then the conductor begged a word with her, and entered bowed with apology. The passengers were in great discomfort for lack of food: his foraging party had not returned: would she, very generously—the company would, of course, fully——"

"Nothing to eat since yesterday—how dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Colter, and gave liberal orders. Presently the conductor paused in each car and made a little speech about the generosity of Mrs. Colter Jarvis. He was followed by porters with trays, and the fragrance of coffee. The passengers cheered.

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis paled and flushed as the tray neared her seat. Her mouth set in firm lines. She accepted for little Franklin and fed him in grim silence. She could have cried in her longing for that coffee; but she did not relent, even when the baby pushed a piece of fresh, sweet-smelling bread against her lips. She could not take from Mrs. Colter Jarvis.

And yet they had spent weeks in each other's houses, had worn each other's gowns in emergencies, had shared without thought. She pressed her teeth sharply on her lower lip and closed her eyes till they were dry again.

Mrs. Colter was pacing her little sitting-room in growing discomfort. If the other passengers had gone without food, it stood to reason that Mrs. Franklin Jarvis had also gone without. Of course it was no longer anything to her, but—*Ruth hungry!* She could not get away from the thought. She questioned a returning porter, and was assured that everyone had had an abundance—oh, except one lady in the next car, who said she didn't want anything; she had fed her baby, however. Mrs. Colter understood, and for the next half-hour was angry enough not to care. Then the distress came back tenfold. Ruth hungry!

And then she noticed that a chill had fallen on the car. Her breath showed frosty. She felt Carlotta's little cold hands.

"How careless of you, Suzanne!" she exclaimed. "Go and see why the heat is

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turned off." Tinkering and pounding followed Suzanne's inquiries. Still the chill deepened. Carlotta's nose looked blue.

"Wrap her up and take her into the next car," Mrs. Colter ordered. Then she put on a fur coat and waited impatiently. Keen blades of wind seemed to slit their way in to her wherever she sat. Her hands began to ache and her feet grew numb. A train-hand, passing with a wrench, counselled her to go into the forward car. But Mrs. Colter could not face a starving Mrs. Franklin.

"Oh, I am not very cold," she asserted through chattering teeth.

Carlotta, preceding Suzanne along the aisle, found herself face to face with her lost love of yesterday, and stood entranced at the miracle.

"Boom!" cried Franklin in joyous welcome.

"Boo-o-om!" echoed Carlotta, rapturously. The two set up housekeeping in a vacant seat, while Suzanne dropped down opposite them. Mrs. Franklin across the aisle lifted heavy lids, but did not interfere. Soon everyone in the neighborhood knew of the terrible cold that had fallen on the rear car; Suzanne told it dramatically with shivers and huddled shoulders. Mrs. Franklin tried not to listen, but could not put down a rising uneasiness. How foolish of Emily to stay there!

Everyone within range was smiling at the young idyl opposite Suzanne. The two babies sat beaming at each other like little goblins. Franklin patted Carlotta's cheek, and she glanced sidewise at him under her dark lashes, then pretended to look out of the window. He tipped over on the seat and rolled fascinatingly with waving legs, and Carlotta immediately tried to do the same, but was discouraged by Suzanne, who had conventional ideas, and straightened both children out, thrusting their toys upon them. Franklin gathered the doll into his arms and loved it without shame, while Carlotta sat contentedly trying to gouge out the elephant's black-button eyes, and there was an atmosphere of domestic peace for three minutes, during which Mrs. Colter Jarvis's maid joined Suzanne with more tales of the frightful cold in the car behind. Madame was mad to stay there; she would inevitably be taken ill. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis closed her eyes and shivered slightly. If Emily wanted to freeze herself to death, of course it was no one's business. Only her colds were always so serious. Oh, why——

A sharp smack startled her back to the present. Franklin wanted his elephant, and alas! he had taken the primitive method of getting it. Carlotta wailed and struck back, and the idyl was ended. Mrs. Franklin took her enraged son home, and when he was in a state to listen gave him grave wisdom.

"And it was so foolish to quarrel, darling; you were having a nice time together, and now you have to stay all alone, and—" She broke off suddenly, the color rising slowly to her forehead. Her words hit home startlingly; it was foolish to quarrel! The passionate sense of justification—that her husband was in the right—rose for a moment, then for the first time failed her. After all, Franklin had felt in the right when he demanded his elephant! And Emily was freezing in there, because——

Franklin, spent with emotion, allowed himself to be laid down, and drifted off into sleep. His mother stood hesitating for a moment, then she walked swiftly toward the rear car.

Mrs. Colter Jarvis, muffled in furs, was standing in her tiny kitchen superintending a tray on which her chef was arranging various tempting dishes. She looked up at the sound of steps, and found herself face to face with Mrs. Franklin. Mrs. Colter flushed with a guilty glance at the tray.

"I—I couldn't help it, Ruth; I couldn't stand the thought of your being hungry another minute," she faltered. "I was going to beg you to——"

Mrs. Franklin interrupted with a little shaken laugh.

"And I was going to drag you out of this cold by main force," she said. "Oh, Emily!"

The next east-bound train, which they passed a few hours later in the wake of a snow-plough, carried letters from both Mrs. Jarvises to their husbands. "After all, he is your brother," was the keynote of each.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis read his gravely, his thoughts flying to an office not two blocks away that he had not entered for more than a year. Finally he went down to the street and turned slowly in that direction. At the end of the first block he encountered Mr. Colter Jarvis, also walking thoughtfully, a letter in his hand. The two hesitated, then smiled shamefacedly.

"Hello, Frank!"

"Hello, Colt!"

They shook hands and spoke of the weather.

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Alicia and Bob the Canary

By GEO. WESTON

Illustrated by Scotson-Clark

AS we reached the corner of our street, triumphantly treading our homeward way and joyfully thwacking the evening paper against our thigh, we whistled for Fido, according to our invariable custom. A black nose and one inquiring eye were immediately discernible behind our hydrangea bush, and a moment later Fido came to meet us with an intensity that scattered gravel. We gave the faithful old dog the paper to carry, and he trotted in front of us with that significant aspect of his fat old back that always portends important news to come.

With a contented little sigh, Alicia opened the front door to let us in, and with as contented a little sigh we stepped inside and gave her a good one while Fido watched us, as he always does, benignantly wagging his tail and growling in that softly suppressed note of his that betokens satisfaction.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" murmured Alicia, adjusting her fluffy little white illusion bow. "I've had such a day!"

"How?" we inquired.

"Now Mrs. Scott— Oh! Don't let him in!" cried Alicia, inconsequently.

"Let whom in?" we asked, naturally enough.

"Peter!" replied Alicia.

Whereupon we promptly shut the front door and just grazed the tip of the incoming tail of Peter the cat. Peter tarried not, but inclining himself at an angle and making a wide tour of Alicia, he ran into the kitchen with a most determined air and Alicia followed in hot pursuit.

"What's the matter?" we asked from our safe station in the hall.

"I'll teach him!" cried Alicia, who, from the noise she was making, was apparently describing riotous rings around the kitchen table in a concentrated effort to close in upon the agile Peter.

"What's he been doing?" we asked, still from our safe station in the hall as we did not wish to hamper Alicia's movements in any way.

"I'll teach him!" she repeated, and it was evident from her tone that she was very determined, indeed, to improve Peter's neglected education.

"What are you going to teach him?" we inquired further, seating ourself comfortably upon the hall-rack with the faithful Fido by our side.

The noise of a desperate sortie was the only response, and in less time than it takes to tell it Peter reappeared, still looking most determined, and heeding Fido and ourself not at all, he stealthily disappeared upstairs. From the kitchen we heard Alicia rattling the coal-shovel behind the range.

"He's gone upstairs!" we sang out.

Whereat Alicia hung up the shovel, and carefully closed the kitchen door.

And if ever a dog looked virtuous, it was Fido when he gravely trotted ahead of us into the dining-room a few minutes later. Fido the Righteous, who, perceiving that Peter was on Alicia's Black Book, was already in fancy having all the bits thrown to him instead of having to divide them "like a gentleman," as Alicia says, with Peter, according to the customary rule.

"And so you've had such a day, eh?" we asked a few minutes later, as we started on the soup.

"Oh, awful!" cried Alicia, making a despairing little gesture with her spoon.

"Did the woman in the red house call?" we queried, sympathetically.

"No," murmured Alicia. "It was Peter."

"Peter?" we asked.

"Yes," replied Alicia; "Peter and the canary."

"Peter and the canary?" we repeated, astonished beyond all measure.

"Yes!" she exclaimed; "I'm sure I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for Fido."

Utterly dumfounded, we looked at Fido, whose knowledgeable look was a thing to be seen.

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"The dear old dog!" cried Alicia, throwing him a bit of fish, which he cleverly caught. Fido then, as is his habit when Alicia gives him anything, "stood up" and regarded us with patient resignation until we also threw him a bit of fish. Fido caught it, and made nothing of it, and then, dropping down on all-fours, he seemed suddenly to remember his rôle, for his knowledgeable look really amounted to a profundity.

"But what's all this about the canary?" we asked, after that impressive silence which always prevails when we are carving.

"Peter ate it!" declared Alicia, in an awed whisper.

"Peter ate it?" we demanded, fearing somewhat for our reason.

"Yes," declared Alicia again, still in the same awed whisper. "And now he's after the other!"

We paused, with a bit of meat at the end of our fork, and looked at Alicia with open-mouthed wonder.

"Don't! George!" cried Alicia, "and I'll tell you all about it!"

Whereupon we put the bit of meat into our astonished mouth, to the accompaniment of Fido's disappointed sighs.

"You know Mrs. Scott next door went away this morning for a day's visit?"

We nodded.

"Well, she asked me to take care of her canary until she came back."

"Ah!" we exclaimed.

"Yes," said Alicia, nodding brightly; "and of course I was pleased to take it, because she minds Fido and Peter, you know, when we go away."

"Well?"

"So I took the cage and put it on a chair in the kitchen. Well, I was sitting in the parlor this afternoon, when in marched Mr. Peter, and how he was purring! And he came and stood on his toes and rubbed his head against my chair just as contented as he could be. So I carried him into the kitchen to give him some milk for being such a good cat. And what do you think?"

We shook our head.

"Guess!" cried Alicia.

"Was the fire out?" we asked with idiotic brightness.

"No," replied Alicia, "the fire was *in*. But the canary-bird's cage was *open* and the canary-bird wasn't *there*. There wasn't *anything* there except a few feathers!"

We looked properly impressed and were just about to ask for further details when in strolled Mr. Peter and took up a position on the hearth-rug, where he proceeded to wash his face, alternately purring and stopping to point his ears kitchenward. After pausing once in his toilet, with his tongue out, and listening intently for a few seconds on an apparently false alarm, he began to wash the back of his head with every sign of satisfaction.

"And do you think it was Peter?" we asked with interest, looking doubtfully at that cleanly cat.

"Why, of course it was!" replied Alicia. "He just wouldn't touch the milk I offered him."

"Why not?" we asked.

"Why not?" repeated Alicia with fine scorn. "Because he wanted more canary!" she cried.

"Ah!" we murmured with understanding. "I suppose he had his mouth all fixed for canary."

"And there I was," said Alicia, "and Mrs. Scott just thought the sun never set on that canary. And I knew she'd never forgive me. Never! So I thought and thought. Oh, how I thought! And pretty soon an idea struck me!"

We looked incredulous.

"Yes, it did!" cried Alicia, defiantly. "So when the paper-boy came with the paper this afternoon, I asked him if he knew of anybody who had a canary for sale."

"You did?" we cried.

"I did!" Alicia cried back.

"You did?" we cried again.

"Indeed I did. And it was so lucky, George! The boy said he had a canary himself that I could have for a dollar."

"And did you buy it?" we asked in stricken accents.

"It's in the cage now," responded Alicia with simple dignity.

We looked like one who doesn't know how to look and then we burst into a sudden roar of hearty laughter.

And as we sat there laughing, we looked in turn at Alicia's dear little face, dimpling slightly and blushing with the prettiest imaginable confusion, and at Fido who sat there wagging his tail, because we were laughing, and at Peter who lay on his side, filled to repletion with canary, purring and playing good-naturedly with Fido's wagging tail.

And the more we looked, the more we laughed. And the more we laughed, the

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AND ALICIA FOLLOWED IN HOT PURSUIT.

more Alicia's dear little face blushed and dimpled, and the more energetically Fido wagged his tail and the louder Peter sang and the more spiritedly did he play with Fido's wagging tail!

. . . . . .

"And now let's see this canary," we requested, after Alicia had washed up and we had put away the meat-dish on the top shelf that Alicia cannot reach.

"He's not used to us yet," said Alicia, as she took off her dear little brown Holland apron and smoothed the front of her skirt.

"How do you know?" we asked.

"He won't whistle," explained Alicia, as she led the way into the kitchen, "and I've tried and tried."

Alicia put the cage upon the tubs and Fido and Peter trotted in "like a team," as Alicia says, and took up strategic positions so that they might see this thing through to the finish. In the cage sat a world-weary canary, with his weather eye turned toward our Peter and a melancholy droop in every one of his feathers.

We examined the pet carefully, under Fido's jealous eye, while Peter edged up a little closer with expectant attention.

"So that's it?" we asked, disparagingly, patting Fido on his back to encourage him.

"Yes," replied Alicia, "that's Bob."

"Bob?"

"Yes. That was the name of Mrs. Scott's canary, wasn't it?"

"But how do you know that Bob is the name of this canary?" we persisted. "It might be Tom or Dick."

"Oh, I named it Bob," said Alicia, thoughtfully.

"Does it look like Mrs. Scott's Bob?" we inquired.

"Don't all canaries look alike?" demanded Alicia, as she advanced to the cage. "Sing, Bob! Sing!"

Bob preserved a stony silence, still keeping his north eye fixed upon the attentive Peter.

"I don't see why he is so quiet," objected Alicia. "I wonder how we could put him more at his ease."

"Perhaps he doesn't know us all yet," we suggested. "Perhaps we ought to introduce him to Peter."

Peter, upon hearing his name, jumped upon a convenient chair and began cleaning the white brooch that stands out so conspicuously upon his glossy black fur, utterly oblivious of the watchful Bob, while Fido, indignant at the manner in which this strange canary was monopolizing our attention, growled to himself with husky emotion.

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"I'm going to whistle to it," said Alicia with sudden determination.

And Alicia whistled to it. Other than a single morose glance, Bob took not the slightest notice of Alicia's most ambitious efforts.

"Now let me whistle!" we begged and started in for all we were worth on "A Frog He Would."

"George! Don't," cried Alicia, "you'll blow the poor thing out of the cage!"

Accordingly we tried again (p.) and Alicia joined us (tremulo). We whistled till we were quite dizzy and Bob looked at us both with an impartial and unmitigated disgust, standing first on one leg and then on the other in the intensity of his scornful thoughts.

"I know what's the matter with him!" cried Alicia, unexpectedly breaking up our duet in the middle of "Oh, Believe Me." "He's dry. Look! His little white bowl is empty."

We at once ran to get him a drink. Even as we ran, Bob sang. Peter also sang. After a short but decisive struggle, we seized the voracious Peter by the scruff of his neck and cast him, still valiantly chanting his Hunting Song, into outer darkness.

As soon as Bob had flattened down his feathers again to some extent, and had hopped up stiffly on his perch, we tried to encourage him to sing by various ingenious methods, all of which the chastened bird regarded with a jaundiced eye.

First of all Alicia gently swung the cage to make him think that he was on a tree-top, swaying gently in the breeze.

Bob looked seasick.

Then we flapped a handkerchief at him, but as this was without the slightest effect, except to make him blink, we carried the cage into the parlor and Alicia twiddled the high notes of the piano for him.

Bob looked bored.

Then we took turns singing to him. First Alicia sang, and Bob looked querulous.

Then we sang in our rich and burly bass, and Bob looked panic-stricken to such a degree that his lower beak dropped and he nearly fell from his perch.

After the first few notes we desisted at Alicia's request, and Fido, evidently outraged by this apparent favoritism, suddenly scuttled under the sofa and there growled in a long-sustained, protesting number.

And there we were! The more morose Bob became, the more we tried to arouse him to song. And the more we tried to arouse him to song, the louder did Fido growl under the sofa. And the louder Fido growled under the sofa the more desperate was the noise of Peter's scratching on our back-door —Peter, the canary-fed cat, and pining for more!

. . . . . .

The following evening, after the dinner-things had been washed, and we had examined Alicia's weekly expense-account and had found that it showed a balance of two dollars on hand, which Alicia had insisted we should give her because she didn't have it, and the book showed that she should have it, we were smoking the pipe of peace and blissfully contemplating our outstretched feet, when all at once we stopped smoking and turned to Alicia.

"Oh, how about the canary?"

"Oh, yes," responded Alicia, thoughtfully, "I meant to have told you."

"Well?" we asked, after an impatient pause.

"Well, what?" asked Alicia, looking up from the embroidered table-cover on which she was working the grape-design. "Well, what?" she asked, indignantly.

"The canary!" we repeated. "Mrs. Scott's Bob! The bird that Peter ate and yet he didn't!"

"Oh, yes," said Alicia, with an increased thoughtfulness, "Bob, of course! I meant to have told you. How we did try to make him sing! Didn't we, George?"

"Did Mrs. Scott come for him?" we asked.

"And how Fido growled!"

"Did Mrs. Scott come for him?"

"And didn't Peter nearly get him again!"

"Did Mrs.——"

"Yes," replied Alicia, bending closely over her sewing. "Mrs. Scott called for him first thing this morning," she murmured.

"Yes?" we encouragingly inquired.

"Yes," replied Alicia, as though there were nothing more to tell.

"And what did Mrs. Scott say?" we insisted.

"She said Bob seemed changed," Alicia softly replied, blushing mightily and peeping up at us as she bent more closely over her sewing.

"Ha! ha! ha!" we exclaimed. "Bob seemed changed, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Could she make him whistle?"

Alicia threw her needle-work upon the table and drew up her chair so that she

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could speak to us in the strictest confidence.

"Well, you know," she began, "Mrs. Scott came back first thing this morning and she ran in right away. 'Oh, where's my Bob?' she cried, and she clasped her hands like this."

At this point Alicia stood upon the hearth-rug with her hands clasped before her and the most tragic look of yearning imaginable on her dear little face. "Oh, where's my Bob?" cried Alicia, and then looked at us, somewhat anxiously, for our approval of this little pantomime of Mrs. Scott looking for her bird.

"Yes," continued Alicia, after she had sat down again and we had awarded her with a good one, "and I said, 'Here he is!'"

And then Alicia buried her face in her hands and shook with silent merriment.

"Well?" we asked.

"Well, Mrs. Scott took a long, loving look at Bob and then she unclasped her hands and looked again and then she walked all around the cage. 'Why,' she cried, 'how changed Bob looks!'"

And again Alicia buried her face in her hands after shaking us slightly by the shoulder so that we might not miss the humor in Mrs. Scott's remark.

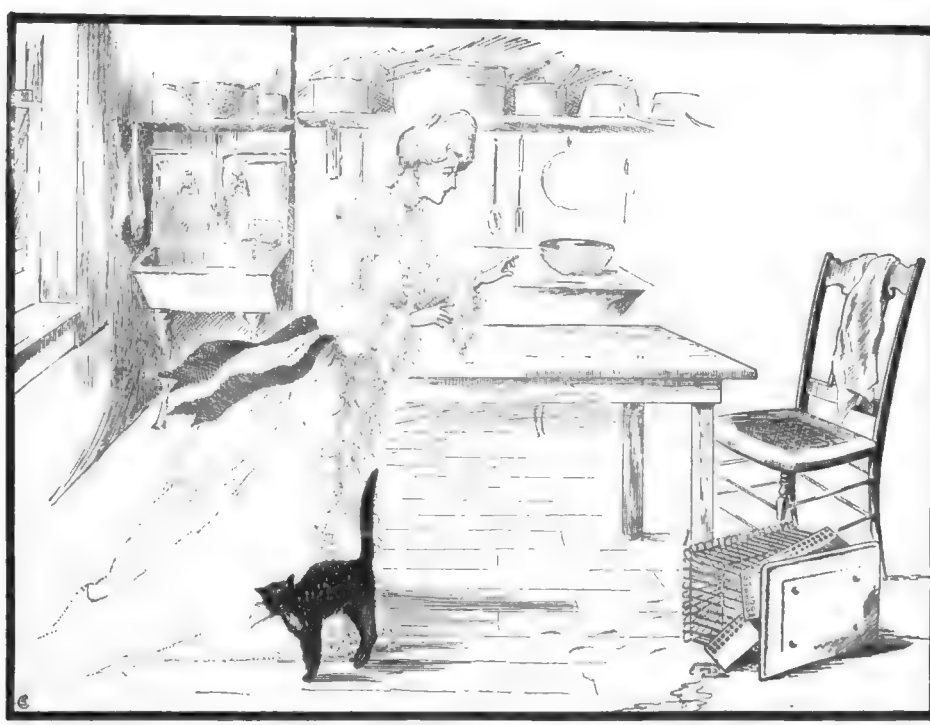
"And," resumed Alicia, "I said, 'He's been mourning for you, Mrs. Scott. I never saw a canary-bird get so homesick in all my life,' I said to her. And then Mrs. Scott talked baby-talk to Bob, and you know the suspicious, sneery way Bob looked at us when we tried to make him sing last night, George?"

We nodded.

"Well, he looked that way at Mrs. Scott—only worse. And Mrs. Scott said, 'I never saw a canary change so much in his personal appearance in such a short time in all my life before,' but I fixed her up about that and pretty soon——"

"Fixed her up?" we asked, wonderingly.

"Yes," replied Alicia, "and pretty soon——"



THERE WASN'T ANYTHING THERE EXCEPT A FEW FEATHERS.

"But how did you fix her up?" we insisted.

"I said it was moulting-time!" cried Alicia, aggressively.

This time our hearty laughter awoke Fido, who tapped his tail on the carpet, sighed luxuriously, and immediately fell asleep again.

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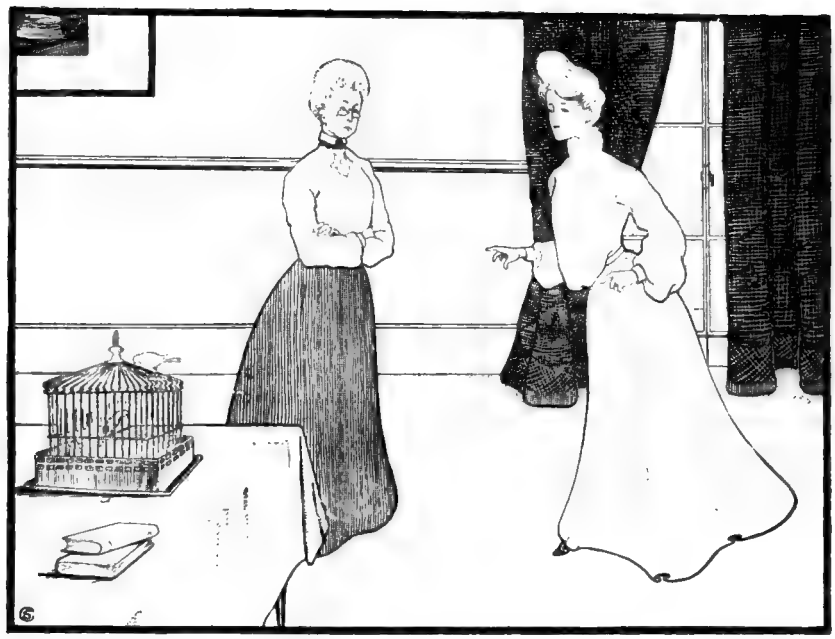

AND SHOWED ME BOB IN HIS CAGE.

"And pretty soon Mrs. Scott took Bob with her—cage and all," said Alicia. "I peeped at them out of the window and there sat Bob in his cage like this."

And Alicia stood up again and looked so forlorn and woe-begone with her dear little head huggled down and her dear little shoulders huggled up that we awoke Fido again. Fido killed an imaginary fly and scowled at us quite peevishly.

"Yes," continued Alicia. "And following close behind was our Peter, sneaking like this."

We howled in a gale of laughter.

"And," said Alicia, "I thought, 'Well, there goes Bob, anyhow!'"

The gale became a hurricane.

"I don't care!" cried Alicia. "It just was Bob in the cage. Didn't we give him that name?"

"Of course we did!" we stoutly claimed.

"And don't birds moult in the spring?"

"Of course they do!"

"And didn't Bob look homesick?"

"Of course he did! Oh, Mrs. Scott will never know the difference."

Alicia again picked up her fancy-work and concentrated her attention upon the grape-design.

"I kind of think she knows," murmured Alicia, guiltily.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, Mrs. Scott called me over this afternoon and showed me Bob in his cage."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And I think she knows he isn't Bob."

"But how?"

"Well, there was Bob in his cage, you know."

"Yes?"

"Well, you know," and Alicia's murmuring voice assumed the tone of one who resignedly submits to the facts in the case, "well, you know, he didn't have many feathers, but the real Bob was sitting on the top of the cage."

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The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc.

PART IV

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Magnus, son of the Governor-General of Iceland, becomes engaged to Thora, elder daughter of the Factor of that island. Shortly afterward Oscar, younger brother of Magnus, returns from a six years' sojourn at Oxford. He and Thora, who has only consented to marry Magnus for family reasons, are at once attracted to one another. Magnus discovers their attachment and determines to sacrifice himself. Accordingly, after obtaining from Oscar a promise to consider Thora's happiness always first in life, he jilts the girl at the public betrothal. Oscar offers himself in his brother's place and is accepted.

Thora has a younger sister, Helga, who has been brought up in Denmark. She is sent for to assist in the wedding preparations. Brilliantly educated, she is a more sympathetic companion to Oscar than the home-bred Thora, and a passionate love between the two develops; but fear of Magnus and conscientious scruples induce Oscar to carry out his contract with Thora. Helga, however, at Thora's request, accompanies the newly married couple on a six months' tour through Europe, and by degrees comes to usurp the young wife's place with her husband.

The day before the birth of Thora's child a jealous quarrel takes place between her and her sister, as the result of which Thora becomes delirious and threatens to kill herself and the child. Helga persuades Oscar that his wife is dangerously insane, and the child is taken from its mother and put in Helga's charge, despite the fiery remonstrances of Magnus.

Other characters in the story are Anna, mother of Magnus and Oscar, and Aunt Margret, sister of the Factor. The present instalment opens with a revival of an ancient Icelandic ceremony at Thingvellir, Magnus's farm.

CHAPTER I

THE day of the proclamation of the laws was to be kept as a general holiday. A hundred pack-horses, carrying tents and provisions, had left the little capital for Thingvellir the day before. The Danish man-of-war anchored in the fiord had lent half its flags, and the Order of Good Templars had sent all their insignia. It was to be a great and gorgeous spectacle.

Before daybreak the town was astir, and elderly people on slow ponies were setting out on their journey. Everybody was on horseback, for the way was long, and Iceland had few roads and no coaches. Soon after dawn the Governor started off in his cocked hat and with his belted inverness over the bright gold of his official uniform. Factor Neilsen rode beside him, and the Bishop, the Chief Justice, and most of the Thingmen followed in his train. The idea of reviving a great ceremony of ancient days, and clasping hands with the mighty dead over a gulf of a thousand years, had taken hold of everybody's imagination.

Oscar Stephensen, who had been the first to think of it, was among the last to go. He had been round to the Factor's house to see the child and to fetch Helga. The sun was reddening the sky over the eastern hills when they mounted their fleet young ponies. It was a quiet morning with the promise of a radiant day.

Helga wore her woollen helmet and a fur cape over a white jersey. Oscar was in riding-dress, with his new Italian cloak hung loose from his shoulders. Their only way out of the town lay past the end of Government House under the window of Thora's bedroom, and Oscar stopped and called up to it.

"Helloa! Helloa!" cried Oscar.

"Is it worth while to waken her?" said Helga.

But the window opened and Anna's face appeared at it.

"It's Oscar," she said, facing back into the room.

"Good-by, Thora! We'll be back this evening."

There was an indistinct murmur from within, and then Anna said: "Thora says good-by, and you are not to hurry home on her account."

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Oscar laughed and answered: "We'll see, we'll see." And then the riders put their heels to their horses and bounded away. Helga was in high spirits, but the clouds hung on Oscar, and he tried in vain to banish them.

"All goes well, doesn't it?" asked Helga.

"God knows," said Oscar. "She's quiet, certainly, and apparently resigned. Yet her eyes are so dry, her lips so pale, and her cheeks so white and thin."

"But what else can you expect four days after her confinement?" said Helga.

"True; but I've never seen her quite like this before. It is almost as if a wall of ice had frozen about her soul."

"You took my advice, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And what did the Governor say?"

"He said Magnus's interference was an impertinence, and he wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"So things are to remain as they are?"

"As they are," said Oscar.

"And what about Magnus himself?" asked Helga.

"Magnus is at the farm."

"But if he should come back while everybody is away?"

"He cannot come back to-day—his guests will keep him busy."

"But if he should, in spite of anything?"

"In that case," said Oscar, dropping his voice and turning his head, "the sheriff has orders to deal with him."

By this time they had come up to the tail of the train which had started before them, and the dust and the noise of the clattering caravan were too much for Helga.

"Let us go round by the hot springs and come out ahead of them," she said, and they went cantering down a lane to the left where vapor floated over a flowing stream. Half an hour later they returned to the main road, forded a river, and toiled up the hill beyond it. The cavalcade was now far behind them, and the little wooden capital was already a long way off, with its feet in the gray fiord and the white encircling arms of the snow-covered hills stretching out and out to the brightening line of the sea and sky.

"There," said Helga, drawing rein and looking at Oscar with a sparkle in her eyes.

"Is that a steamer out there—out by the head?" asked Oscar.

"Undoubtedly it is a steamer," replied Helga.

"The Laura is a day late—she was due to arrive yesterday."

"Then it's the Laura to a certainty."

The sun had now risen, but Oscar shivered as with cold. "I must be a miserable coward, Helga, for the sight of a mail-ship frightens me," he said.

But Helga only laughed, and held up a warning hand. "We'll not talk of that to-day, Oscar—not to-day, at all events."

They put heels to their horses again, and Helga sang to herself as they swung along.

"What a fool I am!" thought Oscar. "Why should I meet misfortune before it comes? And why should I trouble so much about Thora? Isn't Helga as greatly to be pitied? In the wretched tangle of our fate, hers is the knot that can never be untied. Yet how happy she looks! Why shouldn't I be happy?"

Their road lay through a bleak and barren country, past red hills of volcanic sand and jagged mouths of extinct volcanoes, over a deep dale of lava-rocks, rutted with paths and scored with fissures, but brightened by a farmstead here and there with its little green-roofed elt-house smoking for breakfast and its hummocked home-field gleaming like a gem in a wilderness of waste. At the last of these farms they stopped to rest their horses and to refresh themselves, being now half-way to Thingvellir with the caravan far behind them.

An untidy man in his shirt-sleeves took possession of their ponies and a slatternly housewife in a soiled apron brought them milk and skyr. She was still young, but already she had three children. One of them was whimpering at her breast, another was dragging at her skirts and the third was bellowing for her from the floor above. She belonged to the capital and had once been considered a beauty, but she was seven years married and it was six since she had seen the town.

"Ugh!" said Helga, as they returned to the road, "to think of being buried in a place like that year in year out with three children and one man! It might do for Thora, but give me life, life, life!"

"And the man who gives you that may have you, body and soul, perhaps?" said Oscar.

"Body and soul," laughed Helga.

For the next hour their course lay across an almost trackless heath, bare as a desert and flat as an inland sea. The mountains

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that bounded it were stark and cold and far away—on the one side steep with running screes and on the other side clouded with steaming vapor which rose out of the glistening snow. Not a house was to be seen on any side, not a tree or a bud or a flower or a plant, and hardly a blade of grass, but only a broad stretch of silver moss, leaden and dull, like the mould on a dead man's face. No birds sang in that solitude, but sometimes the wimbrel sent its long love-cry across the waste; sometimes the wild swan sped far overhead and uttered its eerie ululation, and sometimes the raven perched on a stone and croaked out its melancholy note. A line of beacons, broken and old, each with a projecting stone like an amputated arm, showed the course of the road, going on and on like soldiers in single file tramping back after a lost battle. Midway on the heath there was a House of Rest for travellers overtaken by the storms of winter—a little hut, half cubicle and half stable, with nothing but a plank-bed and a truss of hay.

"Gracious heavens, what a place to be lost in in a snow-storm!" said Helga.

"But what a country for saga and song," said Oscar, "and if someone could set it to music, grim as its glaciers and fierce as its fires, it would take the world by storm."

"Do it, Oscar, do it, and I'll love you," cried Helga.

After that they both sang as they cantered along, for the clouds that had hung over Oscar had gone by this time, and if the ground was gray, the sky was blue and their blood was red and warm.

But suddenly a new scene opened at their feet—a deep plain with a shining blue lake in the midst of it, splashed with islands like spots on an eagle's wing and fenced by soft green fells. It was a dream in a desolate land, a cistern of sunshine encircled by countless peaks, which stood round it clothed in white, like a surpliced choir that were singing their hymns to God. The black lava was there as elsewhere, and the valley was blistered with mounds and wrinkled with ruts and scored with fissures; but the blood-root grew in the clefts of the jagged rocks and the blueberry hung over the face of the gaping chasms, and it was almost as if an angel had passed over the surface torn by earthquakes and brushed it with the bloom of her wings. This was Thingvellir, the place of the Proclamation, the Thing-place of the Northlands, the scene of a thousand sagas, the subject of a thousand songs.

Oscar and Helga were now near the end of their journey and they watched for the townspeople to overtake them. Half an hour later the caravan came up in a cloud of dust, and all noisy, but good-natured, and ravenous for breakfast. There were some shouts at the pioneers, and certain dubious compliments, but Oscar did not hear and Helga did not heed. They took their places behind the Governor, and went down to the law-plain in his train.

The way to it was through a wide chasm whose parallel walls stood up on either side of the deep causeway like the ruined street of some prehistoric city, but thrice grander and more awesome than any work of the hand of man, because straight from the loins of nature and rent from the womb of the earth. There were great openings as of arches, empty spaces as of windows, broken peaks as of pediments and curious stones as of carvings, all shaken as from their foundations and toppling as if to fall; while over them, from beetling side to side, hung the gay flags of the Danish man-of-war, and through them came the bright swords of the morning sun.

Half-way down the gorge there was a mound like a platform ("the Law-mount," explained Oscar to Helga), and at the foot of it there was a pool whose clear, green depths looked cold and chill in the palm of the cliffs that darkened it.

"That's the drowning-pool," said Oscar. "When a woman was unfaithful to her husband they hurled her from the rocks into the water."

"And what did they do with unfaithful men?" laughed Helga.

From the edge of the pool a frothy river fell with a thunderous clamor over a precipice to the valley below, where it forked into many fingers and ran off to the margin of the lake. Beyond these rivulets there was the rutted plain, now dotted over with tents, but having only two houses within sight—the little wooden parsonage with its tiny church built of stone and shingles, and the Inn-Farm of Magnus Stephensen.

Magnus himself stood waiting there, washed and dressed, after working the whole night through with his man, John Vidilin, to prepare for his expected guests. And when Oscar rode up a little excited and confused, he received him with the cheerful face of

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one who had made his peace with his brother and meant to keep it.

"How's Thora to-day?" asked Magnus, as he loosened the girths of Oscar's saddle; and Oscar answered nervously:

"Better—that is to say—well, perhaps not so very well to-day, Magnus."

"Her child has been given back to her?" said Magnus.

"Not yet," said Oscar. "To tell you the truth, the Governor—" and then he faltered out the sequel to his broken promise. Magnus's face darkened, and he said:

"So the doctor has not been consulted at all?"

"No, in the teeth of the Governor's orders it was plainly impossible——"

"And Thora is still at Government House and her child is still at the Factor's?"

"That is so."

Magnus looked from Oscar to Helga, who now stood beside him, and his face darkened more and more.

"John Vidilin," he cried in a thick voice over his shoulder to a man behind him, "saddle my horse—I am going to Reykjavik."

"But, Magnus," said the servant-man, "with all this work to do to-day and all this money coming——"

"Saddle it quick," cried Magnus, like a man who was choking.

"Magnus," said Oscar, "for your own sake I think it only right to tell you——"

But Magnus cut him short by turning on his heel.

"Let him go," said Helga, and before the people in the tents and the Inn-Farm settled down to breakfast Magnus was riding back to town.

CHAPTER II

MEANTIME Thora at home was in the throes of a great temptation. She had heard the peace-making between Magnus and her husband and had said to herself: "Oscar will go to see Doctor Oddsson at once, and the doctor will say: "Certainly, the little mother is quite well enough now to take care of her baby—give the child back to her immediately." Then Oscar would come rushing upstairs, and her room would be the same as if a window had blown open, and he would cry: "Hip—hip—hurrah! Doctor says baby may come back!" and then Anna would take him by the shoulders and turn him out, and everybody would laugh.

But Oscar was long in coming, and when he came he said nothing about the doctor. He only talked about their little Elin, and said he had just returned from seeing her. She was so rosy and well, and she was beginning to notice. If you held out your finger, she looked at it as if it were the bough of a great tree, and then held it tight, as if her little body hung by it.

"I couldn't tear myself away from her, Thora," he said. "It's wonderful what a lot of pleasure you can get out of a baby."

It was strange that Oscar did not see that he was hurting her every minute, but she only thought: "I know what it is—he is going to take me by surprise. He doesn't want to tell me that baby is coming until she comes. He will bring her back as he took her away, in the night, while I am asleep; and when I awake in the morning she will be there."

In this sweet hope Thora closed her eyes early that evening, before the red glow of the sunset had quite gone from the walls of her room, saying a little prayer for Oscar, and another little prayer for little Elin, that she might be as lovely as ever when she saw her in the morning, and then she fell asleep.

When she awoke next day she listened for the baby's breathing, and, thinking she heard it, she stretched out a gentle hand to the place where the child should lie, and then with a smile she opened her eyes. But the baby was not there, and the sun in the room died out.

When the doctor came to see her that morning he looked grave and anxious. "I'm afraid my little patient is worrying too much," he said. "The head is hot and there is some fever. She must lie quiet, perfectly quiet, for the next few days, or I won't answer for what may happen."

Only this, not a word about the baby, and even when the doctor took Anna into the nursery to give the usual instructions Thora listened intently, but there was not a syllable about the child.

The Governor came next, with the odor of snuff on his gold-laced coat, and he stroked Thora's arm as it lay on the counterpane, and said she was not to worry about anything.

"My dear little daughter must get better as fast as ever she can," he said. "She must eat more, and if she wants anything she must ask for it and she shall have it, whatever it is."

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She tried to say that all she wanted was her little baby, and if they would give her that she would soon be well, but her throat was hurting her and she could not speak.

Her own father came last, smelling of breakfast and strong tobacco, and he rallied her in a loud voice:

"Tut! tut! This will never do! We'll have to send you away again, with Helga to look after you. And look here, young lady, you've got to get better soon, and come and carry away that baby. She's turning our house upside down. Nobody over there can see the sun for that little mite, and Aunt Margret and Auntie Helga haven't a thought for anybody else."

By this time the conviction had fixed itself upon Thora's mind that the family had agreed that the child was not to be returned to her, and that Helga was responsible for this cruel resolution. Then a fierce passion took possession of her, such as she had never known before. She hated her sister with a terrible hatred. Helga, who had first robbed her of her husband, had now robbed her of her child, and, throwing dust in her people's eyes, had used her weakness and infirmity as an excuse and a blind. But she would defeat her, she would defeat everybody, she would get back her child whatever the consequences, and not all the powers of earth or heaven or hell should take it away from her again.

The intensity of her feeling, if it could have been realized by those about her, would have made her sweet, gentle soul unrecognizable. She was like a wild feline animal robbed of its young and going out to recover it. All the other passions and emotions that had ever possessed her—love of her husband, affection for Aunt Margret and her father and the Governor, pity for Magnus, and tenderness toward all living things, were burnt up by the one consuming desire—the desire for her child. It made her terrible, it made her cruel, it made her cunning.

Thora determined to steal back her child.

The following day—the day of the Proclamation—would give her an opportunity of doing so.

Nearly everybody would then be at Thingvellir, therefore her way would be more clear. Only Anna would stay at home to attend to herself and Aunt Margret to attend to the child. Her one feverish anxiety was that Oscar should not stay behind as well, for if Oscar were to remain Helga would remain also, and then her scheme would come to nought.

Thora lay awake the whole night through. Before daybreak she heard the people shouting in the darkness; at dawn she heard the departure of the Governor, and when Oscar called up at her window she knew that Helga was with him, for she heard the hoofs of two horses.

When everybody was gone she lay back on her pillow with a sigh of immense relief.

"How soon will they be back, Anna?" she asked.

"Not much before midnight, I'm afraid. But you must not fret after anybody, my child, for everything shall be done for you," said Anna.

Then the transparent young soul, in the fierce fire of its temptation, began to lay plans for deceiving Anna, and for getting her out of the way.

The hours lagged cruelly before luncheon, and after it the sun's line on the wall was long in leaving the bed; but at last three o'clock struck on the Bornholm clock below stairs, and then Thora said:

"Mamma, I'm sure you are very tired—I wish you would go to your room and rest."

"And leave my honey alone? Not I," said Anna.

"But I want to rest myself, and I can't rest unless you are resting."

"If you really think you'll sleep——"

"I'm sure I shall," said Thora.

"Well—seeing you slept so little last night," said Anna, and Thora began to yawn and to sigh.

"I'll leave both doors open then. And see, Thora—I'll put the little hand-bell on this table, and if you awake and want me—I sleep like a cat, you know—the least noise wakens me——"

"Good-night, mamma," said Thora in a drowsy tone, and Anna, smiling and nodding to herself over Thora's error, stole on tiptoe out of the room.

Thora listened for the last light footfall in the corridor, and then raised herself in bed. She was alone at last, and the time had come to defeat the conspiracy of love and kindness, prompted by jealousy and envy, that had robbed her of her child. Her child, her child, she must get back her child, whatever it might cost her!

She dropped to the floor, and in doing so she brushed the hand-bell off the table. It fell to the carpet with a deadened clang, and

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for a moment she held her breath and listened. But there was no sound from Anna's room, so she clutched at the bedclothes and stood erect. Then the walls went round, and she knew for the first time how weak she was. But her heart was strong if her limbs were feeble, and she found her way to the nursery, where her clothes were hanging. It was a weary task to put them on, but her purpose never flagged. At last she was dressed and looking at herself in the glass. Her eyes were red, her lips were pale and her cheeks were sucked in and white. Nobody would know her who met her in the street, yet still, if she could find her cloak——

The Bornholm clock chimed half-past three, and Thora began to steal down the corridor. She had to go by Anna's bedroom and the door was standing open. Anna's shawl lay on a chair within, and she snatched it up and wrapped it over her shoulders and her head. Then she went downstairs. Her limbs trembled under her, but not from fear, and if anybody had tried to stop her now, she would have fought like a fiend.

"My child is mine!" she thought. "What right have they to keep her from me?"

At the next moment she was in the street.

CHAPTER III

THE Bornholm clock struck four. Anna awoke, and hearing no sound from Thora's room, she went back to the nursery and busied herself noiselessly at the stove. Presently the lace curtains in the bedroom were rustled by the wind from an open window and Anna cried through the door:

"Lie quiet, Thora, I'm making tea," and then she sang to herself softly in the voice of her youth. A few minutes later she said: "That sleep must have made me stupid. I've actually put in the hot water before the tea-leaves."

Soon afterward she sailed into Thora's room with the tea-tray in both hands and a smile on her face, saying: "Here it is, but you'll thank your stars when Maria comes back in the morning."

She was setting down the tray on the round table by the bedside where the hand-bell should have been, when her eyes fell on the empty bed. Her breath jumped in her throat, and she turned her head slowly over her shoulder, calling, "Thora!"

There was no answer, the room was empty. Anna remembered the clothes which she had laid out on the chairs in the nursery. They were gone. "Thora! Thora!" she cried in an agitated whisper.

Then the smile came back to her face. "I know," she thought, "Thora has dressed herself and gone down to the drawing-room, just to show me what she can do."

The smile was chased away by a mighty frown. "But I'll give it her," she thought, and downstairs she went with a determined step and banged the drawing-room door back, saying: "Really, Thora, it is very naughty——"

But the protest died in her throat, for Thora was not there. Then her heart shook like a leaf stiffened by hoar-frost, and she ran through the house, from room to room, crying in a voice shrill with fear and thickened by sobs: "Thora, where are you? Thora! Honey! Don't hide yourself from me! Thora! Thora!"

At that moment Golden Mane came tilting up to the green and Magnus entered the house. Hearing his mother's voice, he ran upstairs, and came face to face with Anna in the corridor.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Thora's lost," said Anna.

"Lost?"

"She coaxed me to lie down this afternoon, and while I was asleep she got up and dressed herself and she is gone."

"Let us be sure first," said Magnus, and the slow fellow shot through the house like a torpedo, while Anna sat on the chair by the door of her own room and wrung her hands and reproached herself.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! What have I done? How can I ever forgive myself? The poor child was not herself—she didn't know what she was doing."

Magnus returned with a slow step, saying, "Be quiet, mother! Can't you see what has happened? Thora has gone to the child."

"The child? The Factor's? God grant you may be right, Magnus. But she hasn't mentioned the baby for two days."

"Nevertheless," said Magnus, "her poor heart has been torn to pieces by this accursed scheme of separating her from her child, and she has gone to join it."

"Let us go and see," said Anna. "But, oh dear, what a thing to do! And she so ill and weak! It will kill her! Oh, why

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did I leave her for an instant? What will Oscar say?"

"If Oscar's wise he will say nothing," said Magnus. "And if anything happens and he has any conscience, he'll damn himself to the last day of his life."

"Don't say that, Magnus," said Anna. "If there was anything wrong we were all to blame for it. It wasn't Oscar's fault——"

"Certainly it was Oscar's fault," said Magnus. "It was Oscar's fault that he allowed Helga to twist him round her finger and make you all her miserable slaves."

"Where is my shawl? I laid it down somewhere and now I cannot find it. But let us go. And don't be hard on your mother, Magnus—she was trying to do her best——"

"It's not you I'm blaming, mother," said Magnus, "but if," he added, and his words came through his clenched teeth, "if there were a law in this infernal land to punish men like Oscar, as sure as I live I should be the first to use it."

They were going out of the house when three men came up to the door—the Sheriff and two strangers.

"Good evening, Mrs. Anna," said the Sheriff. "These gentlemen are officials from Copenhagen, just arrived by the Laura. They wish to see the Governor on an important matter, and I thought perhaps you could tell them when he will be back from Thingvellir."

"I can't say, I don't know, I am in a great hurry," said Anna.

"This young man," said the Sheriff to the strangers, "is the *elder* son of the Governor, and if you would like to speak to him——"

"We should," answered the men.

"Is it so important? My son is going out with me. Can't the matter wait until to-morrow?" said Anna.

"Go on ahead, mother—I'll follow you presently," said Magnus, and while Anna hurried away he led the strangers into the Governor's office. One of the two took a paper from an inner breast-pocket and said:

"Naturally you know your father's handwriting?"

"I do," said Magnus.

"And of course you are familiar with his signature. Will you be good enough to say if *this* is your father's signature?" said the man, opening his paper and handing it to Magnus.

It was a note of hand in favor of Oscar Stephensen for an advance of one hundred thousand crowns, in the name of the Governor and witnessed by the name of the Factor.

The world reeled round Magnus, for he saw in a moment what the paper meant. It was almost as if his prayer for power to punish Oscar had been answered on the instant. The paper rustled in his hand, and for some seconds he could not speak. Then he lifted his face and said:

"You ask me if this is my father's signature; don't you think it would be more proper to ask my father himself?"

"No doubt—certainly you are right," said the stranger, "but to protect your father—not to say yourself, perhaps——"

"Perhaps," said Magnus, and he handed the paper back.

"Magnus," said the Sheriff, "I was told to watch you if you came to town to-day, but it seems to me that somebody else in your family needs watching a good deal more—will you not give us your assistance?"

Magnus shuddered in the toils of his temptation. A voice within cried: "Speak! Denounce him! Now's your time!" His lower lip quivered, his eyelids trembled, and he answered in a hoarse voice:

"The Governor will not be back until midnight—let me come to you to-morrow morning."

"Good!" said the Sheriff, whereupon Magnus showed them out of the house and then fled away to the Factor's.

"That big fellow will speak when he wants to," said one of the strangers, as the three men walked down the street, "and when he doesn't the devil himself won't make him do so."

CHAPTER IV

Of two ways to the Factor's, Thora had taken the shortest and most frequented, yet she had passed through the streets unobserved. Coming near to the house, she had passed the Sheriff and the two strangers, but they were immersed in their conversation and they did not see her as she stumbled by them with her head covered up in Anna's shawl.

Twice she had stopped to take breath, and once she had steadied herself by a lamppost, for she was dizzy and her ankles ached. The little distance which had hitherto seemed so short was now a great jour-

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ney, but it came to an end at length, and she approached her father's house from the front.

She had intended to creep up softly, enter by stealth, listen until she learned where the child was kept, watch until Aunt Margret left the little one alone for a moment, and then steal into the room and take it.

With this purpose she ascended the stone steps to the front entrance and gently turned the handle, but as soon as she had given the door a noiseless push, there was the loud ringing of a bell which had not been there before.

At the next moment there was the sound of slippered feet coming hurriedly downstairs, and before her dizzy brain could tell her what to do, Aunt Margret was peering into her face.

"Mercy me, is it you?" cried Aunt Margret, and she looked as if she were ready to drop.

With a crushing sense of failure, Thora stood silent and her heart fluttered like a captured bird.

"Good Lord, how did you get here alone? And what on earth was Anna doing to let you come?" said Aunt Margret.

Then with a convulsive little burst Thora said: "Anna knew nothing about it, Aunt Margret—she was asleep—I came to see baby." And then she broke down utterly, leaned against the door and cried like a child.

The kind soul with the sharp tongue could bear no more. "And so you shall, dear," she said tenderly. "Certainly you shall, my pretty poppet," she said with infinite compassion. "Come upstairs, my precious. Go before me, Thora dear—that's right—but not so quick—you shall see your baby soon enough. And, Thora darling, if I haven't exactly tried to take it back to you, it wasn't because I didn't love you, and feel for you, and suffer with you, my poor child, but because your father and Helga and even Oscar—no, the other way, Thora—baby is in the front bedroom."

"Is she well?" said Thora, breathing quickly, as she reached the landing.

"She's as well as well, and so rosy and bonny," said Aunt Margret, pushing ahead of Thora and opening the bedroom door. And then, holding her breath, the young mother entered the room.

The child was sleeping in a cot with a hood covered by light-blue lace, and its little head, streaked with yellow hair, lay red against the white pillow. A cat purred on the floor in a warm shaft from the setting sun, and all was sweet and peaceful.

"My baby! My baby!" cried Thora; and she sank down on her knees by the cot and stretched her arms over it like a bird covering her nest with her sheltering wings.

The child was awakened by the soft gale of its mother's breath on its sleeping face and it began to cry, whereupon Thora gathered it in her arms and lifted it out of the cot and nursed it lovingly, holding its little plunging hand in her own hand, so thin and white and delicate.

"I wish I could die," she said. "I wish I could die now, Aunt Margret."

And Aunt Margret, who was snuffling audibly, said: "Die indeed! Just drink off this drop of brandy and water, and don't talk such nonsense."

Thora drank the brandy and straightway the weakness left her, and with the return of her strength the secret purpose which had brought her to the house revived.

"I must be quick," she thought. "Anna will follow me."

The innocent selfishness of her starved and injured motherhood knew no conscience, and she set herself to consider how she could get rid of Aunt Margret, and so carry away the child.

That was a perplexing problem, and she sat long to think it out, but accident solved it at last.

"Goodness me," Aunt Margret was saying, "how lovely you look sitting there with the child! But what a fit some people would have if they could drop in and see you! They can't, thank goodness! They're thirty miles away, and before they get back you'll be gone, and nobody a penny the wiser. When the cat's away the mice will play. But mercy me, what a storm there would be if they ever came to know that I had let you touch the little angel! I don't know which is the worst on that subject—your father, or Oscar, or Helga. I think Helga is the worst, if you ask me. You're a Neilsen, Thora, but Helga—she's sheep from another sheepfold. She's so cute, and she has such ways with her! It was Helga who put those bells on the door, and when I heard you coming in I thought, 'It's that Sheriff again;' but you could have knocked me down with a feather— Good gracious!"

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Aunt Margret, who was looking out of the window, suddenly threw up her hands.

"What is it?" said Thora.

"It is—no—yes, it's Anna! And the Sheriff and two officers are coming behind her!"

"They're coming for me," cried Thora. "They want to take me away from baby. Go down and stop them, Aunt Margret. Say I'm not here—say I've gone—say anything——"

"Hush, dear, don't excite yourself. Leave Margret Neilsen to manage this little matter. I'll take Anna and the Sheriff into the back parlor and tell them something. Then you'll slip off by the front, and get back home and nobody will know."

"Yes, yes, that will do," said Thora.

"You'll be as quiet as a mouse, and I'll make lots of noises."

"Yes, yes, yes."

There was the clang of a bell from below, and Aunt Margret whispered: "There they are! Now put baby back in the cot, my own, and cover her up with the blanket."

"Not yet, let me kiss her again, just for the last time," said Thora.

An agitated voice came from the bottom of the stairs: "Margret! Margret Neilsen!"

"I must go—be quick!" whispered Aunt Margret, and, scuttling downstairs, she cried: "I'm coming," and then there was a rumble of confused voices, followed by the closing of a door. Thora was alone once more, and the feverish strength of outraged motherhood possessed her like a madness. "They've come to take my child again," she thought.

In a moment she had slipped off her shoes, snatched up the blanket and wrapped it about the sleeping infant, crept down the stairs in stocking feet, and out of the house by a back passage.

CHAPTER V

MEANTIME a little tragical comedy was going on in the back parlor. Anna was white and trembling while Aunt Margret was looking wondrous wise and subtle.

"Thora!" gasped Anna. "Have you seen anything of Thora?"

"Have *I* seen anything of Thora? You must be dreaming, Anna, dear."

"Then she has gone, and I was right after all," said Anna.

"Can it be possible?" said Aunt Margret.

"Magnus would have it that she had gone to see the baby, but she has gone further than that, poor child, and we shall never see her again."

"What a pity!" said Aunt Margret, and then Anna flew out at her.

"Margret Neilson, don't you understand what I am saying? The poor child was demented, and she stole out while I was asleep, and goodness knows what she has done with herself."

"Hush! Hold your tongue, Anna, and come into this room and I'll tell you something. Magnus was right after all."

"Then she *has* been here?"

"She's here now—she's upstairs this very minute"

"Oh, thank the Lord——"

"Don't speak or the poor thing will hear you. And don't be angry with her either, and if you brought the Sheriff to take her back——"

"*I* brought the Sheriff? What are you saying, you crazy woman?"

"Then can't we let her stay a little longer? It isn't every day she has the chance——"

"She can stay all night for me, Margret."

"That is impossible—the Factor is so frightened. And then there's the Governor——"

"That's true," said Anna.

"But she can safely stay an hour more with her child, can't she?" said Aunt Margret.

"Just one hour more," said Anna.

"Poor thing, she was to steal out while we were talking, but we'll go up and surprise her. And when you see her with the little mite at her breast, looking down at it and kissing it with such a pitiful smile, the dear, it will fill your heart brimful. But for goodness' sake wipe your eyes and blow your nose, Anna, and do for mercy's sake look more cheerful— Quietly now, quietly, or she'll think the Sheriff is behind us."

With that the two old things, snuffling as if they had colds in the head, but struggling to smile and seem happy, went creeping up to the bedroom.

By that time the room was empty and Thora was gone.

The women looked at each other for an instant, and then Aunt Margret ran to the cradle. The child was gone too.

At that moment the bell of the front door rang again. Aunt Margret cried: "There she is!" and the two women raced downstairs to see.

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It was Magnus coming in.

"Thora *has* been here, but she has gone—gone this very minute," cried Anna.

"And she has taken the child along with her," cried Aunt Margret.

Without a word Magnus turned about and leapt back to the street. There he met the Sheriff and told him what had happened. At the next minute the two women were running hither and thither and the two men were gone different ways.

Half an hour afterward they met at the Factor's house again. Thora and the child had not been found. They had disappeared as utterly as if a lava stream had swallowed them.

The women were sitting side by side with blanched faces and startled eyes, twisting their handkerchiefs into knots.

"The doctor was right after all," said Anna. "They were all right, though we thought them so hard and cruel. The poor thing wanted to die—she told me so herself."

"She told me, too—she told me this very day," said Aunt Margret.

"Is there no house in town she was accustomed to go to?" asked the Sheriff.

"None," said Anna, and Aunt Margret said, "Thora was not like that—she would never drink coffee nor talk scandal with anyone."

"Let us try again," said Magnus to the Sheriff.

The sun had set over the fiord and the black rocks of the plain were dying out in the dusky haze of evening when the two men returned to the Factor's for the second time. Their search had been fruitless and Magnus's face was white and haggard.

Anna and Aunt Margret sat in the parlor window sincerely stricken with grief but finding a certain satisfaction in their affliction from the melancholy glances of groups of other women who had gathered in the street.

"I knew it would be useless," said Anna. "She's gone, poor dear—I'm afraid she's gone to heaven, poor darling."

"And taken the poor dear little innocent infant along with her," said Aunt Margret.

"Has anybody thought of going back to Government House?" asked the Sheriff.

"I went there first," said Magnus.

"And to the lake?"

"I went there next."

"And the jetty?"

"I went to the jetty also. But I don't believe Thora has destroyed herself," said Magnus.

"Then she has died of exhaustion by this time, and it's all the same in any case," said Anna.

"She's in her stocking feet too—see," said Aunt Margret, showing the slippers which Thora had left upstairs, and falling and kissing them and weeping over them.

"There's one chance left—she may have tried to follow her husband," said Magnus.

"So far, and without a horse?" said the Sheriff.

"It's the last hope—I'm going to follow it up," said Magnus. "Mother," he added, "you had better go back home."

"I can't—I daren't—and if anything happens I'll never be able to go into the poor girl's room again," said Anna.

Outside, in the fading light, Magnus stood for a moment wiping the flanks of Golden Mane and patting his drooping neck.

"I suppose there isn't another horse left in the town," said the Sheriff, "but you'll kill your splendid pony."

"Then he'll die well," said Magnus.

"Magnus," the Sheriff continued, "I intend to search every house in Reykjavik, and if I succeed to-night I'll expect you to help us in the morning."

"If you *don't* succeed I'll help you," said Magnus, with a hoarse laugh, and at the next moment he was lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI

THORA had done the most natural and therefore the most unexpected thing. Only thinking of getting back to her bed in Government House, and of carrying the child along with her, she had taken the simplest steps toward doing so. In order to escape the Sheriff she had left her father's house by the back, and to avoid observation from people in the frequented thoroughfare she had taken the longer and quieter of the two roads home.

This road had led her past the lake, but she had no desire to destroy herself. Often before she had longed for death from the depths of her heart, but love for her child conquered all such feelings now. The way was very long, but she did not know that she was tired; the roads were rough, but she did not know that they were cutting her feet; she was going fast, but she did not realize that

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she was breathless. She had only one fear, the fear of being overtaken; only one dread—dread of the child being torn away from her.

Clinging to the little one with feverish hands she hastened along, weeping to herself, laughing to herself, full of a wild joy that had no remorse, no qualms of any kind, and neither looked before nor after. It was Motherhood—motherhood, the most divine, the most devilish, the most tender, the most terrible, the most sweet, the most savage of all the passions of the heart.

Reaching home at last she found the house silent but every room wide open as if lately ringing with the noise of hurrying feet. Creeping upstairs with her precious burden she got safely back to her room, and instantly locked the door behind her. She laughed as she did so, thinking how Anna and Aunt Margret would follow her and find themselves defeated.

Then she undressed and got back into bed and for one long, heavenly hour she gave herself up to the delight of having her child—to hold it, to nurse it, to fondle it, to kiss it, to devour it with all her senses. The little creature had slept during its journey through the town, but now it awoke, and lay quiet by its mother's side while she ran her hungry hands over its tiny body and put its clenched fists and its feet one by one into her mouth.

After a while the child tired and began to cry, whereupon Thora remembered for the first time that she had left its feeding-bottle behind her. She tried to hush it, but it would not be hushed, and then a sudden thought, a blind impulse of maternity came to her, and she put the little one to her breast. The child clung to it and was quiet, and the milk, which had never come until now, instantly began to flow.

It was the crowning joy of that joyous hour, a physical rapture such as Thora had never known before.

After that a more tender spirit stole over her, and she looked lovingly down at the child in her bosom and kissed it more and more and said, "God bless my baby."

Then in a voice so weak and silvery that it was like a voice descending from the sky, she began to sing the child to sleep.

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Angels bright thy slumbers keep,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

The child slept, and ever while she sang Thora became aware of alternate waves of heat and cold going over her. A vague, broken, delirious consciousness came and went, and people seemed to be entering and leaving the room. First it was Helga, then it was Oscar, and finally it was Magnus. Helga was taking the child out of the bed and Oscar was helping her, and she was trying to cry out and could not, when Magnus appeared in the doorway.

At one moment she thought she was dead, and people were talking around her. They were all strangers—chiefly women whom she had seen going into the Salvation shelter.

"She's gone, poor girl," said someone, and somebody else said, "So much the better—the poor thing's troubles are over." "They say she tried to make away with herself," said one. "And what wonder?" said another. "There was no place left for her in this world." "Nobody can say she didn't love her husband," said a voice at her feet. "That was the pity—he loved her sister," said a voice above her. "Perhaps that was why she thought of taking her life—to leave him free—to make him happy." "Well, she did wrong by Magnus, but we all know who killed her." And then everybody said in chorus, "He'll get his reward, he'll get his reward," and she was sorry for Oscar.

At another moment she thought she was a blessed saint in paradise, with lilies and roses around her head, but there was a thorn in her heart for all that, and even among the joys of heaven she had a dull pain there was no ease for, because she couldn't help thinking about her baby. So she asked the dear God to let her go down to earth to see her little Elin, and He suffered her to come and she came. Oscar and Helga were together now, in a country that was sweet with smiling gardens and a house that was full of gilded furniture. But she could not see her Elin anywhere, until at length she found her in an upper room, neglected and lonely. Then the burning tears ran down her face and she sat by her child and comforted her, and Elin was not afraid. "Stay with me a little longer, little mother," said the child, and she stayed with her, and sang to her, and no one heard but little Elin.

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Angels bright thy slumbers keep,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

When she came to herself again it was dark in the bedroom, yet she was still sing-

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ing. The baby began to cry and she wished to comfort it, but she found she could not speak. Its little body felt cold against her breast and she wanted to cover it up in the blanket, but her arms were heavy and she could not lift them.

There was a moment of agonized consciousness, but the good Father sealed the senses of His suffering child again. She thought a majestic figure entered the room, clothed all in white, and lifted the baby out of her bosom, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." She knew quite well who it was, but when she looked the second time the figure had the face of Magnus.

Then it seemed to her that it was she herself and not the baby that had been lifted up, yet she felt no fear at all, nor any pain, nor any heartache. She was very happy.

At that moment the women who had stood about the bed came back and they began to sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus"—just as she had heard them singing it when she listened, at the door of the shelter.

She smiled and drew a deep sigh; a sweet, long breath of joy and rapture; and then the darkness lifted—and then—it was day.

CHAPTER VII

THAT day had been a day of prolonged triumph for Oscar. The Proclamation itself had been an imposing ceremony. Sitting on the law-mount as on a platform—a natural platform of lava rock—with his face to the east and the guard cross of Danneborg on his breast, the Governor had read out one by one the titles and descriptions of the acts which had been passed by Parliament; and after each of them he had lifted his head and cried to the people on the plains below, "Is it Yea or Nay?" and then the people, led by Oscar, had shouted "Yea."

When the reading was finished the Governor had cried, "Long live the King!" whereupon Oscar had led the cheering, three times three, and when the band had struck up the national hymn he had started the words of the chorus.

But the last feature of the function had been the best, and that was the singing of the anthem composed by Oscar himself. It was a hymn to Iceland, the cradle of the Vikings, the scene of the sagas, the parent of parliaments, the mother of the mighty Northlands.

Standing under the brant face of the law-mount, with his choir of one hundred and fifty on the sloping ground in front, Oscar had conducted with great vigor. His prelude had pleased the people, but when he rose to the height of his argument and struck the patriotic note, his love for the stern old land—

"Isafold! my Isafold! great land of frost and fire,"

his hearers had been completely carried away, and some of them had shouted and wept.

After the anthem was over the Thingmen had crowded about Oscar to congratulate him, and some of the country people had fallen upon his neck. The Governor, too, sitting above, had been the object of many congratulations. "But this is genius," said one. "An inspiration," said another. "Our Oscar will be a great musician some day," said a third. And the old man had taken the tributes quietly, almost silently, but with the shining face of a father who was proud of his favorite son.

When the ceremonies had ended there had been only one name on everybody's lips, and that was the name of Oscar Stephensen, and hundreds had been humming the strains of "Isafold! my Isafold!" as they trooped off to dinner.

Oscar and Helga had dined together at the Inn-Farm, in a corner of the hall which was thronged with diners. But they were both too much excited to remain only in mixed company, and after dinner they escaped to the margin of the lake and to the solitary parts of the plain. There they gathered blueberries, and, partly to restrain their excitement and partly to nourish it, they talked of nothing but the wild flowers.

When the sun began to sink they returned by way of the parsonage, where the Governor, the Factor, the Bishop, and certain other officials had taken their dinner apart. The little guest-room was dense with smoke, like the mouth of a geyser, and the faces that came and went in it were discussing the merits and defects of the old order and the new. Both Governor and Factor were for the old, as exemplified by the day's ceremony and Oscar's anthem, but others held that changing times brought changing needs, and that Iceland would be the better for a new constitution, with free trade and modern methods.

"They'll go on till midnight, and never get home to-night," whispered Helga, as she slipped out with Oscar.

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On returning to the farm they found people striking tents and leading horses from the crowded horsefold to prepare for the journey.

"I'm afraid I'm too tired to go back to-night," said Helga.

"Then stay—stay by all means," said Oscar.

"And you?" asked Helga.

"I must go home in any case—there's Thora," said Oscar.

"Your mother will look after her," said Helga.

But Oscar shook his head and ordered Gudrun, the housekeeper, to make one of the two guest-rooms ready for Helga.

At that moment some young townspeople were clearing the floor for a dance, and they called on Oscar and Helga to lead off with a waltz. They did so with great delight, and when the waltz was finished they joined the round dance which followed it, and then they danced a second and a third waltz, until they were flushed and hot, and had to go out to cool.

By this time it was dark, and the people who meant to encamp for the night had lighted fires at the mouths of their tents and were beguiling the hours with various pleasures. One of these was fortune-telling. An old woman, not thought to be wise, was going from tent to tent, making random shots amid shouts of laughter.

"And what do you see here?" said Helga, holding out her hand.

"Ah, this is a good hand," said the witch. "You are going to be a great lady and eat mutton and beef every day and drink golden wine and ginger."

"And what do you see in this?" asked Oscar.

"This? Oh dear! Oh dear!" said the witch.

"What's amiss, mother?"

"Cold water runs between my skin and my flesh."

"Is it as bad as that, old lady?"

"Don't ask me, don't ask me! You have a brother, haven't you?"

"What about him?"

"Beware! beware!" said the witch, and Oscar and Helga turned away laughing.

The moon rose and they wandered into the great chasm, and walked among the shadows of the great toppling stones, until they came under a huge stone called Stoker, which stands like a mighty gravestone over a deep pit that is like a tomb. There they sat, with the white moon above them and the red camp-fires below them, and then the boiling, bubbling geyser of excitement in their hearts could be kept down no longer.

"You have had a great success to-day, Oscar," said Helga.

"So have you, Helga, so have you, for without your presence to prompt and inspire me I should have done nothing."

"I am happy if I have helped you, Oscar, but you must go on now, and never look back—never."

"You are right, Helga, you are right—to stop now would be a sin—an unpardonable—almost like a sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Exactly like it, Oscar, exactly; for if anyone has a gift he gets it from God, and to bury it, like the man in the parable——"

"There would be no fear of that if I could have you beside me always, Helga."

"And can't you, Oscar?"

"Would to God I could, but it is impossible. You will return to Denmark——"

"Not I, indeed. I am not without my own ambitions also. I must go back to England, to France, to Germany, to Italy; and so must you, Oscar—you must if you are to be true to your talents and to yourself and to the great future——"

"I know it, Helga, I feel it, and if I could write even one song that would stir the souls of millions it would be better than making a fortune or passing an act of Parliament. But when a man has given hostages to fortune, and they are dragging him down—with silken threads perhaps—but still down, down, down——"

"Are things so absolutely irretrievable, Oscar?"

"Absolutely, Helga, absolutely; and henceforth and all my life long I must learn to do without your comradeship——"

"And what must I do?"

"You must try to live as if—as if—Helga, do you know what is the deadliest thing in life? It is Love. The painters paint Love as a harmless little Cupid with a handkerchief about his eyes and a toy bow and arrow in his hands. But Love is a great, blind, blundering monster with a two-edged sword, dealing destruction on every side."

"Is it Love or man that does that, Oscar—man with his false sense of right and wrong, his foolish ideals of honor?"

"God knows! Perhaps if I could have thought so a year ago, before I added injury to injury and brought unhappiness on

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others and misery on myself, but now—now——"

"Isn't it cowardly to talk like that, Oscar?"

"I *am* a coward, Helga, to you I can speak the truth—I am a coward, a moral coward, and I cannot face the certainty ——"

"But if," said Helga excitedly, "you had someone beside you who had the courage of life, the defiance of life——"

"Helga!" cried Oscar, breathing heavily.

"Someone who would go on helping you and ask nothing but your comradeship——"

"Helga! Helga!"

"Nothing but to work with you and to conquer the world with you——"

"Helga! Helga! Helga!"

"Oscar!"

There was a breathless cry from both, and then an almost inaudible whisper, "I shall not go back to-night, Helga."

When they came to themselves again they were returning—more flushed and excited than before—out of the white moonlight into the yellow mist of the smoking lamp that hung over the dancers in the hall. The young townspeople received them with a shout and called on them to join the dance they were dancing. It was called "Weaving the Cloth," and the figures were intended to represent the spinning and carding, the weaving, stretching, hammering and rolling of the thick Icelandic vadmal. The dancers crossed and recrossed, twisted each other about, beat each other breast against breast and finally rolled each other round and round.

The music was going fast, and the dancers were singing loud and laughing louder, when there came from outside the sudden barking of the dogs, followed by the clatter of the hoofs of a horse that was galloping. Immediately afterward there was the rattle of the metal end of a riding-whip against a window-pane, and a voice crying, "God be with you!"

The new-comer did not wait for the customary answer to his salutation, but pushed the door open and entered hurriedly. It was Magnus, dusty and dirty, with a white face and wild eyes.

At that moment Oscar and Helga, blushing and smiling, were in the middle of the floor, locked in each other's arms, performing the last figure of the dance, and it was thus that Magnus came face to face with them.

"Is she here?" he cried.

"She?"

"Thora? Thora? She is lost—I thought she might have found a horse and followed you."

Then the shuffling feet stopped, and the fiddles tailed off into silence as Magnus, in broken sentences, told the story of Thora's flight to the Factor's, her disappearance with the child, and the vain search that had been made for her.

"But surely she would go back to Government House eventually," said Oscar. "The poor girl would go the long way round to escape observation, and home by way of the lake. Did nobody think of that and stay in the house to see?"

Magnus looked like a man whose eyes, dulled by groping in a dark tunnel, had been stunned by sudden light. Before the others had recovered themselves he had turned about and was gone.

At the next moment Oscar was tramping to and fro on the floor, with his clenched fists to his forehead, moaning "My God! My God!" Helga was combing her hair and putting on her wraps.

CHAPTER VIII

JOHN, the servant at the farm, was sent over to the parsonage to tell the Governor and the Factor. He found the gentlemen settling themselves for the night, having talked so long that they had decided to remain until morning. But the news of Thora's disappearance altered everything.

"We must go back immediately," said the Governor.

"Bring the horses round instantly," said the Factor.

Less than half an hour afterward a silent and gloomy company were going home—the Governor, the Factor, Oscar, Helga, and a various following of the sympathetic and the inquisitive.

The two old friends were morose and ill-tempered and, for the first time in fifty years, disposed to nag and quarrel. The Governor blamed Aunt Margret, the Factor blamed Anna; the Governor blamed Helga, the Factor blamed Oscar; the Governor blamed the Factor, the Factor blamed the Governor. In the half-light of uncertainty and suspense their friendship fell before fear, and blood was thicker than water.

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It was a miserable home-going to Oscar. The explanation of Thora's movements with which he had surprised Magnus soon ceased to satisfy himself, and he thought of a hundred fatal consequences. Helga tried to comfort him with various plausible arguments. He had acted for the best—the best for Thora, the best for the child, the best for himself, the best for everybody—and if accident had intervened or the dreadful freaks of dementia had followed, he was not responsible, and could not be to blame.

But Oscar's worst sufferings were from a secret purgatory which Helga's pleadings did not touch, for the cruelest part of his remorse concerned Helga herself and not Thora.

The journey was long and tiresome, and every step had its own peculiar misery. During the first hour the moon was shining—a brilliant moon that bathed everything in loveliness—and Oscar remembered the scene in the chasm, and reflected that in the very hour of his delirious happiness Thora, perhaps, was lying dead.

Then the moon died out and darkness fell—a murky darkness, blacker than the lava, and as Oscar pushed along over the stumbling feet of his pony, the thought came to him that if Thora was dead perhaps it was the best that could have happened to her—the best under the circumstances—saving her from the bitterness of a future which must surely come when Helga and he, struggle as they might, would have to break the bonds that bound them.

And then in that dark and treacherous hour, with no fear to look into his face, he felt an immense relief, remembering that if Thora was gone the consequences of his life's error were at an end and he was free.

But the dawn came—a bleary, rainy dawn with scarves of vapor stretching across the sun like a cataract over a bloodshot eye—and Oscar's remorse was doubled by the wounds he had inflicted upon his conscience in the darkness, and he dared not look at Helga as she rode, muffled up and silent, by his side.

They were crossing the Moss Fell Heath by this time, and everything around was dark and drear. A solitary raven kept them cheerless company for a while, flying from beacon to beacon and uttering its husky cry. Oscar remembered the scenes of yesterday when the sky was blue and their blood was warm, and then the thought came to him—like the rolling of the bolt to a man buried in a tomb—that if he was not to be henceforward the most miserable of men he must pray with all his soul and strength that when they reached the end of their journey Thora should be alive.

On reaching the more inhabited districts Oscar allowed the Governor and the Factor to forge on ahead, and Helga to wait for him on the road, while he glanced off to the farm-houses and shouted up at the bedroom windows. But the result was always the same—Thora had not been seen and Magnus had been there before him.

When they came to the top of the hill from which they had looked back on Reykjavik on the Danish mail-steamer entering the fiord, the little capital floated in the mist of morning like a city in a woolly sea, and the "Laura" anchored outside of it; but the apprehensions of yesterday were consumed by the fears of to-day, and Oscar thought of nothing but one thing.

They met farmers trotting out of the town on their little caravans of ponies, yet Oscar did not question them, lest he should hear the news he dared not listen to, and coming at length to the long street of the little capital he did not raise his eyes to the eyes that peered at him through the curtains of upper windows, lest they should reveal the truth he dared not learn.

The fear of disaster had by this time swallowed up any flicker of hope in Oscar, and when, coming up to Government House, he found a crowd of people standing in front of it he knew too well that all was over. From that moment onward fact after fact led up to the fatal certainty.

The window of Thora's bedroom—the window at which Oscar had shouted his adieus the day before—stood open, and a ladder had been raised against it. By the gate to the green a horse lay dead on the gravel—it was Magnus's horse, his magnificent Golden Mane—covered with dust and sweat, as it fell under its rider at the last stage of his fearful journey.

In the middle of the hall Anna and Aunt Margret stood with the Governor and the Factor, sobbing out their pitiful explanations. Afraid to return to the empty house which had been the scene of a painful memory, Anna had sat the night through with Margret at the Factor's, waiting hour by hour for the reports of the Sheriff and his constables. Nothing had been heard of Thora, but in the early morning Magnus had re-

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turned and found the door of her room locked on the inside. Then he had run for them and they had called to Thora, but had received no answer, though sometimes they had heard the baby crying. And now Magnus having failed to force the door, had gone for a ladder, and he intended to climb into the room from the outside.

Oscar was conscious of no more until he found himself knocking at Thora's door and calling in his agony:

"Thora? Where are you? Thora! Thora!"

There was a heavy, staggering step inside the room, the lock was shot back and the door was thrown open.

"Thora!" cried Oscar again, but it was Magnus who stood before him—Magnus with a face white and set and full of anger and hatred.

"You were right," he said, pointing to the bed. "There she is and God——you!"

Thora lay high on the pillow with her eyes open and her lips parted, smiling, as if she had just awakened from a beautiful dream. She was dead, but her baby was alive, and it was rolling its little round head and digging its red hand into her cold white breast.

With a low, choking cry Oscar fell to his knees at the bedside and buried his face in the bedclothes. Magnus left the bedroom, the others entered it, and Aunt Margret lifted the living child out of the mother's breast over the father's kneeling form.

CHAPTER IX

DURING the few days before the funeral Government House felt motionless and empty, like a room when the clock has stopped in it. Behind the drawn blinds everybody talked in whispers, as if the dead were asleep and must not be wakened. The stillness of the house centred in the room where Thora lay, and that was white and fresh with the odor of clean linen and wild flowers. In the deadened sunshine, as it filtered through the yellow blinds, there was a halo about the waxen face on the bed, and it seemed to diffuse solemnity on all around it.

Anna never allowed herself to be long away from this chamber. Her fear of the room had gone now that death had come to it. Early and late, in daylight and dark, she went to and fro in the silent place, walking softly and seeming to count the hours in which her dear girl would be still above ground.

The Governor did nothing from the day of Thora's death until the day of her burial. Dressed always in his uniform, he sat in his bureau, but received no one. He wrote no letters and read no books, and seldom spoke at his meals. For hours together he would sit with folded arms looking fixedly at the pattern on the carpet. A shadow had fallen on him—a shadow of shame—and in the sealed chamber of his proud soul he was struggling to reconcile his conduct to himself and finding it difficult to do so.

The Factor went on with his work as usual, for in the decalogue of his duty there was no fact that forbade business, but sometimes as he turned the leaves of his ledger he looked long and saw nothing, and once, as he counted up the figures in his bank-book, the thought smote him with the force of a blow on the brain that perhaps Nature was beginning to strike a balance with him against the sum of his successes, and that the cruel bereavement that had just befallen him was the first stroke of the Nemesis which was to follow in the wake of his wealth.

Aunt Margret and Helga were always at home, the one busy with the baby, which had been taken back to the Factor's, and the other with the "black" which had to be ordered for everybody.

Little was known of Magnus, except that he was still in town, that he had been seen with the Sheriff and two strangers, that in spite of the trouble which had overtaken his family he was spending most of his time in the dark smoking-room of the hotel, and that he was said to be drinking heavily.

But the grief of Oscar touched and satisfied everybody. He had eaten little, and had never been known to sleep. Sometimes he was seen to be sitting apart and weeping silently; sometimes he was moving from room to room, as if every spot on which his eye could rest were charged with the memory of happy days that were dead; sometimes he was heard in the white room where Thora lay—the room in which she had been so merry and so sad, so wild with delirium and so happy with her baby—and there he was sobbing out his wild regrets in muffled cries of "Forgive me! Forgive me!" Once in the middle of the night he was heard at the harmonium in the room below the death-room, playing softly a pitiful lament which

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awakened his father and mother, and brought the salt tears to their eyes.

The desolate soul in these ghastly hours was prostrating itself in the dust. Death strikes sternly, and Oscar in his abased penitence was accusing himself of every crime. He had killed Thora—not her body merely but her heart, that faithful heart which had loved him so deeply, so tenderly, so passionately.

In this conscience-stricken condition he looked back on the path of his life with Thora, and every step as he saw it now seemed to be thickset with the stubble of sin and rank with the weeds of self-deception. When he returned from England he had taken Thora from Magnus, although he did not love her. It was true he had thought he loved her, but the brave thing, the brotherly thing would have been to stand back in silence, and if he had only done so Time itself would have undeceived him.

That was the first of his offences, and the next was no less hideous. When, being betrothed to Thora, he awoke to the certainty that his heart was with Helga, he had gone on with his bargain and led the girl who loved him into a loveless marriage. It was true he had thought he was doing his duty, but behind duty was fear, fear of the world and fear of Magnus, while the courageous thing, the manly thing, even the merciful thing would have been to stop at the church door if need be, and face the facts and take the consequences.

But having cheated Thora of her love and lied to her at the altar, he had crowned the sum of his sins by exposing himself to the temptation of infidelity. It was true that Thora herself in her innocent affection had paved the way to this temptation; true, too, that his marriage had been an imperfect partnership, but all the same his course had been clear and he should have cut himself off from Helga at once and forever. That he had not done so, that he had paltered with temptation was the last cause of this terrible calamity. Thora had died because her heart was dead, and he himself had killed it.

Thus the desolate soul of the unhappy man laid down its faults at the feet of God, hiding nothing, palliating nothing and seeing everything in naked light. If to be sorry for having sinned is to be innocent, Oscar ceased to be guilty in his pitiful but useless sorrow. In the dizzy hours of pain and shame when the wheel of life goes rapidly, Oscar asked himself how it had come to pass that Thora was dead, and something whispered "Helga," and again and yet again something whispered "Helga," but his heart would not listen to that excuse. Helga had not been to blame. He alone had been at fault. He had sacrificed Thora to his ambitious dreams—his dreams of greatness, of glory. Helga had been merely the symbol of those dreams, and Thora was dead because he had tried to become a great musician.

But the past was past, and when Oscar asked himself what punishment he could impose upon himself for the future, he heard only one answer. If his ambitions had been the cause of his sin, to bury them would be the true expression of his repentance. He *would* bury them. He would bury his genius —and the expectation of being a composer —in the grave of the sweet girl he had destroyed, and go through the rest of his life in the drudgery of the nearest duty, eating the bread of affliction in obscurity and remorse.

When Oscar first attempted to carry out this resolution, it was in a scene of such tragic beauty that no one who witnessed it could ever afterward wipe it out of mind. The family had gathered for that last office of love which makes perhaps the saddest moment of human experience—sadder than the moment of turning away from the newly covered grave, sadder even than the moment of returning to the void and empty home—the moment when the coffin lid is closed down and the beloved face disappears for ever.

The death-room was the same that in the better time had been the bridal chamber, but the air which had then tingled with all exquisite thoughts of life was now heavy with the hush of death. It was night-time, and the same lamp burned under the same shade, while a gilt-edged prayer-book stood in a circle of lighted candles on the little table that stood by the bed. Besides the members of the family only two persons were present—one of the sewing-maids who had made the wedding-dress for the cathedral and had just put the last stitch to the garment intended for a darker house, and a joiner in his shirt-sleeves.

One by one the family approached the bed to take their last look at the burden that lay on it—the Governor with a solemn

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tread as if he had been approaching the presence of a king, the Factor with rigid strides and a bewildered stare, and Helga with a nervous step and a furtive glance as if duty had called her and she wished herself away. But Anna and Aunt Margret moved about the body without dread or ceremony, laying flowers on the bosom and smoothing the soft hair that was dressed down the cheek, as if the dear dead belonged to them by right of nature, and they would give it up to no one until Earth herself, the mother of us all, should claim it for her own.

The man in the shirt-sleeves had stepped forward to finish his task when the Governor held up his hand.

"Wait! Where is Oscar?" he asked, and then Maria, the old housemaid, who had been weeping noiselessly outside the door was sent to fetch him.

While Maria was away Aunt Margret went up to Thora and whispered over her:

"My precious, precious pet! You never changed to your poor, stupid old auntie, did you?—not even when she kept your dear baby from you, and your sweet heart was broken! Don't think she didn't love you, for all that, my precious. She loved you every minute, my own. And now that she has got your baby she intends to keep it. She *will* keep it as long as she lives, so don't you ever be troubled about that, Thora. Aunt Margret is going to be a mother to your little girl, and nobody in the world shall ever touch a hair of your darling's head."

It was at this moment that Oscar entered the room with old Maria creeping up behind him. His pale cheeks and sunken eyes testified to the strength of his remorse, but his step was firm, and his whole figure showed intense vitality of will. He carried a bundle of papers in one hand, and they were loose and irregular, as if they had been snatched up hurriedly at the moment when he was called. In the utter absorption of his mood he seemed to be unconscious of anybody or anything in the room except one thing—the thing that lay upon the bed—and walking up to it he looked down at the white face, and spoke to it as if the dead, and the dead alone, could hear.

"Thora," he said, in a calm voice, "these are the only copies of my compositions, and I wish you to take them with you. They were written in hours when your faithful heart was suffering through my fault—when I neglected you and deserted you for the sake of my foolish visions of art and greatness. That was the real cause of your death, Thora, and in punishment of myself for sacrificing your sweet life to my selfish dreams, I wish to bury the fruits of them in your grave. Take them, then, and let them lie with you and fade with you and be forgotten. I will never write another note of music as long as I live, and from this hour onward my ambitions are at an end."

Saying this, he put the papers beside the body of Thora and wrapped them in the long plaits of her beautiful hair.

"Oscar! Oscar!" cried Helga in breathless horror.

The others had listened and looked on, hardly realizing what Oscar had resigned, but Helga had realized it, and she was trying to warn him against the life-long sacrifice. But he did not seem to hear her, and at such a moment further remonstrance was impossible.

"My sweet girl," said Oscar, stretching both arms over the bed, "forgive me for all my failures of duty. Oh, what I would give to forget them now; but I can't, I can't! You are gone, and I can never make amends."

Thinking to put an end to a scene that was touching everybody too deeply, the Governor signed to the man in the shirt-sleeves, but when the man stepped forward Oscar's grief broke out afresh, and in the vehemence of his sorrow his tongue lost all control of itself.

"Not yet!" he cried. "O God! Thora! My wife! My sweet young wife! Let me look at her face again! How bright and happy it used to be, and now it is leaving me like this! Forgive me, my angel—say you forgive me before you go! I cannot live without your forgiveness! I wronged you and sinned against you, but you were good, and your childlike heart was from God!"

The desolate cry rang through the room, and each of those who heard the revelation of the naked soul read it by the light of his own. Helga trembled and turned to the window, the Governor and the Factor dropped their heads, but Aunt Margret cried openly in innocent sympathy, and Anna touched Oscar's arm and tried to comfort him.

After a moment Oscar became more calm, and even signed to the man himself, and when all was over he walked firmly and courageously out of the room.

(To be continued.)

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Little Stories of Real Life

Mrs. Doolittle, of Hanover Green

By Elizabeth Flint Wade

Mari' Martin's Prophesyin' Book

Mrs. Doolittle speaking:

NOW we've got the dinner work out the way, Emmeline, we can settle down for an old-fashioned visit. If it don't seem like old times to have you here again, then I ain't got no mem'ry. When your fam'ly moved away five years ago you cal'lated on comin' back twice a year, an' here this is your first visit. Well, as I tell Thomas, folks do git slipped up on their cal'lations, an' it's what they've got to expect.

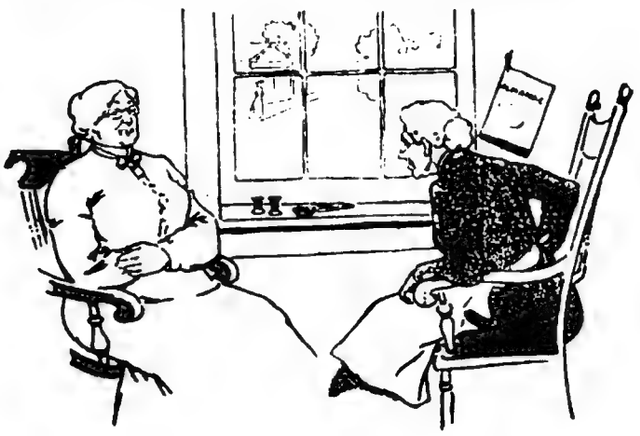
You take that big rocker by that window an' I'll set here by t'other, an' we can see the comin' an' goin' all over the Green. I couldn't abide livin' on a street. The whole square o' the Green ain't none too wide for me, an' with the houses, an' the stores, an' church an' post-office settin' round the edges, an' folks goin' in an' comin' out of 'em, it's a real sociable place. There's Squire Rhodes goin' into the post-office now. Yes, he's agein', but he goes for his mail every day at two o'clock, reg'ler as the sun. If our clock stopped I'd wait till I see Squire Rhodes goin' into the office, an' then set it at two an' know 'twould be right.

That woman goin' into Peter's store looks like the Widder Martin? Well, she ough' to look like her, 'cause 'tis her.

She's so fixed up you wouldn't known her if it hadn't been for her walk? Yes, you can put on good clothes, but you can't cover up your walk with 'em, an' Mari' Martin allus had that way o' nippin' along with her head in the air, even when she didn't know where the butter was comin' from to put on her bread. But she knows now, an' it's the best creamery, too.

Oh, yes, I know she was poorer than Poverty's cat when you lived here, an' couldn't make both ends meet if she pulled 'em till they broke. I think there ought to be some law to punish a man that dies an' leaves his fam'ly with a pile o' debts an' not a red cent to pay 'em with, the way Si' Martin left Mis' Martin an' Aureely. But she's paid 'em off an' has money besides, an' that ain't all—she's married Aureely to a man that's got two houses to live in—one fer summer an' one fer winter, Aureely don't have to lift her finger to do a stroke o' work.

How did she do it? She did it 'long of a Christmas present from her cousin 'Phemy. You remember 'Phemy Bassett that married Dr. Kilber from Utiky, an' went there to live? She took to sendin' Mari' one o' them new kind o' almanacs, such as you tear a piece off every day—calendars! Yes, that's the name. I never had one. I stick to my old stand-by, Ayer's almanac. 'Phemy took to sendin' Mari' one o' them useless things



fer a Christmas present, an' they was allus something strange to behold.

Four years ago, the day after Christmas, I went in to see what she'd sent Mari' this time. The last one was on a piece o' wood with sprawly things all over it. Mari' said 'twas poker work an' 'Phemy done it herself with a hot poker, but it looked more as if she'd used a shovel.

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Mis' Martin set by the table writin' in a little black book, an' when I said I'd run in to see what kind of an almanac 'Phemy'd sent this time, she said 'Phemy'd sent her something far better than an almanac.

"I hope it's new dresses fer you an' Aureely," ses I.

"It's something far better than dresses," ses she, "but you couldn't guess if you took a year. She's sent me a prophesyin' book."

"What do you mean?" ses I. "The days of the prophets are over an' done with ages ago."

"Mebbe they be," ses she, "but there's folks smart 'nough to invent a prophesyin' book so's folks can be their own prophets, an' here's one of 'em," an' with that she took up the little book an' handed it to me. "It's a five year book, an' you put down in it everything you're goin' to do fer five years," ses she.

On the cover it said "A Line a Day," an'

when I looked inside I see right off what 'twas for.

"My land, Mari' Martin," ses I, "you've mistook the nater of this book. It's for you to put down everything you've done fer the last five years. A kind of backward diary, as you might say."

"Oh, no," ses she, "I studied it out las' night, an' it's meant for you to put down everything you mean to do that's worth mentionin'; an' then look in the book every day an' do 'em. I've thought of a lot o' things to prophesy."

"Sewin' is 'bout the most o' your doin's that's worth mentionin'," ses I.—She'd gone out sewin' ever since Si' died.—"But you don't know from one week to another who's goin' to want sewin'. You can't prophesy other folks' acts."

"I know that," ses she, "an' I'm goin' to give up sewin'! I've done it ever since Si' died, 'cause 'twas what the neighbors give me to do. Now I'm goin' to set out some work o' my own an' do that."

"If you don't earn money at it," ses I, "you're liable to lose your place. You've told me time an' agin if you got a week behind on the int'rest Squire Rhodes would foreclose on you."

"The time to worry 'bout that," ses she, "will be when it comes. You run in the day after New Year's an' I'll show you my book, but you must promise not to say a word to one o' the neighbors."

When I went over the next Sat'day, Mis' Martin was chipper as a bird. I hadn't seen her that way since long 'fore Si' died.

"I've got three years o' prophesyin' done," ses she, "an' if you won't breathe a word of it to a livin' soul, I'll let you read it. The first was Friday—an' I hated to begin prophesyin' on a Friday—so I skipped over to Sunday. Here's the book."

On the line fer the first Sunday was writ:

"Maria Martin will go to the Baptist church in Hanover Green to hear Elder Beebee preach."

"You've prophesied wrong the first thing," ses I. "Elder Beebee ain't goin' to preach to-morrow. It's Elder Lawton from Cassville."

"You didn't read it all," ses she. "I had to write the rest finer," an' sure 'nough, she'd writ after it—"If he preaches; if not, then she'll hear somebody else."

On the next page was writ fer Monday:

"Maria Martin will wash an' iron an' straighten up her house."

"Mercy goodness," ses I. "Anybody could do that kind o' prophesyin'."

"Look at the next day," ses she.

I looked, an' she'd writ fer Tuesday, January fifth:

"Mari' Martin will buy real old dishes," an' she'd prophesied the same thing fer every day in January, except Sat'days, Sundays, an' Mondays. Saturday she'd set down that Maria Martin would bake, Sundays go to church, an' Mondays wash an' iron.

"Seems to me you're kind o' peterin' out with your prophesyin'," ses I. "There ain't much writ fer the other two years."

"It looks so," ses she, "but them's the most

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important prophesyin' of all, an' if I don't bring 'em to pass, then I ain't no good at prophesyin'."

The second year she'd jest writ "Maria" fer every day in January, an' "Martin" fer every day in February, an' "will" fer March, an' so on, a word for a month, an' when you got the year biled down the way the choir does the hymn after they've tore it to shreds an' got it together agin, it read:

"Maria Martin will pay off every cent of her mortgage this year;" an' the third year was, "My daughter Aureely will marry a good man who has money saved."

I thought Mari' was losin' her mind. As fer payin' her mortgage, I knew she couldn't do it, but that would be easy work compared to gittin' Aureely married. Why, none o' the young fellers 'round Hanover would think o' choosin' Aureely fer a wife. You know what a lean, lank girl she was—all length an' no breadth, as you might say—an' so sallow lookin', an' such a slow way o' speakin' an' movin'.

"Them's two hefty things to do," ses I fin'lly.

"They be," ses Mari', "but I'll be so used to doin' the other things I've prophesied, I can go right along with 'em without thinkin', an' I can give my whole mind to the mortgage an' Aureely."

"But them old dishes," ses I. "What in time do you want to buy old dishes fer, an' more'n all that, where you goin' to get your money to buy 'em with?"

"I was so took up with the prophesy book, I clean forgot to tell you 'bout the money," ses she. "Dr. Kilber, 'Phemy's husband, has invented a med'cine that's good fer your heart, an' lungs, an' liver, an' stomach, an' dreadful soothin' to the nerves besides. It's cheap to make an' high to buy, an' folks is buyin' it right an' left, fer most everybody thinks there's somethin' the matter with some o' their insides, an' a medicine that's good fer the whole system is sure to hit what ails 'em. The doctor's makin' money hand over fist, an' he sent me fifty dollars fer a Christmas present."

"If you ain't gone daft," ses I, "you'll put half on the mortgage an' lay by the other half 'gainst time o' need."

"I ain't prophesyin' no time o' need," ses she. "I left that out a-purpose. You didn't read what it said fer February. You read it, an' you'll see I won't have no time o' need," an' there, writ in the book, was that in February Mari' Martin would *sell* old dishes.

"I guess you'll find that prophesy won't come true," ses I. "Folks'll sell old dishes, but they don't buy 'em. I wouldn't give ten cents for a barrel full of 'em."

"There's others 'twill," ses she.

"I'll bet a cookie they don't live in Hanover Green," ses I.

"No, they don't," ses she; "an' if you'll promise not to breathe a word to a livin' soul, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do."

It seems 'Phemy had put inside the wrappin' of the prophesyin' book, part of a Boston paper, an' in it was a piece 'bout a woman in Massachusetts that had made a lot o' money buyin' old dishes an' things an' sellin' 'em to folks that had whimsies fer 'em. Mari' had sent fer a book tellin' 'bout old dishes an' what they were worth, an' she writ this woman, in care of the paper, an' got an answer back sayin' she'd sell Mari's old dishes fer a commission o' ten cents on every dollar's worth she sold.

Mari' showed me the book. It was full of pictures of all kinds o' dishes, an' I knew lots of 'em an' who had some like 'em. 'Mongst the rest was some pictures of jars —'pothecary jars, they was called—an' it said they was very uncommon an' fetched a high price.

"My land!" ses I, when I see 'em. "I know who's got five or six o' them jars. It's Ben Elder's wife. They belonged to the first Mis' Elder's great-uncle. He was a doctor an' there's the names of doctor's stuff printed on the jars. Blue, they be, an' Mis' Elder uses 'em for raspberry jam. I was there when she was makin' her jam last year, an' she complained o' their bein' dreadful unhandy an' she'd throw 'em away, if she could 'ford glass cans."

"I'll go there first thing," ses Mari'. "I hope to goodness she ain't throwed 'em away."

Them jars was the beginnin' of Mari's

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prosperity, fer she got 'em awful cheap an' sold 'em for a big price, an' they led her on to be a reg'ler ferret fer old dishes. I'll bet she's got more dust an' dirt on her speerin' round old garrets than you could scrape up 'tween here an' Deansville, an' she's bumped her head on old beams crawlin' in under the eaves, more times than you could count. It's terr'ble int'restin' to hear her tell her experiences. You'd laugh yourself tired to hear 'bout her visit to the three old bachelor Bennets, that hadn't had a woman in their house before for twenty years.

Sure as guns, she did pay off her mortgage jest as she'd prophesied, fer she made a lot buyin' and sellin' old things, but 'twas gettin' well into May o' the third year an' there want no sign of her Aureely prophesy comin' true. Aureely was gettin' real healthy lookin', fer her mother took her with her when she drove off for a few days. Oh, yes, she had a horse an' wagon the very first year. 'Twa'nt much of a rig, but it answered her purpose, an' she could take her things along with her. She got so she could tell if an old dish was worth anything the minit her eyes lighted on it, an' she bought old furniture too, an' learned up all 'bout that. She jest put her whole mind to her business, an' prospered accordin'.

'Long with other things Mari' bought old books an' Aureely took to readin' 'em till she knew most as much as the minister, an' 'twas like readin' out of a printed page to hear her talk. If she'd dressed more stylish most likely she'd got a beau, but 'mongst the books Mari' bought was a lot o' art books, 'an 'stead o' makin' her dresses out o' a fashion paper Aureely'd look over them art books an' make 'em like some o' the picters in 'em. They was her style mebbe, fer they was long an' slimpsy lookin', with no ruffles or tucks or puffs on, an' the skirts wa'n't trimmed a mite.

The last o' that May Mari' got a letter from Boston sayin' they was goin' to have a C'lonial celebration, an' bein' she knew so much 'bout dishes they wanted her to come an' take care of what they had an' fix em. 'Twouldn't cost her a cent an' she'd be paid besides. You see Mari' had got quite a repertation for knowin' old things, she'd sent so many to Boston. So she went an' took Aureely. Aureely didn't care fer dishes, an' while her ma was tendin' to 'em she went round to picture galleries, an' to book stores an' such places.

Mari' didn't care much for pictures, but she said Aureely was set on her goin' to the Boston Libr'ry with her to see a picture of an Abbey that folks talked a lot about. Mari' said 'twas jest folks standin' in rows up next to the ceilin', an' I said likely they was nuns out o' the Abbey, and she said mebbe they was, but they looked more like men to her. While Aureely was lookin' at 'em Mari' set down in a chair, an' all to once she heard a woman right side of her say:

"Look, quick, at that girl! She's a reg'ler Burnt-Jones!"

She looked round an' the woman was pointin' right at Aureely, an' Mari' said 'fore she thought, she spoke right out an' ses:

"No, her name ain't Jones, it's Martin, an' the reason she looks so burnt is 'long o' bein' out in the spring winds so much."

Mari' said the woman laughed right out an' so did the man she was talkin' to, an' they asked questions an' it come out they was painters an' wanted to paint Aureely, but all the time Mari' said they called her "Burnt-Jones."

Mari' found out they was 'bout the highest painters in Boston—it's kind o' nice fer a man an' wife to both work at the same trade, ain't it?—an' they got Mari' to let 'em take Aureely to their cottage out to Eastern P'int, on Cape Ann. Mari' went along to see what kind of a place 'twas, an' she said 'twas right on the seashore where the water come roarin' in twice a day, an' went growlin' back the same number o' times.

There was splendid houses all along where rich folks live in the summer, an' 'bout the best house of 'em all was right next to them painters' cottage, but the man that owned it hadn't no fam'ly an' didn't go nigh it year in' an' year out. Bein' he was never there, Mari' said the painters used to use his yard to paint in, fer they was paintin' Aureely in a kind o' water costume, an' they wanted to have her on his shore 'cause 'twas more rocky. One mornin' they had Aureely settin' on some o' the rocks, with a bluey-greeny sort of dress on, her hair all undone an' tied back with a string o' shells, an' wet sea-weed hangin' all round her, when first they knew a man was standin' lookin at 'em.

The woman painter screamed an' dropped her dish o' paint, an' ses she:

"Oh, Mr. Huntin'ton, where did you drop from? We thought you was 'cross the ocean," an' he jest took off his hat an' said

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he was sorry he'd disturbed 'em an' went right off without tellin' 'em where he *had* come from. Such an aggravatin' way o' doin', but he was prob'bly sorry he didn't tell, fer he come to call that very evenin' an' he kep' on callin' till one evenin' he called Aureely one side an' asked her to marry him.

By this time Mari' was home agin, and she brought Aureely's letter right over to me an' I 'dvised her to get somebody to feed her hens an' cat an' weed the garden, an' she herself put hot foot fer Boston, or else the last part o' the Aureely prophesy might not come true.

"I will," ses she. "I ain't bought old things all this time not to know what's genewine."

Mari' found he was a genewine, an' that he owned that grand house next to the painters' an' a grander one in Boston besides, an' best of all he had money saved jest accordin' to Mari's prophesy. They was married that very next Christmas, an' Mari' goes to their winter house an' to their summer house every year to visit 'em.

She didn't do no more prophesyin' after Aureely was married. She said she guessed she'd let the rest of the things that was goin' to happen to her jest happen; besides, when anybody didn't have no need to worry there wa'n't no need o' prophesyin'.

There's Mari' comin' across the Green now. I'll call her in, an' we'll have a cup o' tea, an' I'll git her to tell you 'bout her buyin' old mother Odell's "Thirteen States" pitcher.

The Younger Son

By Dwight Saunders

"By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own."

THE remittance man quoted it wearily from the "Song of the Banjo." "By the bye," he asked suddenly, "did I ever tell you of my bank robbery over the line?"

"Good Lord! no," gasped his father's friend who had just helped him out, "until next steamer-time, you know." "Good Lord! You don't mean to tell me that——"

"Oh, it's all right," reassured the other. "There is no come-back to this story. But I have never been able to determine whether or not I was guilty of that robbery—ethically, you understand. It was just after that Klondike fizzle I told you about, and I had wandered down through British Columbia until I struck a little town within seven miles of the United States line. There were a lot of good fellows there and things went well enough with me until the bottom fell out of the boom. Then I went flat broke again except for a couple of cayuses and the shanty I lived in.

"There was plenty of money in the country, but it was going to the big mine-owners. The day of the roving prospector was passing in that section, and most of the boys had moved on to new fields, but I couldn't move with them for various reasons, and presently there came a time when I was right up against it hard. I had always played a clean stack until then, and my credit was good about town to a certain extent, but that wouldn't have lasted long once I had started in to work it; it never does, you know, so I didn't try. I even had friends in the local bank, a couple of tenderfoot kids, not long out. It wasn't much of a bank, just a branch of a bigger institution somewhere else, that had been started for the convenience of the miners round about. Those kids—they're there yet—were in our club, and we used the bank as a rendezvous; actually kept our tennis-rackets under the counter. I, especially, had the freedom of the place and many's the time I have strolled behind the screen within easy reach of the little piles of silver and gold—why, I had often picked up their six-shooter that always lay on the counter, and—but I am anticipating. What I mean to convey is that they were a couple of unsophisticated kids, friends with everyone in the place and without a thought that anyone was less honest than they or that the situation had its—its——"

"Temptations for younger sons," remarked his father's friend quietly.

"Just so," was the unperturbed answer. "Well, I was sitting in my shack one evening, when Bobby Jameson strolled in and announced that he too was down and out. We fell to comparing our condition with what it had been in England before we came out and presently the talk drifted to the little bank and the accounts which had once reposed there in our names. Jove, if we'd only had that money then!"

"'Let us rob the bloomin' bank!' exclaimed Bobby in jest.

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"'All right,' said I, in the same vein. 'That is the very idea. When shall we begin?'

"'But seriously,' he went on. 'It would be the easiest thing in the world for one of us to walk in there on those two kids, and hold them up with their own gun and take everything in sight.'

"'You are right, my boy,' I replied. 'You are right. You are always right,' and we dismissed the subject for the night.

"Next evening Bobby was over again, and it was not long before one of us, I do not remember which, broached the idea of robbing the bank. I do not believe that either of us was really serious about it even then, but the very ease with which it might be accomplished was fascinating. It was plain to be seen that Bob had given the subject thought, and I know it had been forcing itself to the front of my brain all day long. Still, we got no further with it that evening than to decide that as a last resort, in case our last, best arrows bounded back from the mark, there lay in the situation a possibility that might save us from absolute penury. Well, it did not take long for those last, best arrows to bound back, and then—the jest became earnest.

"God knows, I cannot explain the *modus* of that transition; how two hitherto self-respecting English gentlemen could have so quickly descended the scale of the social ladder, I do not know. But there we were in the very depths, burglars at heart, planning the looting of a twopenny bank and the outraging of the friendship of two of the best boys that ever left England.

"We were not precipitate. We could not afford to be. We planned every detail with the utmost care. My two cayuses were at grass out in the open country. I was to bring them in and board them with my last few dollars at a cheap stable in town, so as to have them in readiness for the day of the raid. In order that no inkling of our connection might leak out in advance, Bobby was to apply for a job in a mine near the next town, and I was to subsist as best I could in my shack, and perfect details. The day set was that just before the next regular monthly pay-day at the mines, when the bank naturally would have a large amount of money in the safe.

"When the moment for action arrived, Bobby and I were to ride the cayuses to the door of the bank, arriving there just at closing-up time. I was to enter first, passing in behind the counter ostensibly to get my tennis-racket. Then I was to grab the gun, which always lay ready to hand, and hold up those kids until Bobby could enter and tie them up. After that we meant to throw them into the little cubby-hole in the rear which they used as a bedroom, and in which they would probably lie undiscovered until the next morning. Meantime we would loot the safe at our pleasure, pack the stuff on the horses, and put out for the line only seven miles away. Why, we even went over the short-cuts in the trail to make absolutely sure that there would be no hitch in our flight. Given a few hours' start there would have been no catching us, for the country beyond the line was wild, and there were places we knew of where we could have lived a month with plenty of grub and very little danger of surprise.

"Well, we had three weeks of our fool's paradise, planning the details of the crime and feasting in prospect on its rich returns. Bobby worked at the mine pushing an ore-car by day and visiting me by night, and at last the day arrived on which the deed was to be executed. I arose early, expecting Bobby to appear by noon. I had the cayuses all ready, saddle-bags fixed and waiting, grub packed, and so on down to the last detail, but noon came and went, and no Bobby. I began to grow impatient, wondering who could have detained him. One o'clock. Two o'clock. It did not occur to me that he could have welched—he was never a quitter once his word had been passed. Two-and-thirty by the watch, and I had begun to peep up the trail that led out of town. He was not in sight.

"Now, I believe it was about then that I began to have as curious a revulsion of feeling as I have ever experienced. I began almost to hope that he might be delayed an hour longer. I suppose it was conscience awakening from its long sleep. Whatever it was, once I got fairly going in that strain, the adverse possibilities of the situation, the terrible disgrace whether or no we were successful, began to overwhelm me. I conjured up the certainty of our capture. I saw flaws in our plans which I had never seen before. I could picture the condemnation in the faces of our friends in camp, the sorrow that would surely come to the loved ones at home, the life-long ostracization even in the event of success. It became maddening, the more so because I knew well enough that if Bobby appeared within the next quar-

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ter-hour I should go through with it all in sheer cowardice of worldly spirit, even though I was assured that a thousand mental hells would afterward punish my defection from the moral path. I wished Bobby Jameson in the throes of deepest torment. I cursed the fate that had brought us together.

"Suddenly there came the rapid beat, beat, beat of a horse's hoofs along the road. Good God! it was Bobby at last. He was coming and the whole miserable business would have to be gone through with after all. Well, I put it down to fate and withdrew into the shack and waited. The horse dashed up to the door and stopped. There was a quick knock.

"'Come in!' I called.

"The door opened and not Bobby but one of those kids from the bank stepped inside. I was thunderstruck and I guess I showed it.

"'I—I—thought you were Bob Jameson,' I managed to splutter.

"'It's about him I came,' he said gravely.

"For one moment I believed that Bobby had confessed our scheme.

"'What is it?' I asked as steadily as I could. He was staring at me with what I took to be an air of reproach.

"'He met with an accident over at the mine,' replied the kid. 'Slipped under his car and it rolled on his leg. He is in the hospital—said you ought to know. I was over there to-day and—hello, what's the matter with *you?*'

"What was the matter with me? Nothing except that I had been hauled back from hell just as the flames had begun to scorch. Do you wonder that I hugged that kid with joy, that I exacted the details of the mishap with a visible glee that scandalized him, or that after he had gone I got down on my knees and thanked God for the infinite mercy he had vouchsafed me? Do you wonder?"

His father's friend nodded his head approvingly. "I do not wonder," he said. "And Jameson, what of him?"

"Oh, Bobby," replied the younger son. "Good old Bobby. Well, I went out to the mine and the Super said it was the most curious accident he had ever heard of. The wheels of the car had run over Bobby's leg. Now a miner usually pushes his car before him. The Super couldn't understand how Bobby could have fallen under wheels which were in front of him. When I reached the hospital Bobby was pretty well knocked out, but he had strength enough to reach out a hand to me.

"'Sorry to disarrange our plans, old man,' he said. 'Better luck next time.'

"'I am sorry you are hurt, Bobby,' I said. 'But—I am glad—otherwise.'

"'Are you though?' he said. 'Then you needn't be sorry for me. *This*, you know, can be cured, whereas the other—besides I had no business to be riding on the front of that car.'

"I could have told the Super a thing or two about that accident if I had wanted to."

"You think he did it deliberately?" asked his father's friend.

"Well, it was like Bobby, anyway," replied the younger son.

The Man of the Hour

By ALOYSIUS COLL

A MAGIC lamp, unlovely for the lack
Of legendry in gem and carven scroll,
Burned in a dusky chamber of the world,
With untrimmed wick a-smoulder in the bowl.

Then timid Chance—the chamberlain of God—
A-stumble in the dark, with groping hand
Scattered the crust of ashes from the wick—
And lighted every corner of the land!

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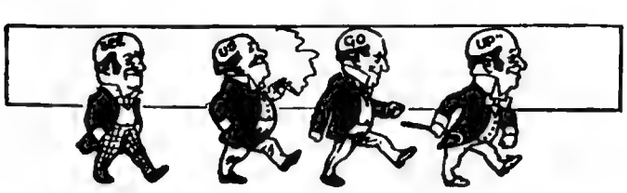
With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

RARE OPENING OF THE SUBLIME PORTE

For almost two years Mr. Leishman, the American Minister at Constantinople, labored in vain to have a personal interview with the Sultan. The Grand Turk's underlings put Mr. Leishman off on one pretext and another. Two years ago Mr. Leishman could only gain an interview by promising not to talk business. Last summer he had an interview on important business. Certain naturalized American citizens ask an indemnity for certain outrages. American educational institutions in Turkey complain that the Turkish Government discriminates against them. The Sultan promised and then refused to grant other audiences. The United States Government then sent three warships to the East, as a polite "jog" to the Sultan's memory. In time he may be brought to the point of promising to redress and pay for the injuries in question. He ought to be good to this country, for he knows, or should know, it has no designs upon his territory. Still, the parade of a lot of warships is more persuasive to the Oriental mind than any quantity of parade of friendship.



GO UP, THOU BALD HEAD!

And bald heads are "going up," rising in value. In spite of cheap jests in the newspapers and the comic weeklies, the bald head is proud of itself. It has reason to be. Various physicians and philosophers have convinced the world that baldness is a sign of development and high civilization. Not Absalom, but Mr. Henry Clews is the exemplar of the modern type. Women and some poets may exult in their length of locks, but the hair is sliding from the head of the strenuous and successful citizen. Just as gas and electric lights kill the trees in the cities, so they and the friction of competition burn off and rub out the foliage of the masculine poll. The bald man is up-to-date. He is happy because he is advanced. He is even precious commercially. In Paris signs have been painted on bare polls, the owners of which exhibited them, for a consideration, in the streets and the cafés. Weather permitting, this idea will be transplanted and widened in the United States. Squads of beautiful bald heads will parade, each painted with one capital letter and the whole forming a noble sign. Pictures will adorn those heads. Poetry and trade-marks will illumine them. There is no reason why painted bald heads shouldn't teach children their letters. A bald head is much more than a distinction. It is an income.

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS

It is some thirty years since the Japanese Government rescinded the law forbidding and punishing conversion to Christianity. In that short time, Christianity has prospered in Japan. Two years ago, there were about 130,000 Japanese Christians, of whom 55,824 were Catholics, 46,634 Protestants, and 26,880 Greek Catholics. In the case of the Protestants, at least, the children are not included in these figures. It is estimated that there must be 200,000 or more Christians in the Empire: 200,000 out of forty-four or forty-five million—a little leaven in a great lump. Still, the work is young yet and does not extend beyond the great cities. Nor are numbers alone to be considered. Thirteen out of 300 Members of Parliament, the admiral who won the first victory over Russia, the commanders of the two greatest ships of war, 155 officers of the army, the editors of three "great metropolitan dailies" of Tokio, many of the professors and students

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of the universities, are Christians. It would be to consider too curiously to inquire how far some or many of these distinguished converts are influenced rather by opportunism than by serious religious motives. It is known that some of them argue thus: "The most powerful nations in the world are Christians. Therefore Japan should become Christian as a means of becoming powerful." A deeply practical people.

TO EUROPE À LA CARTE

THE Hamburg-American Steamship Company has ordered a 35,000-ton steamer, which will carry 14,000 tons of freight, 1,200 cabin passengers, and 2,388 steerage passengers. What is most interesting about this new Anak of the sea, is the restaurant. Many passengers complain of the food furnished by the steamship companies. The sea-sick think that they have trouble enough without having to pay for food which they can't eat. The dainty prefer, or believe that they would prefer, to order their own meals instead of submitting to the prescribed bill of fare. Tickets for this "liner" will be sold "with food" or "without food." The passenger can choose the American plan or the European plan, according to his purse and fancy. The steamship people are becoming altogether too accommodating. In providing new luxuries and extras, and diminishing the number of things to grumble at, they are interfering with that by no means small class of ocean travellers who can't be happy unless they "kick" at all times.

THE LADY OM

ONE of the most extraordinary characters at the Korean Court is the Lady Om, wife of the Emperor; she has had a long and varied experience. In her early days, when she was an attendant on the Queen, who was murdered in 1895, she sang, danced, and painted with considerable skill. She is now fat, elderly, yellow of skin, her face pitted with small-pox, and she has a squint in her eyes, but the Emperor is extremely fond of her, and she has him under her thumb. She is not delicate about the methods by which she maintains her power. Not long ago one Kim Uyueng-Chun sought to win the favor of the sovereign by introducing into the Court the Lady Kang, a beauty. In some ten days the Lady Om had her friend Kim dismissed, and then tortured and strangled. Thus, old as she is, she does not fear the competition of younger favorites. A fine building has been put up in Seoul to commemorate the virtues which she does not possess.

The Yankee Rifle Corps, the Yankee Rifle Corps!
You'd better scoot,
For it's going to shoot,
The Yankee Rifle Corps!

THE National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice has adopted a plan for a national reserve of qualified marksmen. The Board says, very truly, that since the Regular Army is and always will be small, in the event of war, the United States must depend, in the main, upon the militia and the volunteers. These must be able to shoot and to hit the mark with the modern long-range small-arms. The Board will encourage rifle practice in the militia, in military schools, and generally among persons between fifteen and forty-five. Shooting galleries and field-ranges will be favored. The Board hopes, perhaps a little enthusiastically, that in a few years the United States will have more than a million men "who will have, for practical purposes on the line of battle, nearly all the requirements of the most efficient soldiers in the world." A million expert rifle-shots sounds a little strong. Still, the Board's intentions are excellent. The better the Americans can shoot, the less likely is any nation to get into trouble with them; and shooting is a manly and an interesting exercise. If our boys can learn, in the old Persian fashion, to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, so much the better for them and the country.

THE SKIN OF THE ROAD

RUBBER sidewalks are too much to expect in this expensive world at present. Strips of them have been laid here and there, as in London, and they are said to be the bright consummate flower of sidewalks; but they cost too much. Meanwhile some of the en-

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gineers of the French Department of Bridges and Roads have been laying the dust in the latter. They coated certain pieces of road with tar. At the end of a year dust and mud have practically disappeared from those tarred pieces. These are now covered with what is described as an "elastic skin" on which dust and mud are not formed. Over these tarry roads horses and oxen can pull the same weight as before with only half the effort formerly needed. Hoofs and feet make a good deal less noise. The tarring process has lowered the cost of keeping in good condition the roads to which it has been applied. In short, if these engineers are not too enthusiastic in their reports, tar is the only wear for roads.

THE EXCLUSIVE SET

It is painful to see that the "Exclusive Set" is getting comprehensive and unwieldy again. Mr. McAllister's 400 was preposterous. What is an Exclusive Set? A limited edition of persons *de luxe*. Now 400 copies are many too many. An eminent social arbitress in New York saw the point several years ago, and reduced the edition to 150 copies. Too many still, but a step in the right direction. What must be the grief of amateurs to hear that last summer an attempt was made to limit the Exclusive Set at Newport to 200! As well limit it to 200,000. An edition of 150 copies was too large. An edition of 200 copies is ridiculous. The Set should be "strictly limited" to not more than sixty copies, of which not more than twenty-five should be allowed to the United States. What's the use of being exclusive if you don't exclude?

THE RIGHT TO COMBINE

"Is it right for business men to combine?" asks a subscriber, having his eye on all the war around and against the trusts. Well, business men are allowed to combine in partnership, or corporations. A trust, in the present sense, is but a very big corporation. Does it put up prices? Does it restrain or prevent competition? Is it able to raise prices above what they would be if the articles which it produces or controls could be produced by citizens generally? Then you have something in the nature of a monopoly, be it a national monopoly, as coal-mining, or an artificial monopoly, as a railroad chartered by the State, or a virtual monopoly, like a grain-elevator with the sole right to transfer grain from ships at a wharf, to a railroad. Surely, business men have a right to combine, and for the most part their combination is harmless. But can they have a right to use their combination to the injury of consumers, of the public at large? Does not their right stop when it works a wrong to the public? We are aware, of course, that the question is delicate; that workmen do exercise the right to combine, to put up the price of their labor and to kill competition on the part of those who don't belong to the union. Nor is it easy to see how a labor trust can have more rights or immunities than any other kind of trust. Really, the question should not be "Have business men the right to combine?" but has any combination of business men, or any other kind of men, the right to injure the public?

AMERICANS IN KOREA

There are about two hundred and forty Americans in Korea. One hundred live in Seoul; sixty-five work in the American mine at Un-San; thirty-four in Pyöng-Kang. Besides the missionaries and the diplomatic and consular staffs, there are ten Americans in the railway business in Korea; five in the Korean Government service; and two business firms, of whom Angus Hamilton, the writer of the newest book on Korea, says that their "knowledge of the wants of Korea is just forty-eight hours ahead of the realization of that want by the Korean." As holders of concessions, the Americans are about on a par with the Japanese. The Seoul Electric Car Company, the Seoul Electric Light Company, the Seoul Water Company, the National Bank of Korea, are American enterprises. Mr. Morse, of the American Trading Company, got the concession for the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad, but sold it to a Japanese company. The one paying mine in Korea, at Un-San, a gold-mine, is owned by an American syndicate, which works five mines with enormous profits. American trade with Korea in-

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cludes cotton goods, cotton yarn, drills, sheetings, agricultural implements, clothing, flour, kerosene, mining machinery, mining and railroad supplies, provisions, and household goods. It is worthy of note that the American Minister, Dr. Allen, understands the Korean language, and that he studies and constantly protects and supports American trade interests. The numerous American missionaries are equally active and patriotic. In view of the fact that there are supposed to be between twenty and twenty-five thousand Japanese in Korea, the American share in Korean trade is gratifyingly large. The Japanese are first and the Americans second, but Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium are now also trying to build up their commercial relations with Korea.

OIL ON THE WATERS

THE American steamship Nebraska, on a voyage from San Diego to New York, saved some $8,000 to her owners by burning oil instead of coal. She saved two and a half days' time. The oil took so much less space that 457 more tons of cargo could be carried, and was so easy to handle that nine less men were needed in the fire-room force. Is coal to "go"? Let us pray that it will not go any higher than it did last winter.

CAMPAIGN VEHICLES

CANDIDATES for office used to make their stumping tours on horseback in the early days. Stage-coaches, flat-boats, buggies, even prairie schooners, have served for political transportation. The "Pullman platform" has become a well-known modern rostrum. The bicycle and automobile, especially the latter, are still in favor. A few years ago, a North Carolina Republican candidate for Representative in Congress was said, we don't know how truly, to be riding bull-back through his district. Mr. H. C. Adams, a Republican Congressman from Wisconsin, has a number of lakes and navigable rivers in his district. He is hunting votes in a small steam-launch, which is carried from lake to lake in a wagon. He can treat "doubtful" voters to an excursion and refreshments. The balloon and the airship have yet to be made stumping-wagons.

ONE MONTH MORE

THE crisis, the moment of supreme convulsion nears. In a little more than a month this cruel war is over. Then we can say, if we are on the losing side, "if the election had been held a month ago," why, our man would have been elected. Of course, he was beaten by the most barefaced bribery and intimidation. Of course, the plutocracy, the money-power, the trusts, and all the other powers of darkness were leagued against him. Of course, the other fellow squeezed an enormous corruption fund out of the corporations, while the few millions in *our* campaign chest were the voluntary offerings of a free people. Of course, the country is ruined. The only consolation is that it is used to being ruined and rather enjoys it. Well, the torches will soon be out. The larynxes of the stump orators will have a vacation. Many wicked citizens with a taste for speculation will be wearing new hats. The Thanksgiving turkey will taste just as well as if crow had not been served to some seven or eight millions of us on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. In a few years you will be saying: "Well, Parkervelt or Roosepark"—the other fellow, whoever he may be—"made a good enough President. I haven't anything to say against him." We Americans may be a little excitable of nerves and hot of speech, but we cool down quickly and become good-natured and tolerant.

THE BOY AND THE FLAG

THE Board of Education of Orange, N. J., is considering the question of allowing boys in the public schools to raise the flag each morning as a reward for good behavior. At present the janitor has the job. As janitors are models of deportment, nothing is

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gained by allowing them to raise the flag. On the other hand, what could make a boy more inclined to subdue the old man Adam in him than the prospect of being allowed to raise the flag over the school-building? The Orange educators think that the plan would foster patriotism. At any rate, it might serve to discourage deviltry in ingenuous youth. Still, it is possible to suspect, and there are grounds for the suspicion, that in case of war, the "baddest" boys would be among the first to volunteer. Let goodness have all due honor, but the fighting bad boy is often very useful to his country.

A MILLION-DOLLAR CLUB-HOUSE FOR WOMEN

SOME of the American club-houses for men are among the costliest and most luxurious in the world—too splendid, indeed, for comfort. Some of the "club-women" must be housed as showily. The Chicago Women's Athletic Club is to build on the site of its present quarters a twelve-story building, warranted to cost $1,000,000, and to "surpass anything of its kind in the world." Eight stories will be rented, so that the club will be on a paying basis. The four upper stories will be used by the club. The twelfth story will be the most useful. It will have a gymnasium, a dancing-hall, squash-courts, and a swimming-pool 162 feet by 36. The eleventh floor will be a banquet-hall, to resound with the eloquence and anecdotes of the female Choates and Depews. Build a few hundred gorgeous or comfortable club-houses for women, and "What shall we do to make home more attractive to our wives?" will become the burning question of the day.

CONTRABAND OF WAR

IT is estimated that the United States has shipped more than $40,000,000 of stores to Japan since the beginning of the war. The Russian seizures of foreign vessels, some of them containing American shipments, and the Russian position in regard to articles contraband of war, have been watched, therefore, with deep interest in the United States. From the opinion of the Supreme Court and the definitions issued by the State Department in 1898, the American position may be judged to be the following: Merchandise consists of three classes. The first consists of articles made and primarily or usually used for military purposes, ammunition and explosives, for instance. Articles of the first class are always contraband in time of war. To the second belong articles which may be used for warlike or peaceful purposes, according to circumstances. For example, provisions meant for a belligerent's ships or a besieged town, and coal for a naval station, port of call, or a belligerent's ships. The third class —articles used exclusively for peaceful purposes—need give no trouble. The second class is the doubtful and dangerous one. Russia makes no distinction between articles absolutely and always contraband and articles conditionally contraband. Anything that could help Japan is on the Russian contraband list. Obviously the United States, with her vast exportations of food-stuffs, cannot admit such a contention. She is bound to insist that food-stuffs bound for a Japanese port are not contraband unless it can be proved that they are intended for the use of the army or navy.

THE GROWERS

IN Dr. G. Stanley Hall's "Adolescence" and the new edition of Havelock Ellis's "Man and Woman," are some interesting observations about the growth of the human body. Boys and girls grow rapidly in the first two years, slowly in the third and fourth. In the United States, according to Ellis, during the first twelve years, boys are from one to two inches taller than girls of the same age. At about twelve and a half, girls begin to grow faster than boys, and during the fourteenth year are about an inch taller. During the sixteenth year the boys again become taller. In Europe and America the year of most active growth is the sixteenth in boys, in girls the thirteenth, in Swedish girls the fourteenth. Girls reach their full growth at twenty; boys about the age of twenty-three. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, insists, however, that the boys grow until twenty-six. Dr. Beyer finds there is no growth from twenty-four to twenty-five, but that an inch is added to the stature at twenty-six. The instructors in physical culture at the colleges seem to agree that both young men and women are taller and heavier than they were twenty or even ten years ago.

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MUSIC AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

WHEN the organizers of the music department at the St. Louis Exposition began to formulate their plans, the question immediately arose: What shall we give the public —the sort of music it likes, but shouldn't; or the sort of music it ought to like, but doesn't? It was determined to give the public that music which should entertain rather than educate it; and who shall say that the decision was a mistaken one? For some would question whether it is one of the proper functions of a World's Fair to inculcate in the breast of the American people a love for serious music.

GENERAL FEATURES

In general, the musical features have consisted of band and orchestral concerts, organ recitals, choral performances and competitive contests, the presentation of works by American composers, and the appearances of more or less eminent musicians in the capacity of soloists. The Exposition management had granted the Bureau $450,000 to be expended upon musical features, and it was decided that a large portion of this appropriation should be spent on military bands. Accordingly, the best available bands both in this country and abroad were secured, among them the British Grenadier's Band, which has an international reputation, the Garde Républicaine of Paris—by many considered to be one of the finest bands in the world; the Philharmonic Band of Berlin, under the composer and conductor, Von Blon, and many American organizations. Sousa and his band played a long engagement, beginning on the opening day of the Exposition, and others not so well known also appeared—among them the Philippine, Government, Indian, and Cadet Bands.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Those to whom band concerts do not offer the most edifying form of musical entertainment have been enabled to find comfort in some capable orchestral performances. Eighty-five well-trained players have worked together under the competent direction of Mr. Alfred Ernst, who has an enviable record of nine years' activity as conductor of the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society. His exertions at St. Louis have achieved good results, and his direction of the Symphony Concerts in Festival Hall has been warmly commended. Mr. Max Bendix, at one time concert-master for Theodore Thomas, has had a share in the orchestral interests. He has alternated with Mr. Richard Heuberger in conducting the open-air concerts which have been given at the "Tyrolean Alps."

CHORAL PERFORMANCES

Choral music has been a conspicuous feature of the musical activities at St. Louis. An Exposition Chorus consisting of members of the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society and other similar associations was formed under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Ernst, and gave a notable performance of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," to a crowded house. The chorus gave also Gounod's cantata, "Gallia," and other oratorios and cantatas were performed in Festival Hall by various choral associations — among them being Haydn's "The Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Elgar's "Caractacus"—in the hearing of which St. Louis has stolen a march on New York, where this early work of the much-discussed composer of "The Dream of Gerontius" is as yet unknown. To these performances an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged, and to the organ recitals ten cents is enough to secure one admission; in this way, claims the Bureau of Music, an exemplification is given of the true method whereby good music may be made "popular."

THE HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR ORGAN

One of the more sensational features of the musical department is the immense and extraordinary organ in Festival Hall—the largest of its kind in existence. The instrument is said to be capable of producing more than seventeen million distinct tonal effects, and an interesting computation results in the astounding conclusion that if one of these combinations were produced every minute, the listener might hear a continuous organ performance that would last 32,600 years.

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The instrument is 63 feet long, 50 feet high, and 35 feet deep. Its largest pipe is 32 feet long, and there are 140 stops. Other interesting details are given concerning the organ's 130 miles of electric wire, its 1,300 magnets, and its 4 motors aggregating 23½ horse-power. Numerous organists of distinction have given recitals on this remarkable instrument, among them the Frenchman, Alexandre Guilmant—the most eminent of living organists; Professor Horatio W. Parker, of the Chair of Music at Yale; Clarence Eddy, Gerrit Smith, F. L. Sealy, of New York, and others.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS AT THE FAIR

A Department of Music at an American World's Fair which did not make a rather particular point of recognizing native composers of worth, would certainly be an anomaly—a charge to which the St. Louis musical managers are not liable. Their aim has been to accord due recognition to our national music-makers by placing their available works on concert and organ-recital programmes; and it is agreeable to note that these American compositions have been estimated on their artistic merits alone, and not accepted in blind dependence upon a merely patriotic standard. The managers claim that this is the first time in our history that a systematic attempt has been made to encourage American composition by regular performance—a claim which they would find little difficulty in substantiating. The large Eastern orchestras give sporadic performances of works by American composers; but after one hearing these are usually shelved, no matter what their merits or reception may be, and are not heard again. So that such work as has been done at St. Louis in behalf of the American composer has been of genuine service and consequence.

There were three so-called "official" compositions prepared for the Exposition by American composers: The "Hymn of the West," by John Knowles Paine, to words by Edmund Clarence Stedman; an official march, composed by Frank Van der Stucken, of Cincinnati, introducing "Hail Columbia," the "Marseillaise," "Dixie," and "Old Hundred"; and an official waltz, "Along the Plaza," written by Henry K. Hadley. Messrs. Paine, Van der Stucken, and Hadley are all musicians of ability and substantial accomplishment, and their selection by the directors of the Bureau of Music was an intelligent and commendable move.

THE ATTENDANCE

That the policy of the managers in presenting good, though not over-serious, music at moderate prices has met with popular favor is proved by the attendance. At each organ recital an audience averaging two thousand may be counted upon, and the capacity of the auditorium—three thousand—has twice been taxed. The Symphony Concerts attract regularly audiences of between twelve and fifteen hundred; and at the performances of "The Messiah" and "Elijah" by the Choral Society the doors had to be closed. In brief, the chiefs of the Bureau of Music may be said to have made their important department an interesting, dignified, and significant feature of the Exposition—although it has seemed, at times, that a somewhat extravagant concession was made to the supposed objection on the part of the public to the best that might have been offered in the field of serious music.

AMERICA'S BARBIZON

At last this country may reasonably be said to possess a painter village which corresponds, in certain regards, to the famous home of Millet, Rousseau, and Diaz near the Forest of Fontainebleau. For a time it looked as though Windsor, Vt., or, more geographically speaking, Cornish, N. H., were destined to be the rural art-centre of America, but art has there been crowded out of sight by society. It is Old Lyme, a picturesque little settlement at the mouth of the Connecticut River, which is really the Mecca of those who take the mission and practice of painting seriously. Old Lyme has a history, but its artistic history dates only from some seven years back, when it was discovered for the painter by William Henry Ranger, long a lover of the Massachusetts and Connecticut coasts. Mr. Ranger himself, Mr. Louis Paul Dessar, Mr. Allen B. Talcott, Mr. Frank Vincent Du Mond, Mr. Arthur Dawson, Mr.

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William H. Howe, Mr. Childe Hassam, and a score or more of prominent painters either reside in Old Lyme or spend several months of each year there. Old Lyme has also been selected as the permanent summer home of the Art Students' League of this city, whose summer classes are directed by Mr. Du Mond. So popular has the settlement lately become that as many as eighty painters and students have worked there during the current summer. The effect on art of a place such as Old Lyme is far-reaching; painters seem to thrive best in groups, and this simple, quaint Connecticut village may prove in fact as well as in name the prototype of François Millet's beloved Barbizon.

ART VERSUS STATE SHIELDS

The general and entirely justifiable criticism which has been accorded the newly concocted shield of Oklahoma, opens a fruitful topic of discussion. This emblem, which shows a dime-novel Indian clasping hands with an humble white man in the presence of a very bored-looking and bespangled Goddess of Liberty, is the acme of ridiculously bad taste. Insignia of this character, which of course became permanent, should reflect not the worst but the best æsthetic collaboration obtainable. It is nothing short of a crime to permit grotesque and utterly inappropriate emblems to be adopted and perpetuated. The nation's flag and the national escutcheon are, or should be, unchangeable, no matter whether they violate taste or not, for they represent ideals even more sacred; but the question of State emblems might be aired to considerable purpose. Artistically they are for the most part bad. The seals of Maryland and Connecticut are in their way admirable, the one showing the Calvert arms and the other a grapevine motif on a plain field, surmounting a scroll bearing the State motto. The general plan of employing some characteristic symbol such as the Indian, the lone pine-tree, or the deer, is commendable, but the scheme should be carefully thought out and composed with taste and restraint. The badger as the shield of Wisconsin and the pelican as that of Louisiana are reasonable enough if properly handled, which, however, is not the case. It is imperative that more thought be given the subject, as the State insignia are now frequently employed in the adornment of public and other buildings.

CONCERNING ALBERT HERTER

The recent return to this country of Albert Herter, one of the most distinguished of the younger American painters residing abroad, naturally revives interest in a man whose life and whose art are in many regards exceptional. Though widely known here, both socially and professionally, Mr. Herter has lived for many years overseas, Paris being his adopted home. In company with his beautiful wife, who is also an artist, Mr. Herter has travelled extensively throughout Europe, has visited Japan, and now occupies a spacious studio in the Rue de Vaugirard, in the Latin Quarter, where he frequently entertains visiting Americans. Though he often exhibits here, notably at the Buffalo and St. Louis Expositions, most of Mr. Herter's paintings are in foreign possession. His exquisite "Gift of Roses" is, however, owned by Mr. E. C. Converse, his "Gloria" was bought by Mr. H. M. Flagler, and both Mr. Pierre Lorillard and Mr. Cass Gilbert, the architect, possess admirable specimens of his work. Mr. Herter is one of those few but fortunate individuals who paint for pleasure, not for pecuniary reward, and hence his work maintains a high level of achievement. From the first there was no hesitation concerning his choice of career. At the age of fourteen he exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts, in New York, and at eighteen he won a medal at the Paris Salon. He is at present working on a large mural decoration for the National Park Bank in this city, one of the most important commissions he has yet undertaken. Incidentally, he expects to winter in Sicily and to paint occasional portraits.

CAMPAIGN BANNERS AND ART

The average campaign banner which unfurls its political complexion to the breezes may be a vote-getter, but it is certainly not a work of art. It is not a surety that the party which had artistic leanings in this direction would win at the November polls, but a great deal might reasonably be done to improve the æsthetic quality of campaign banners. The portraits of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates are hideous to a degree, the color-schemes are invariably weak and ineffective, and the poles which support these waving horrors are of the crudest description. Perhaps the average citizen does not notice such details—the main thing after

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all is whether the banner is a Roosevelt or a Parker banner. Still, there is another side to the matter, and it would certainly be good campaigning if some striking and thoroughly effective banner were devised. The same sort of thing has been perpetrated election after election, and apparently has never evoked a word of protest from those interested in questions of civic beauty. In Brussels, or Paris, or Florence, the flaring bad taste of our campaign banners would create a riot, or rather such things could not even be put in place. It may be too late now to hope for any change, but another year it might be well for the National Arts Club or the Municipal Art Society, or some of those beautifully, serenely idealistic bodies, to take a hand in the regeneration of the campaign banner.

OUR WHISTLER THROUGH FRENCH EYES

Let us be indeed grateful that a clever, judicious, and well-informed Frenchman has taken it into his head to write about our perverse and universally praised Whistler. It is a relief to find at least one biographer of America's greatest artistic genius who does not write in a ridiculous or over-enthusiastic vein. Monsieur Théodore Duret is the name of Whistler's Gallic admirer, and his book is entitled "A History of J. McN. Whistler and His Work" and an excellent book it is, giving much that is new and avoiding much that is old and well known. M. Duret knew Whistler intimately during those early, formative years in Paris when he was a member of that famous group which included Manet, Legros, Fantin-Latour, and the sculptor Drouet. It was here and nowhere else that Whistler became—Whistler, and M. Duret clears up many points, such as disposing of the Velasquez tradition by proving that Whistler never even saw the Prado and was by no means a slavish follower of the haughty Spaniard. Whistler, it seems, started for Madrid in the summer of 1862, but never got farther than Guethary. There is much valuable material concerning the early Paris struggle, and the portions devoted to the subsequent sojourn in London are refreshingly devoid of gossip and free from accounts of Whistler's various quarrels, of which we have heard quite enough recently. On the whole, M. Duret has placed true Whistler admirers greatly in his debt, and not aroused their anger as Mr. Mortimer Menpes has succeeded in doing in his "Whistler As I Knew Him."

THE publishing of books in America seemed to come to an end with the lapse of summer. Not for years and years, hardly in the memory of the present observer, have the lists been so thin. Doubtless the publishers have learned in sorrow what they have taught in minimized output. All is not well with the book trade of our broad land, brethren; that is the solemn fact. Astonishing to say, while the number of new issues of all kinds was very small, the new fiction-books were relatively fewest of all. The significance of these portents may not be perfectly plain, but to the judicious they do portend storm of some kind.

To import being cheaper and safer than to print, the dog-days saw many importations, some of an extraordinary character. No one can confidently say why the American public should be supposed to take a vivid interest in "English Homes," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, or in "Certain Sources of Corruption in Latin Texts." These we can easily forgive and forget, but "The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions," by Sidney C. Tapp, is not so easily passed over. The purpose of this work is to show that only Anglo-Saxons have known how to govern themselves or other people, that the Anglo-Saxon governments now existing in the world represent perfection, and that other races are of exceedingly inferior texture, mentally, morally, and physically. The assertion is a thought too vehement to be assuring, even if we could be conveniently blind to certain disturbing facts known of all men. But letting that pass, what most persons will question here is why Mr. Tapp was moved to write an illogical, one-sided, and needless book, and why the Putnam house felt called upon to publish it.

There is a different feeling about importations when one comes to E. F. Benson's new novel, "The Challoners." Here, at last, is something worth while, something that has substance and profit. It is not altogether cheerful reading, for the main theme is grave

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and even sombre, but it has this element of greatness, that while the scene is English and the people are English, the motives are common mankind everywhere and the story in its essentials might have been told of San Francisco or of Hong Kong. It deals in elemental fashion with the struggle between a strong-willed, wrong-headed father, and a weak-willed, right-minded son—likewise with the quarrel between art and religion. Here is a story that needs no adventitious trappings, borrowed from sensational or meretricious literature to make up its interest, but is readable because, though quiet and even-pulsed (as indeed most life is), it has the convincing touch of truth.

Also from England comes another addition to honest fiction: "The Interloper," by Violet Jacob. The author has a story to tell, a story of love crossed but finally triumphant, and tells it straightforwardly and without halt. But it is not the loves of Cecilia and Gilbert Speid that will most powerfully evoke the interest and the sympathy of the reader. Gallant old Lady Eliza Lamont, comforting herself with her horses for a life-long, unrequited attachment; Robert Fullerton, the fires of whose youthful and tragic passion still make vital the reserves and indifference of old age; the two Miss Robertsons, worthy of a place in Cranford; Granny Stirk, "Queen of the Cadgers," type of the romantic Scotch retainer—it is in the depiction of these and their emotions that Mrs. Jacob shows herself worthy of the highest commendation. An example to such writers as painstakingly strive to attain realism of period and locality is Mrs. Jacob's method of producing her required atmosphere—that of the east coast of Scotland in the first years of last century. Here is no wearisome detail of description, no maddening intricacy of dialect—peculiarities of environment are taken for granted rather than emphasized, and yet throughout the story is convincingly one of a definite time and place. To all those who enjoy a tale well told "The Interloper" is unhesitatingly recommended.

A woman with the quite obvious alias of "Agnes Surbridge" has written, and Doubleday, Page & Co. have published, a singular and rather unfortunate satire on women's clubs in general and the women's clubs of Chicago in particular. It is called "The Confessions of a Clubwoman," which it is not, being rather some acid reflections neither edifying nor reasonable, apparently written by one of the disappointed. The principal misdeed committed by the club here attacked seems to have been the election of a tradesman's wife to be president. From this specimen of the book's snobbery learn all.

For sake of its freshness of incident and the really great and Homeric nature of its scene and actors most readers will be perfectly willing to overlook some occasional crudeness of expression in "The Texas Matchmaker," a story of ranch life by Andy Adams, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The matchmaker is an old ranger (a man, not a dowager as you might imagine), and some of his ideas about romance and matrimony are more novel than edifying; but he is a good enough soul, and his labors in the cause of wedded bliss are abundantly successful. Anyway, the main thing about the book is its marvellous pictures of life in Texas in the old days of the pioneer and the ranger and the strange civilization that grew up about them: a civilization the like of which is not recorded in the books of men. It is well worth studying for many reasons, and it could hardly have a clearer picturing than it has in this interesting story. Readers who wish a variation from the typical novels of adventure and manners can safely be advised in favor of this book, for here is something really new.

One turns with enlivening reminiscences of a genial and breezy criticism, departed, alas! with the esteemed Wing Ting Fu, to the book that bears the hopeful title of "As a Chinaman Saw Us," but it is only to be disappointed. On reading we perceive that, after all, it was not a Chinaman that saw us, but only an Englishman; and his comments possess no greater interest than pertains to the waste tons of similar material gone before to the paper-mill, with all its familiar and pained notations on our manners or want of manners, our free and unchaperoned maidens, our money mania, our abominable lack of fried sole. With such precious wisdom have four generations of Americans been regaled, and yet will we not mend our ways to

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the European gait. One might think that by this time our foreign friends would have given us over as hopelessly wedded to our rude, uncultured idols; but no, not even the patent fact that few now read and none heeds these pleasing efforts can daunt good souls bent on remaking the world in their own image.

Cynthia Westover Alden has added another step to the long stairway which is to raise the formerly idle sex to an economic equality with its toiling brethren. What woman wills usually ends by happening—and there can be no question that the number of women determined to be self-supporting is ever on the increase; but the masculine mind accustomed to view the lucrative professions as limited in number, stands aghast at the fertility of resource displayed by sister earners. In "Women's Ways of Earning Money" not only is there almost no established career which has not a side-door pointed out to the aspiring feminine, but many ingenious and hitherto unthought of methods are suggested by which a woman may acquire the daily bread, if not the butter. The perusal of this volume is heartily recommended to all those whose lack of special training might seem to place them at a disadvantage in the financial struggle for existence.

The conviction of C. Bryson Taylor's little book, "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness," a story of one of the many mysteries of the "inscrutable East," lies largely in her selection of characters. They are modern scientific men who come under the spell of a mummy princess that, brought to the light after thousands of years, seems yet to live and to exert a strange and awful fascination at will. The struggle of two of them to remain scoffingly incredulous and their final surrender to the mummy's evil charm, contribute no more to the total effect of conviction than the continued scepticism of the third. At the end, his attitude is that of the reader—undecided as to whether he shall regard the mummy as a supernatural reality, as some subtle trick of the East jealously guarding her ancient secrets, or as a hallucination born of overwork under a blazing desert sun.

"In the Dwellings of the Wilderness" is C. Bryson Taylor's first book. This young woman who writes with masculine virility and the finish of maturer years is well worth watching.

It would be interesting to know whether Robert W. Chambers's collection of short stories concerning the impossible adventures of a zoological collector is really intended as a satire on modern "nature books," as the preface indicates, or whether the preface is merely a satirical skit on the book. Whatever the author's idea may have been, appreciation of "In Search of the Unknown" depends on nothing more subtle than a taste for fancy untrammelled by regard for fact. The reader who likes fairies, gnomes, and the beings of Brobdingnag, will like the fish-man, uxen, and pie-eating invisible people of Mr. Chambers's flirtatious young scientist, though he may find some of the wonders a bit too fantastic for any appeal.

Some of the season's offerings:

"The Rose of Old St. Louis"—(Mary Dillon). Louisiana Purchase novel.

"A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe—pleasant reading for those who do not demand excitement.

"Fort Amity," by A. T. Quiller Couch, a readable story of the French and Indian War.

"A Forest Drama"—(Louis Pendleton). Wild-eyed tale of impossible adventure.

"Wall Street and the Country"—(Charles A. Conant). This reads like a covert attack upon President Roosevelt. It is hired man's work, anyway.

"Old Hendrik's Tales"—(A. O. Vaughn). Stories about animals too vividly recalling Joel Chandler Harris.

"Rosabel"—(Esther Miller). Harmless tale of every-day life.

"The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield"—(Mrs. M. P. W. Smith). Juvenile; good enough story of adventure.

"Doris Farrand's Vocation"—("Pansy"). Religious novel; good for its purposes.

"The Life Beautiful"—(Ella Wheeler Wilcox). Short essays on practical questions of life.

"The Mother of Pauline"—(L. Parry Truscott). Problem novel; rather repellent.

"The Veil of the Temple"—(W. H. Mallock). The veil is the disguise under which essays on life are made to appear as a novel. It is pretty thin, but the essays are good.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

ANY man who aspires to the Senate of the United States invites universal attention. In this month's instalment of Frenzied Finance, Mr. Lawson flays Mr. Addicks, of Delaware. The publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE are not personally acquainted with Mr. Addicks, but if he is guilty of one-half the things with which he is charged how Delaware can stomach him is a mystery. Probably she doesn't know how to get rid of him. Certainly, she should not think of using the United States Senate for the purpose.

The New York *Sun* in a recent editorial said:

ADDICKS OF DELAWARE

ADDICKS is reported as saying that for him it is either the United States Senate or death. What is the matter with ADDICKS?

Why is he not content with the full and overflowing measure of public contempt that is now his? What more can he hope to achieve? There are men of tenfold ADDICKS'S wealth, men, too, of mighty uncommon intellectual resource, and they have failed to elicit a tithe of the derision and obloquy which ADDICKS enjoys.

What is it then that ADDICKS hopes to gain by attaining to the Senate? It cannot be vindication, since vindication should be as indifferent to him as it would be to SATAN—and as impossible! Is it to ameliorate his social condition? That is hardly possible; and yet it is true that the ill-fated dwellers in Molokai yearn bitterly and unceasingly for the adjoining islands.

What does ADDICKS want? What hallucination touching the Senate possesses him? Why, even STONE, of Missouri, would secrete a chill when ADDICKS came his way!

The most serious aspect in the matter of JOHN EDWARD ADDICKS is that the State of Delaware is content to perpetuate its shame.

GEORGE KENNAN in the *Outlook*, February 8, 1903:

. . . In the Camden district the chief Addicks' worker bought more than 200 votes, including 130 negroes out of the 134 registered. The market price of votes in the morning was $15, but it advanced to $25 later in the day. Five thousand dollars was sent there hurriedly in the afternoon, as a special emergency fund to buy votes. . . . In the Second Precinct of the Second Representative District of Sussex County, the Addicks men spent between $9,000 and $10,000 and bought 307 of their 401 votes.

The *New York World*, October 15, 1902:

The carnival of debauchery and fraud has appalled even those who have been used to that sort of thing. There was almost open buying of votes. In two important districts the Addicks candidates won on the face of the return, but their opponents declared their ballots were stuffed.

BOTH CAN'T BE RIGHT

BELOW are two letters, of the same date, calculated to keep a serious publisher guessing. On page 69 of the advertising section other letters are reprinted and answered by Mr. Lawson.

ELGIN, ILL., August 23, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER CO.,
Union Square, N. Y.

Gentlemen: In re "Frenzied Finance": As to "yanking the furnace-door wide open," in my humble judgment, it would be a mistake. The September instalment goes exactly far enough. From the correspondence printed on the editorial page, it is plain Mr. Lawson needs an editor. Left wholly to himself, he would be very apt to defeat the highest ends he may have in mind.

Intelligent revision is never emasculation. By no means rob the story of any of its virility, but do not give the medicine so strong that the American people will experience a revulsion of feeling at taking it.

Boston people bought Amalgamated, but the middle-class millions throughout the country bought the stocks of a thousand concerns, which were wrecked in the same manner so effectually employed by Mr. Lawson's co-conspirators. Up to date, the question that has most often been asked by these millions, is wherein do the *methods* of The Thing differ from those of scores of hundreds of others, excepting that their operations were conducted on a larger scale? The public will buy no more Amalgamated, U. S. Steel, or anything else to any extent for some time. They have been robbed, systematically, legally, by men no better than pirates, and they know it, and are willing and anxious to do what may be done to secure the passage of laws which shall be adequate to prevent the like in the future. Let Mr. Lawson, before he gets through, suggest some way to accomplish this design. The "public" is waiting for it.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) ———.

DELAWARE, O., August 22, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
New York.

Gentlemen: Tell the truth though the heavens fall. Mr. Lawson says: "Yank the furnace-doors wide open!" EVERYBODY'S says: "Too tropical!" We say: Let Mr. Lawson tell the *truth:* the *whole* truth, as both he and EVERYBODY'S shall answer to the people. The slightest attempt even at *apparent* trimming will bring whoever does it into contempt.

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Suppose Controller Connolly had succeeded in bribing Mr. Jones, of *The New York Times*. The Tweed ring would not have been broken up, and Tweed would not have been sent to the penitentiary. Mr. Jones was offered $5,000,000, with which Mr. Connolly said he could go to Europe and live like a prince. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but I should know that I was a rascal." Why should EVERYBODY'S fear? Mr. Lawson will be the martyr, and he's ready for it. The truth is, in this exposure both he and EVERYBODY'S will gain a constituency which will put them on the top shelf of public appreciation.

Those whom his revelations expose may threaten, coax, whine, or attempt to bribe; but we say, let Mr. Lawson have full swing. Let him "yank the furnace-doors wide open." God and the times are calling for just such exposures. And when the fires burst forth from the furnace, neither Mr. Lawson nor EVERYBODY'S will be the victims; but the unrighteous tricksters and robbers of the people will be consumed by the fiery indignation of an injured populace. Yours truly,

(Signed) ———.

BARGAIN DAY FOR ADVERTISERS

MAGAZINES usually charge about $1.00 per page per thousand copies for advertising. On this basis our circulation of 450,000 for September entitled us to $450 a page for our advertising. We actually received an average of only a little over $200. You see, a rapidly growing circulation has its drawbacks. But we are glad to have the advertiser get so much for his money. The proclamation reprinted below was sent to advertisers and agents on August 20, and about ten days later it was found necessary to send another announcement fixing the date when the rate would be advanced to $500 per page. As our circulation is going up to 'way beyond a half-million, we must begin now to get ready to secure the cost, at least, for the advertising that is inserted.

Proclamation

Whereas, the past year has been one of unexampled prosperity and progress, and

Whereas, the circulation of Everybody's Magazine has passed the **400,000** mark, and we are able to guarantee hereafter an edition exceeding that amount monthly, and

Whereas, the said Everybody's Magazine has developed with gigantic strides along lines that make it a power for good in the land, a factor of highest interest to readers, and a most profitable and advantageous medium for the use of advertisers,

Therefore, we, The Ridgway-Thayer Company, by virtue of the circulation entrusted to us by the people, do hereby appoint **Saturday, the first day of October,** in the year of grace 1904, to be a day of general rejoicing, and we do furthermore declare that on that date and thereafter, in order that the rejoicing may be universal, the advertising rate of Everybody's Magazine will be $400.00 per page, and

Therefore, that our advertisers may have unusual advantages due to the rapid growth of circulation, we will accept orders for advertisements for the October and November numbers of 1904, at our current rate of $300.00 per page. But thereafter and commencing with the December issue of 1904 the rate will be $400.00 per page.

And be it remembered, that as the advertising for December and later issues will be charged at $400.00 per page, and inasmuch as the circulation of Everybody's Magazine will pass the half-million mark come next Christmas, we do hereby guarantee that the editions for each and every month will be in excess of 400,000 copies, and if, for any reason whatsoever, the editions are less than the said 400,000 copies, a pro rata rebate will be made within twenty-six days of date of issue.

Given this day under our hand and seal
And signed by us

The Ridgway-Thayer Company
John Adams Thayer, Jr.

20th August, 1904

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